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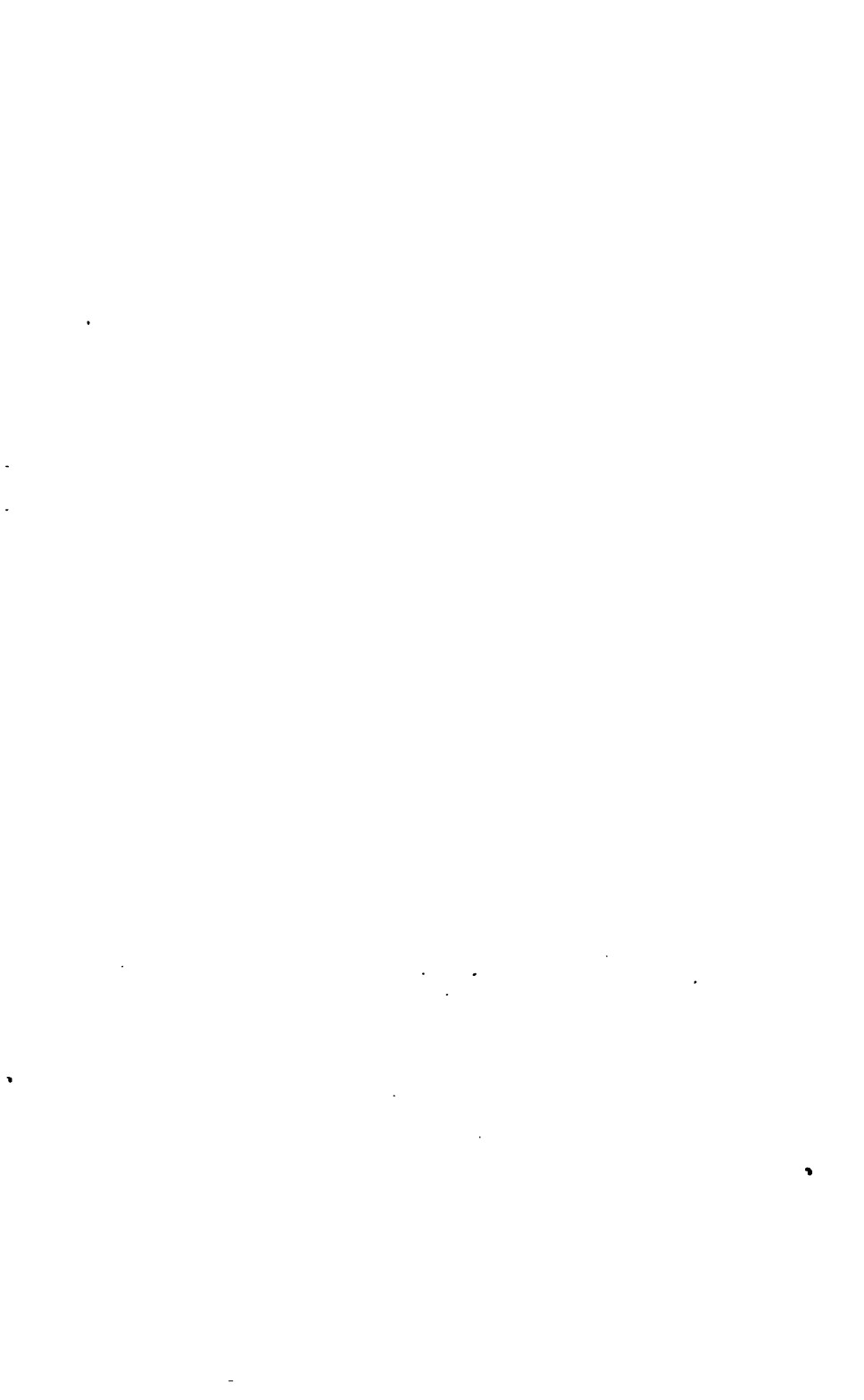
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

Sports and Pastimes



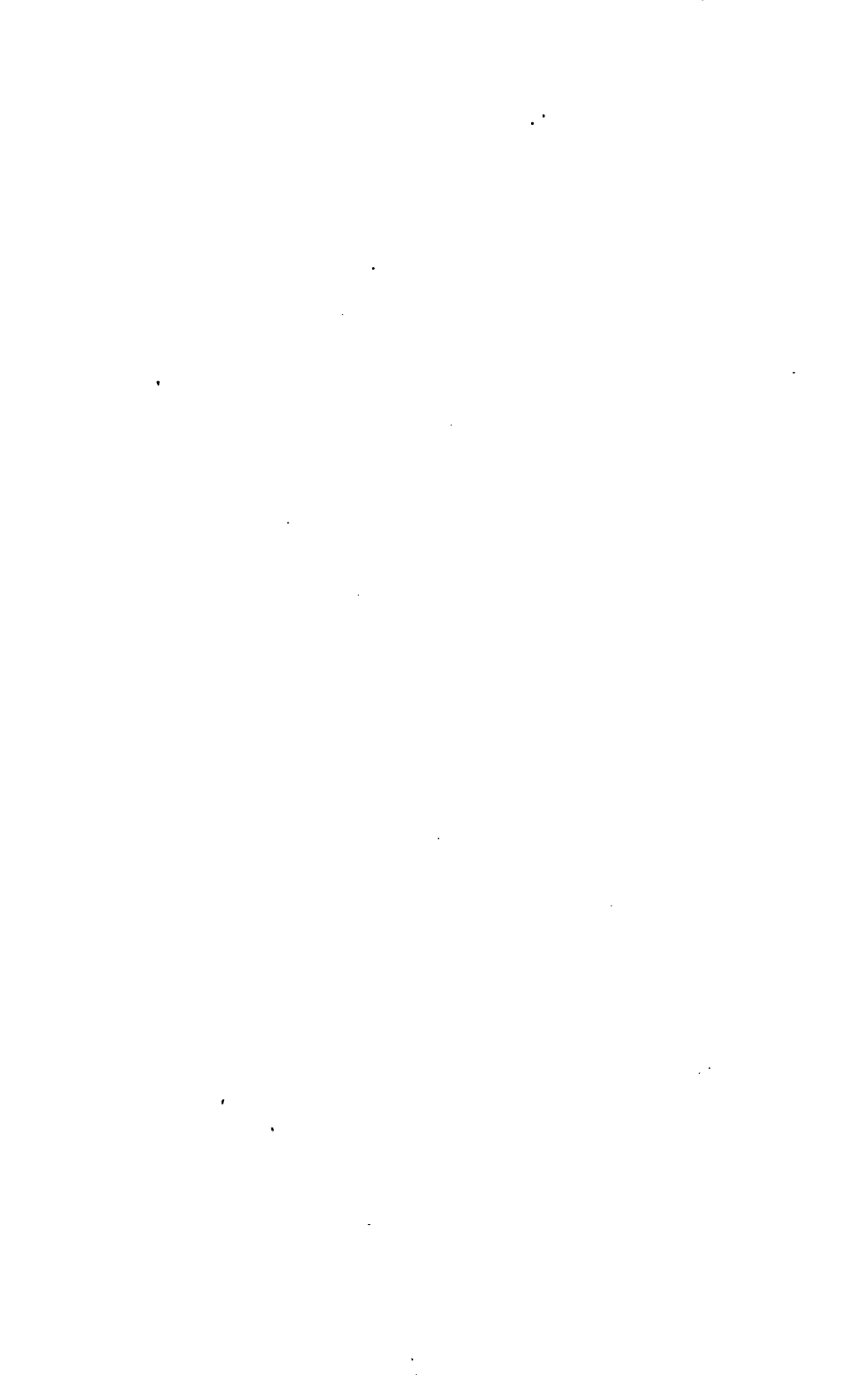
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VOL. XXXII



LONDON: PUBLISHED BY

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# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-SECOND.

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1878.



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Sports and Pastimes



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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

Sports and Pastimes



THE BODLEIAN

VOL. XXXII



LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. B. LEECH, 15, ABchurch Lane, E.C. 4.

Mr. Lowther was noted for being unlike the young men of his own age in the House. Possessed of strong common sense, with no affectation or nonsense, he was withal the cheeriest of cheery companions. At that time there was a pleasant Club in existence called the Public Schools Club, in St. James's Place, and there was Mr. Lowther often to be found, and there great expectations were formed of him. He united, and does still unite, qualities somewhat rare. With, we should say, a deep sense of the truth of the good old saying of *noblesse oblige*, Mr. Lowther has shown that he can enjoy life as well as work hard. He can get through heavy official arrears, and then for four-and-twenty or forty-eight hours, as the case may be, he flings work for the time to the winds, and we shall hear his pleasant laugh as he canters by on his hack on Newmarket Heath, or he will drop some pertinent remark as, with glasses to his eyes, he watches from somewhere near Mr. Clark's box the many-coloured horsemen coming down the Bushes Hill. That same evening he will be in his place in the House, ready to answer any questions, to endure the infliction of the Major, or to suffer Mr. Parnell.

But we are doing what Mr. Lowther never would have done; we are over-riding the hounds. We spoke of him just now as Under-Secretary of the Colonies; and we have launched him into the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland without a word. But his accession to that post has been so recent, that our readers will be able to supply our sins of omission. That Mr. Lowther is eminently fitted for his present high office, those who know him well and are best qualified to judge entertain but little doubt. Our Irish cousins will discover that he has not kissed the Blarney-stone; but if they can appreciate his strong common sense, his thoroughly straightforward mind, and his hearty, genial goodnature, they will have little to complain of. He is a sportsman, too, as every Lowther has been and will be—and that, we have heard, is no small recommendation on the other side of St. George's Channel. Like most Yorkshiremen, he has been bred to hounds; he carries his gun on the moors, and may be fairly described as fond of all country pursuits and that open-air life which is a sort of English country gentleman's heritage. We have before hinted at Newmarket, where Mr. Lowther is generally to be found during the various meetings. Fond of racing, he never bets. He can look on, and take the keenest delight in a gallant struggle over the Rowley Mile, without having a sixpence on the game—a sportsman, indeed! For the last few years he has had a small home-breeding stud of some half-dozen mares, and with the first produce of the same, King Olaf, he won the Gimcrack Stakes at York, last August. He has now a few two-year-olds under the care of his friend, Lord Zetland's trainer, and with them, and King Olaf aforesaid, his connection with the Turf may be briefly described.

To say that Mr. Lowther is popular in society but ill expresses the feeling with which he is regarded. So many people are 'popular' nowadays, and for such very insufficient reasons, that we almost hesitate to use the term. It is becoming prostituted. But there can

be no doubt about its genuine ring as applied to our present subject. He will forgive us, we feel sure, for mentioning that he is known as 'Jim Lowther' in every club and coterie in broad England—and, for aught we know, beyond the seas. No accession of honour and dignity that may come to him in the future years will, we take leave to think, rob him of that homely but honoured title, and we have much misread his character if he would wish it otherwise. The rungs of the political ladder, when once laid hold of, give sure footing, and we look to a yet higher future for the Chief Secretary for Ireland.

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## IN NUPTIAS.

MARTIS 20, MDCCCLXXVIII.

WILD wind, that sweetest loud and long  
O'er fruitful vale and grassy down,  
There rings, across your pathway blown,  
The burden of a bridal song:

And whistling round yon palace towers,  
On terraced-garden's trim parterre,  
You wave the crocus blooming there  
In wealth of 'blue and yellow' flowers.

Such colours these, as racer-borne  
A nation greeted with acclaim,  
When striding home Favonius came  
In triumph on his Derby morn:

When she, the namesake of the bride,  
Achieved on Heath, and Down, and Moor  
High honours unattained before;  
And Hannah's name rang far and wide.

Sweep on, wild wind—you next may rove  
Where, nestling 'neath yon classic down,  
Above the 'jockey-haunted' town,  
Half-hidden lies the leafy grove.

What though the earliest *rose* delays  
To vie with Beauty's vermeil cheek,  
Or fear; to dash with crimson streak  
Her verdant pledge of summer days?

The tender *primrose* bares her breast,  
Where, 'neath the burnished buds that wave  
Around his chestnut shaded grave,  
A Derby winner's ashes rest.

Lady, if other flowers than these  
 Gleam fitter for a bridal wreath,  
 In aftertime their sight and breath,  
 Twined in a loving crown, may please.

And as beneath thy feet they shine,  
 Strewed by the hand of blustering March,  
 Like colours blazoned on the arch  
 Bent high in heaven, a steadfast sign :

So every virtue they declare,  
 Each pleasing attribute they spell,  
 In that soft language, studied well,  
 Be thine to cherish and to wear.

For Gladness in the crocus glows,  
 And, 'redolent of Youth' and bloom,  
 The primrose decks Amato's tomb,  
 And Grace is pictured in the rose.

So take them, happy groom and bride,  
 And be your onward future way  
 Enlightened by their cheering ray  
 In bud and bloom on either side.

Be yours a kingly sport to raise,  
 By nobler purpose, higher aim,  
 From peril of reproach or shame,  
 To all we dare to hope of praise.

Be yours the luck that ever crowns  
 A high ambition to excel ;  
 In Fortune's smiles rejoicing well,  
 But all undaunted by her frowns.

A.

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## A DREAM OF THE PAST.

'Of what is the old man thinking  
 As he leans on his oaken staff?'

I TAKE it that I am the oldest frequenter of Lord's Cricket Ground. When I was a boy my father used to take me up to all the principal matches there, and we sat upon the benches which were in front of the old pavilion. Those seats were regularly appropriated by certain enthusiasts in the game, mostly old cricketers, and a critical audience they formed.

I well remember Lord Frederick Beauclerk, in his neat nan-keen knee breeches and white silk stockings, with another pair

rolled tight over the instep, a scarlet sash round his waist, and a white beaver hat, which he would dash upon the ground if things did not go to his liking. He always walked with a slight limp, and yet no one was quicker between wickets. It was a charming sight to see him bat, his style was so finished. He had a greater variety of hits than anyone else, and they were all along the ground. Mr. Budd had more power, but he was too fond of hard hitting, and frequently hit up. Then there was the big man, the Member for the City, whose play was not quite so pretty to look at as that of Lord Frederick, but who was a safe man to back for runs. I shall never forget the fielding of Mr. Parry at middle wicket, for I never saw his like in that part of the game. But the gentlemen of that day were no match for the professional cricketers. There was no one to compare with Beldham, nor with Lambert afterwards—there is no telling what that man could have done—nor, at a later period, with those two left-handed hitters, Searle and Saunders.

How often have I watched the bowling of Lillywhite, that prince of bowlers, or, as he was called in Sussex, 'The Nonpareil.' It was a treat to see Fuller Pilch, when playing against him, reaching out and crushing ball after ball. Well might Lillywhite say, 'Me bowling, Pilch batting, and Box behind the wicket, that's cricket.' But it required such bowlers as Lillywhite or Cobbett to prevent Pilch from running away with a match, for he would punish any bowler tremendously who was an inch or two out of the wicket. To use Lillywhite's own words, 'I suppose if I was to think every ball, they wouldn't get ever a run. Three balls out of four straight 'is what we call mediocrity.' I often call to mind with pleasure the beautiful back-play of Wenman, the brilliant all-round hitting of Mr. Felix, and the grand delivery of that fine fellow, Mr. Alfred Mynn.

Then there came up a bowler, Mr. Harvey Fellows, who, by his tremendous pace and spin, put all the play of the professionals to the rout; they would not stand up to it. Talk of Mr. Osbaldeston, or of Brown of Brighton, Mr. Fellows was much faster than either of them. And yet I have seen the fragile-looking Lord Charles Russell playing that terrific bowling with all the coolness imaginable, as if it was only medium paced. It may be said that the players depended for their living upon not being maimed, and that if Lord Charles Russell had had a finger broken he would still have remained Serjeant-at-Arms, but for all that it was a fine display of the pluck of the English gentleman.

I must not pass over George Parr, the best batsman of his day, and the surest leg hitter I ever saw, and that brings me down to the present time. Well, I have never witnessed, at any period, the equal of Mr. Grace with the bat. He gets runs, with safety, from balls that the older players would have thought they had done well in stopping. 'He is worth any two of us,' said one of the best of the professionals.

## A PECK OF MARCH DUST.

THE 'roaring moon of daffodil and crocus' is true to the ancient traditions of her reign, and if the heart of that most persistent of all British grumblers, Farmer Oldstyle, rejoices not in the clouds of dust raised by every passing wheel or footfall in road or lane, all we can say is that the worthy agriculturist has exceeded his prescriptive right to be downcast and discontented. How many a 'king's 'ransom' we encountered on that well-known hilly track from Esher to Cobham we wot not; but a dense whirling cloud greeted us at every turn, and we might have been traversing the waste of Sahara in a sand-storm instead of wending our way through that charming and varied scenery of waste, woodland, and weald, characteristic of the 'heart of Surrey,' living, and yet to live, in many a glowing landscape from the easel of Linnell or Cole. But fir-capped hill and ferny dale seem to pant for April and its tearful skies; and 'tis only the softening influence of the west wind that takes the sting out of his icy monarch-neighbour of the North. Spring has put forth her hand, only to stay its soft influence again, her labours arrested, her finishing touches delayed; and over bud and shoot alike is cast the veil of March dust, almost like the hoar frost but for its tawny hue, marring the freshness of bursting chestnut trusses, of tender hawthorn shoots, and spreading fronds of the bracken, and veiling the vernal glories of furze-clad commons, and spring fields aglow with the Houldsworth green and gold. In the sky smiles of pale blue break out here and there from between leaden clouds, and ever and anon a fitful 'sunbeam strikes along the world,' bringing out contrasts of light and shade in the pine-grove, and glinting upon the knolls covered with 'dry-tongued' laurel and branching rhododendron in the leafy solitude of Claremont. Only that model of nesting punctuality, the rook, proceeds methodically with his building operations, on domestic cares intent, for the sylvan tide of song has been turned back to its source by the 'blustering 'railer,' and tree and grove shall be silent during his black and dusty reign.

Reckoning his sires by the half dozen, his yearlings by the score, the 'mithers and bairns' under his charge by hundreds, and his anxieties by the million, the Manager yet bears the light heart and cheerful countenance which have made things so pleasant to Cobham pilgrims since the *Grand Compagnie* first pitched their tents in this sheltered valley, and inscribing Blair Athol upon their banner, assumed the lead among breeders of blood stock. Since those early days, when all was not so rosy as now, house has been added to house, and field to field, and when no more rich acres near home could be secured, their place has been supplied by the annexation of outlying dependencies, each under due control, and affording pleasant changes of air, pasture, and scene to animals, which, no less than man, require to be indulged with novelties in food and climate,

be they never so apparently trivial. Ripley, Hatchford, and other farms, with their snug ranges of boxes, now form useful outposts for the great centre of operations at Cobham, and, albeit in a perverted sense, *divide et impera* might not inappropriately be Mr. Bell's motto.

With so much to be seen and done in the short sojourn permitted to us, we perceive a divided first duty between the sultans, their seraglio, and the generation lately having attained yearling estate, and ripening for the fateful day in leafy June, when the ropes and stakes are pitched in the home paddock, and one by one they cast their beavers into the ring to receive their first and last knock-down blow. How liberally the Stud Company enact the part of bottle-holders to their guests on that closing afternoon of the glorious Ascot week all recipients of their hospitality must thankfully confess, and we may always mark that day in the story of our lives from year to year with the whitest of white stones.

Well, if we take things as they come, we shall see all worth seeing, and there is no fear of our ideas getting even a little mixed with so interested a Mentor by our side; and soon we are looking over Maid of Perth's first contribution to the Cobham yearling list, a regular Scottish chief all over, but a scion of Blair's, and one to be duly noted in many a catalogue. Another whose box will be invested and besieged on the sale morning, claims descent from Bella's dam, but his big brother has vastly improved on Breadalbane's form, and only real stayers may expect to receive Mr. Tattersall's assent to their final nod. A slashing Favonius colt shows off his paces, going with a very straight knee, in one of Mr. Bell's 'select inclosures,' where we may always reckon on finding something good in the boxes when open; upon which we interview 'George Frederick II.' in the shape of the Couleur de Rose colt; and a Paul Jones from Vagary, by far the best production of the bold 'rover of the sea' in the Midlands. That shapely Palmer colt we envied the manager the possession of when he 'careless strayed' by his dam's side in the Doncaster sale-ring; but his neatness, quality, and finish cannot make us forget the charms of his next-door neighbour, a brown Blair Athol, out of Polias, with a dash of the good old Weatherbit character as well as colour about him. The sight of a trio by Carnival makes us heartily wish that Macaroni's stable companion and 'master at home' had never left these shores; and we feel sure the brown's subscription would fill as quickly as a Derby sweep at the 'Rag' if breeders could spare a day to take stock of his colts from Juanita, Papoose, and Curaçoa—mares all widely different in point of blood, but admirably suited by alliance with Carnival. Size, bone, style, all proclaim them 'bad to beat,' and though purchasers may fight shy of blood so long practically untried in this country, such recommendations must tell in the end, and the returned exile may be said to have made his mark.

Our path towards the inclosures roamed by female aristocracy lies across more than one paddock, bounded by budding quick and



larches bursting into the tenderest of greens, on the sunny side of which matrons well over their spring troubles browse peacefully, foals at side, or roll in as dignified a manner as that easeful but inelegant relaxation will admit of. Here are a pair of illustrious strangers and sojourners in the land, and we are almost tempted to kootoo or salaam, or give the order for a royal salute to the dams of Silvio and Lady Golightly grazing as close together as their illustrious children ran in last year's St. Leger. Silverhair has a pert little foal by Kingcraft, very eager to be fondled, but not filling the eye over much; nor can Lady Coventry's Macaroni pledge be described as out of the common, though both mares are desirable enough. The massive Southern Cross comes striding up with a thick-set Adventurer filly at her heels; and the group is thrown up, as painters say, by two greys, Semiramis of the old Bishop Burton blood, and Lady Fly, one of the last of the Chanticleers. Both exhibit 'earliest examples' of Blue Gown, who has conferred upon his progeny the compact strength and neatness characteristic of himself, and on the produce of La Reine Sauvage has stamped his own image most clearly. Better Half rejoices in one of those clean well-proportioned foals, which we did not give Wild Oats credit for being able to beget, but we cannot get away from facts, and we can pitch upon nothing much better, albeit Summer's Eve boasts one of the biggest and best Cardinal Yorks ever seen, and Crinon's sister to Rover is hard to beat. The dappled Albatross suckles a fledgling by Blair, Fairy Queen stretches her beautiful head out to woo her young Adventurer back to her side, Vergeiss-mein-nicht and Black Rose form a pretty group with their Blair Athol foals, and Curaçoa has the queerest little black rugged ball of a bantling imaginable, with something quite uncanny about it.

Now we are in the 'Ladies' Department,' and, from their game of romps under the sunny lee of yonder hedge, trots gaily up the first detachment, fired with true feminine curiosity, to inspect the intruders. Sister to Rover, quite the queen among them all, is a bold minx, and can hardly be induced to 'stand off' by threats or coaxing, so that we can note her beauties to perfection; but the bay sister to Ecossais is more retiring, and content to show her many good points from afar. Blair Athol is also represented in the shapely Miss Ida filly, and we are a long time in mentally deciding between the merits of an elegant scion of Doncaster and Fairy Queen and a square-built, short-legged filly by Wild Oats out of Eva. The latter 'has it,' after a protracted comparison; but for a specimen of level neatness and beauty, King of the Forest has not wooed Mrs. Naggleton in vain; and we saw few prettier groups that day than three fair daughters of George Frederick, each presenting a different combination of blood on their dam's side, and sprung from the defunct Alcestis, the sweet Madame Eglentine, and Cestus, a thorough-going Newminster mare, whose quality is duly reflected in her offspring. A chestnut Cock-of-the-Walk filly from Mascherina

is 'lady paramount' in another division; and the manager dwelt long and fondly on the merits of sister to Altyre, one of the gems of the collection, her finished elegance contrasting well with the grander attributes of Mrs. Croft's filly, quite the biggest yearling by King of the Forest we have yet noted down upon the 'tablets of our memory.' Three Carnivals and a Wild Oats are bent on an extempore gallop, and seem to settle the matter of supremacy in a very quiet way among themselves, charging round their playground with straightened necks and flying tails, to pull up at the gate with heaving flanks and working nostrils; and we place Lady Fly first, Lady Bountiful second, and Merlette and Co. fairly well up at the finish.

But the 'rosebud garden of girls,' as the manager tells us, is still in reserve for the after-luncheon strolls, when the spirit is lighter, the sight less critical, and when, through the pale-blue mists rising odorously in the stillness of quite a summer's afternoon, imperfections disappear, good points stand out in bold relief, and the eye is charmed without the heart being grieved. A sort of 'bobbery' pack follows sedately at heel, and we think of how Underhand's groom, in the yearling days of the little un and his companions (according to the 'Druid's' veracious chronicle), used to 'set the greyhounds at 'em regular;' and we dare to recommend Mr. Bell to let his colley 'go at' the charming coterie gathered in conclave at the further end of the paddock, and send them sweeping past in a mimic trial. However, they prefer to give us a voluntary exhibition of their paces, and pull up in the corner of the inclosure, as if desirous of courting critical observation. A grey-ticked bay is marked as own sister to Claremont, and a real beauty she is, with none of that suspicious white in the eye so conspicuous in Glenalmond and Co.; and next to her our attention is riveted to a chestnut daughter of Jocosa, bearing the hall-mark of the premier sire of England, the King of Cobham, and the most dashing and resolute galloper of the lot. The Doncaster alliance has suited Circe, whose yearling is a marvel of size, bone, and substance, and can use her four white legs to a pretty tune, striding over the laggards with a will, and promising to ripen into a stayer. Meteorite's young Favonius is fuller of power than of grace, but useful withal, and a capital foil to Blair Athol's Black Rose filly, a demoiselle full of life and action, and clever as a Christian. Lord Lyon is responsible for Minna Troil's contribution to the distinguished assemblage; and there is a rakish hoyden from Lucy Bertram, bent on displaying her action in a *pas seul*, which performance sets them all on the move again, with a mighty fuss and clatter, as they sheer off, in a cloud of dust, to see what is going on elsewhere.

Caterer, full of old Orlando's quality, and handsome as on the day when Sam Rogers witched the world with noble horsemanship on his back in that fine Findon finish, gives a parting kick 'for luck,' as he turns into the yard from his daily spell of walking, but little

altered from his three-year-old self, of whom 'Rhyming Richard' sang so truthfully in Derby times in Lord Clifden's year :

'And mark that bright and gallant bay,  
Who not another yard will stay  
For foe or flatterer;  
Dejected is that crest of pride,  
He dwells, he falters in his stride,  
And mark the foam upon his side—  
Good night to Caterer !'

There is better stuff next door, where the elegantly moulded **Car-nival** turns round to greet his visitors with mild, yet generous glance—the best tempered of sires, and (to parody the Laureate's description of Arthur), 'from head to tail a star of quality.' No horse has more thoroughly 'stamped' his progeny than this nearly last of the Sweetmeats; and breeders may well rejoice that, though not in his 'youth's sweet prime,' the burden of years sits lightly on the brown, who may long continue to do the state good service. It is, we are bound to say, with the utmost delicacy that Mr. Bell informs us, as he opens the adjoining box, that we shall have either to eat our words concerning its occupant, or the horse himself, and we always contrive to place ourselves alike out of the reach of the horse's heels and of the managerial shillelagh, when interviewing that good-natured giant, Wild Oats. Safely through the ordeal, with the consolation that differences of opinion need not sunder friendships, we quickly 'come together' over Blue Gown, whose subscription filled with a rush at the finish, thus apparently having lived down the reproaches heaped upon his unfortunate head, eyes, and carcase in certain quarters, and having survived the unaccountable dislike of his late owner, from his having had the misfortune to win the Derby. Certainly the truest-made horse at Cobham, he 'follows' better than the great Father of the Faithful himself, who stands before us with 'good blaze face which all men knew,' dignified as a Sultan, courteous as a diplomat, and condescending as the meanest steed which puts forth its rugged head for a passing caress. Yet another Derby winner neighs his challenge through the wall, in form and temper the very antipodes of Blair, but no unfitting successor to old Marsyas, whose hollow back, massive forehead, and gallant bearing, we call to mind among our earliest recollections of the Cobham *repertoire*. We are in no hurry to shake the dust from off our feet, and a cruise upon wheels to certain outlying dependencies is rewarded by the sight of trim rows of boxes, snug straw-yards, and wide undulating pastures screened by coverts, sacred to fox as well as to pheasant. We cherish memories of more nursing mothers, sprightly foals, and more batches of yearlings coming forward for transplantation to Cobham, as time waxes shorter towards the day when Mr. Bell breaks up his juvenile academy once for all, to make room for a fresh generation, now rough as badgers, uncouth as yahoos, and restless as grasshoppers, taking their first views of life in the retire-

ment befitting the greenness of their youth. What more charming than to linger here,

‘An English home; grey twilight poured  
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,  
Softer than sleep, all things in order stored,  
A haunt of ancient Peace.’

The wind has gone down with the sun, setting ruddily in token of a wild morrow, with horse tails flying wildly in the sky; by twos and threes the mares came trooping homewards in the gloaming; and eddying Mole creeps silently under our homeward path, along which many a ‘peck of March dust’ swirls up to settle peacefully again on the well-remembered track.

AMPHION.

## MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.

### CHAPTER X.

‘Here’s a health to all hunters of every degree,  
Whether clippers, or cranners, or hill-top abiders;  
The man that hates hunting, he won’t do for me,  
And ought to be punted on by gentlemen riders.’—OLD SONG.

THE old saying, that ‘every dog will have his day,’ is a proverb by no means inapplicable to the Chumleigh Club; for, after flourishing with much vigour and success for more than twenty years, symptoms of decay set in and at length became too apparent, when Mr. Templer, Sir John Rogers, Mr. Bulteel, and other prominent members ceased, one by one, to attend its meetings.

The dog had had his day; but still, fox-hunting in the North of Devon not only suffered no check on the ultimate dissolution of that club, but, on the contrary, exhibited year after year a strong and increasing vitality; striking deep roots into the genial soil, and thriving steadily and vigorously under the fostering care of John Russell and the Honorable Newton Fellowes.

The latter gentleman, indeed, besides maintaining a noble pack of hounds on a grand scale, and doing all in his power to promote the cause of fox-hunting, not less by territorial influence than by his own kind-heartedness and hospitality, did more to improve the breed of horses than any man in the West of England; Czar Peter, Escape, Colossus, Anacreon, and Mufti forming a part of his stud, the last being an invaluable hunter, bred by the Duke of Bedford.

Partial, however, as Mr. Fellowes was to thoroughbred stock, it was a favourite theory of his that to breed a useful Devonshire hunter—a weight-carrier with powerful quarters and airy forehead—the produce of a thoroughbred mare by a strong but light-actioned pack-horse was a far better cross than the one so commonly adopted by the farmers of that country, namely, a cross from a pack-dam by

a thoroughbred sire. But on this point his own practice, it must be remembered, was little in accordance with the above theory, as, indeed, might be expected from so great a lover of blood-stock as the Squire of Eggesford.

So much for Russell's neighbour; now for himself. The big, raking hounds in which Mr. Fellowes so delighted, and which swept the moor with so grand a head, were in Russell's estimation too big for the high banks and close covers of that country. Still, their power of driving on a half-scent, their indomitable perseverance, and, above all, their tambourine, sonorous tongues, which made the deep combs of Devon ring again with applause, fairly charmed Russell's heart. He could thus tell to a yard how they were turning in cover; and barring their unwieldy size, so far as his means would permit, he did all he could to fashion his own pack after that model. But, of course, it was an unequal game between the pocket of the feudal lord on one side, and that of the perpetual curate of Swimbridge on the other! And although the latter contrived, by hook or by crook, to get together after a time quite as killing a pack of hounds as any in England, they were the gleanings only of many kennels, and consequently, in point of uniformity and grand appearance, were as unlike those of his neighbour as a Satyr might be to Hyperion.

Still, 'handsome is that handsome does;' and year after year the sport Russell continued to show equalled, at least, if it did not surpass, that of any pack in the country. With him, in those days, so long as a hound was a good worker, it mattered little what his looks were. 'Let me go into a strange kennel,' he would say, 'give me the pick of the pack, and I'll take first and foremost the plain-looking ones; there is sure to be good stuff in them, or they wouldn't be there. The same may be said with regard to the fair sex; when you see a plain woman married, depend upon it, she has been chosen for qualities which amply compensate for the absence of mere beauty. Nature, you know, is just, and ever loves a fair balance.'

To ordinary observers, unaccustomed to hounds, one hound is so like another that, unless the colour were distinct, they would, in ten minutes after their names were given, be unable to say 'This is 'Dulcimer and that Dardan.' Nay, the great majority of men, who go on hunting for season after season with the same pack, would be hopelessly at fault if called on to point out a single hound by his right name; often as he may have led the pack, and they heard his name. The features of a flock of sheep—Southdown, for instance—are all alike to men who are no Corydons; nevertheless, to those whose care they are, the visage of each sheep is as well known as that of every hound in his pack to a kennel-huntsman.

Russell, however, has a marvellous power, amounting almost to an instinct, in this respect; the gift of nature it is beyond a doubt, cultivated by long and familiar association with hounds—a gift which enables him after he has once seen a pack leisurely drawn from one court into another to distinguish them, and for the most part

call them by their right names when he meets them in the field on the following day.

Will Long, huntsman to the Badminton Hounds under three Dukes of Beaufort, was so impressed by this faculty of Russell's, that it quite astonished him: 'I have been mixed up with hounds all my life,' said the veteran, 'but I never met any man like Mr. Russell. Why, he was a couple of hours on our flags one day, and the next, when we were out hunting, he didn't want me to tell him the name of this hound or that; he knew them almost so well as I did.'

A curate of Russell's, in the absence of the higher authority, was once consulted by a gentleman who had been recommended by his physician to keep a pack of harriers.

'But,' said he, 'as I shall never remember their names, nor know one hound from another if I get a whole pack at once, I have determined to buy a couple at a time, and make their acquaintance before I take in any more.'

And this method of learning their names he absolutely adopted.

During his long residence at Tordown, Russell more than once parted with the greater part of his pack, retaining only a few couples as a nucleus for a fresh and stronger lot. On one occasion some twenty couples had been drafted for foreign service, and it is a fact that the gentleman who became their master, and hunted them himself for the whole season, knew the name of but one of them—a hound called 'Primrose'—at the end of it, her colour being different from that of the other hounds. Neither did he trouble his head to inquire the history of a single hound.

'T—— told me,' writes Mr. Russell to an old friend, 'that he gave him (the aforesaid gentleman) a setter and a pointer in the month of August, and that he could not, in the following Christmas week, tell him the names of either, nor which was the pointer and which the setter, though he had shot over them for four months.'

Again, among the lot he took was a hound called 'Abelard,' to whose classical name in connection with the ill-fated 'Eloise'—that most exquisite poem—his reading had never soared. Never, too, having noticed the name in any list of hounds, he was sorely perplexed, and came to the conclusion that some mistake must have occurred, and that the hound's real name was 'Happy-Lord.' 'Tis a merry little hound, you know, and that's why, I suppose, Russell gave him that queer name;' he said, as he drew the hound with the point of his whip, and distinctly called him 'Happy-Lord.'

There is a story told of a fine old-fashioned Devonshire squire, a friend of Russell's, long since passed away, that having a fancy for hounds' names terminating with 'maid,' he gave orders to his huntsman to call the first three bitches that came up from walk, as follows—'Barmaid,' 'Dairymaid,' and 'Ganymaid.'

Nor is that a solitary instance of the confusion created by the sex of Jove's cup-bearer; for Russell relates that Dr. Troyte of Huntsham, having received a dog-hound, so called, from Mr. Newton

Fellowes, old Will Dinnicombe, his huntsman, refused point-blank to call the hound by that name; declaring to his master that 'nobody, 'as he knowed, but Squire Fellowes wi'd a ca'd a dog-hound Gany-'maid; and ef yeu please, maister, us'll call un Ganyboy; 'tis more 'fitty like.' Will had his way, and from that day the hound went by the latter name.

Hounds, as we all know, are governed by their likes and dislikes, their fancies and prejudices, very much in the fashion of human beings; but with this difference, the honest brutes do not disguise their feelings, as the animals gifted with reason are too apt to do. Sir John Eardley-Wilmot, in his very interesting 'Reminiscences' of the late Mr. Assheton Smith, represents that eminent sportsman as having possessed a 'fascination' over hounds; while they, on their part, always evinced the strongest attachment towards him.

'I recollect,' relates one of his friends, 'his once having out five 'couples of drafts whom he had never seen before. Sharp, his 'kennel-huntsman at that time, gave him the names written down; 'he then called each hound separately, and gave him a piece of 'bread, and then returned the list to the huntsman, saying, "I know "them now;" and so they did him.' 'On other occasions, when 'the fixture was "Oare Hill," and the hounds were awaiting his 'arrival, Dick Burton used to say, "Master is coming, I perceive, "by the hounds;" and this long before he made his appearance. 'When he came within three hundred yards, no huntsman or whip 'in the world could have stopped the pack from bounding to meet 'him. In the morning, when let loose from the kennel, they would 'rush to his study window, or to the hall door, and stand there till 'he came out.'

Mr. Musters, too, that paragon of gentlemen huntsmen, although he seldom visited his kennel, and saw little of his pack except in the hunting field, was the very idol of his hounds; nor, associated as he was with the sport they enjoyed, was such an attachment to be wondered at, for he led them in the chase, and where their instinct failed, his judgment stepped in and cheered them to victory.

And, for that very reason, no man in the world was ever more loved by hounds than Russell himself. 'It isn't the man,' as he rightly maintains, 'who feeds the hounds whom they most like, but 'the man who opens their prison door, lets them out of kennel, 'aids them in the chase, and says, "There, go forth and enjoy your "liberty."

On one occasion, owing to the inveterate opposition he met with from a great landed proprietor, whose tenants and keepers were ordered to kill foxes over the whole extent of his wide domain—a difference in politics being the chief gravamen—Russell once more came to the conclusion that, for the sake of peace, he would give up his hounds, and again he parted with a large draft.

Soon after this event he met Sir John Duntze, who, hearing what had taken place, seemed loth to believe the unwelcome news. 'You 'can't live without hounds, Russell; I know you can't,' said the

incredulous baronet. 'Now, I'll make you an offer; I'll give you 'five pounds if you'll give me one for every year that you don't 'keep hounds.'

And Sir John was right; for the following season saw Russell reinforced with a strong draft from the Hambleton, which, with old Milliner and a few hounds of the Mercury blood—still the *specimen gregis* of his kennel—set him going again with renewed vigour. That Milliner was a hound after Russell's own heart. A light whimper from her—for she'd occasionally speak on a drag—had a world of meaning in it for his ears.

'We shall find in this cover,' he would say; 'that's a tongue 'that never told a lie.'

Then came the double-tongue, and the fox was on his legs that instant.

His best friend at this time, both as a fox-preserver and a liberal supporter of his hounds, was Sir Arthur Chichester of Youldston, who, although still with his regiment, the 7th Dragoons, not only gave Russell the benefit of his territorial influence, but aided him handsomely with the sinews of war. Sir Arthur, in early youth, had been well entered by his father, who kept hounds at Youldston, and who, when Mr. Templer's packs were broken up, was lucky enough to secure a fair share of the 'Let-'em-alone's' for his own kennel—the best of which, however, fell soon afterwards into Russell's hands.

The present baronet had succeeded to his title and retired from the army for some time, when Russell, paying him a visit on a beautiful summer's morning, found him in the park busily engaged in riding down the deer, which he had made up his mind to get rid of and kill, one by one, as they were wanted for his own and his friends' use. His mode of operation being somewhat unique and original, Russell's interest was much attracted by the exciting scene. By the help of a second and even a third horse, Sir Arthur was able to ride down the stoutest buck; and then with a lance, after the manner of pursuing the boar in India, he contrived to administer the *coup-de-grâce* with marvellous adroitness and precision.

'I'll give you that fawn, Russell, if you can catch it,' said the baronet, pointing out a lively little fellow, galloping beside its dam.

In a moment Russell's horse was in full swing; and in less than ten minutes he had captured his panting little prize, alive and unhurt. He carried it to Tordown in his arms; and happening to have a hound-bitch, called Cloudy, whose puppies had been destroyed on that very day, he put the fawn to her, and after a brief but cautious introduction, had the satisfaction of seeing the pair nestling together on the most intimate terms. This fawn, brought up among the hounds, and subject like them to kennel discipline, waxed after a time into a fine, healthy, and bold animal; so bold, that it would knock the hounds off the benches without ceremony, in order to get at and cuddle by the side of its foster-mother. But, alas! like most pets, it came to an untimely end; the hounds had been taken out of



kennel, and the poor fawn, in rushing after Cloudy and attempting to jump through a gate, dashed its brains out against the bars and died on the spot. Will Rawle—Russell's henchman, kennel-man, and faithful servant for forty years—was inconsolable; declaring he would rather have lost his Christmas pig than that fawn.

Perhaps at no period of Russell's life were his hounds stronger or more efficient than from the year 1840 to 1850; but as, with the exception of a few puppies bred by himself from the old Stover strain, they consisted mainly of drafts from other kennels, the lot as a whole were, of course, unlevel and ill-matched, and on that account would scarcely have passed muster at a flag-scrutiny even in those days; still, if taken individually, every hound had a character of his own, and bore the tower-stamp impressed on his face, and, we may be very sure, was fairly entitled to his daily meal. Deeds, and not looks, were the prime consideration; for, like the celebrated Tom Hodgson, he kept 'no Modishes and Merkins, because they were 'too handsome to hang, and too bad to give away; but almost 'every hound looked like his master, as if he knew how to kill 'a fox.'

It is almost needless to add that, notwithstanding the care of the kennel-man already referred to, the condition of his hounds was closely and constantly supervised by Russell himself; nor is it too much to say that, the constitution of each individual hound being so well known to him, he could tell to a scruple the proportion of broth or flesh which should be given to one, and not to another. That, in fact, was the great secret of their killing and enduring powers; they were always up to the mark, and consequently far superior in condition to the wild animal they were called upon to hunt.

'I was in the kennel with him on one occasion,' records an old friend, 'when, pointing to a hound with a long face and a high 'crown, called Gainer, he said, "That hound has been injured in "the stifle, but he's so good on the line that I can't afford to "draft him; fire is the only remedy, and the sooner it's done the "better."

'So, suiting the action to the word, he ordered Will Rawle to 'couple up the hound and lead him to a post in the courtyard. On 'that post, about four feet from the ground, was a strong iron ring, 'through which the chain-couple was passed, and the hound hauled 'up till he stood almost erect on his hind-legs, with his head close to 'the post, around which the couple was then secured. The iron 'being quickly heated, Russell caught the hound by the hind-foot, 'straightened the leg, and performed the operation with the most 'artistic skill in something less than one minute. The scoring was 'perfect; and he went through the whole of it without a particle of 'help from Will or myself.'

'A day or two afterwards,' continues the same informant, 'we 'were jogging together to a meet at Yard Down Gate, the pack 'following leisurely along, some almost under the stirrup, and a few 'at the tail of Russell's horse. He was chatting merrily, as usual,

‘but, at the same time, his eye never ceased travelling from one hound to another, as if he were studying the condition and fitness of every hound in the pack for the day’s work before them. Suddenly he stopped his horse, dismounted, and handing the rein to me, said, “Lavender’s not quite right; hold my horse an instant while I look her over.”

‘He then examined her eyes, and before I could understand what he was about to do, pulled a lancet from his pocket and bled her on the spot. A man we met soon afterwards was then sent back with her to Tordown.

‘Again, the meet being on this occasion at the “Mervin’s Arms,” Russell, on looking over a young black-and-white hound called Waverley, recently sent to him from a distance, discovered him to be unbranded.

‘“This won’t do,” he said, “we shall probably run to-day from Whityfield to the deep covers of Henstridge, above Berry-Narbor, and if we lose that hound we shall never see him again.” He then jumped off his horse, took the hound between his knees, and drawing a small scissors from his pocket-book, he instantly and most cleverly cut out a great R in the hair of Waverley’s ribs. “There,” he said, “no matter where he turns up now, he’ll be sent back to my kennel for fifty miles round.”

‘True enough, we found in Whityfield; Leveller, Gameboy and Falstaff breaking almost on his back, as the fox, a white-tagged old Hector, put his head strait for Henstridge, where, after a sharp burst, he saved his brush by going to ground. Found No. 2 at Arlington; ran to Youlston, Cocksley, Pigslake Wood, crossed the river, and killed him by moonlight in a cottage above Goodleigh. The whole village, with the Parson at their head—one of that good old sort, yclept Harding, of Upcot—turning out to greet Russell and welcome his field.’

But Russell, too, as well as his hounds, must have been in fine form at that time, or the hardihood even of his frame could never have stood the strain imposed on it by the four following days’ work, which, by an old letter of his, is thus recorded:—‘I left this house (Tordown) on one eventful morning, rode to Iddesleigh (twenty miles), whither I had sent the hounds the evening before, found a fox and killed him during one of the most awful storms of thunder, lightning, and rain I ever saw. Scent breast high from first to last. I then rode to Ash, Mr. Mallet’s place, dined there, and danced afterwards till one o’clock; went to bed and rose again at three; pulled on my top-boots and rode down to Bodmin, just fifty miles, and met Tom Hext’s hounds about five miles from that town. Found a good fox and killed him; dined with my old friend Pomeroy Gilbert, and again did not get to bed—much against my rule—till the little hours. Rested the next day, if walking several miles to a country fair could be called resting; then off next morning at three; rode back to Iddesleigh, took out the hounds, found a fox in Dowland, and killed him close to the Schoolmaster Inn, in

‘Chawleigh parish, twelve miles as the crow flies—*Finis coronat opus*. I then turned my horse’s head for Tordown, and was sitting down to dinner at my own table, and all the hounds home, at six o’clock, the distance being fully twenty miles from the said School-master Inn to this house.’

Owing to a succession of bad harvests throughout the land, Irish oatmeal, the staple food of hounds, had risen about this time to a price unheard of since the war with France, and it was with no little alarm that many an M.F.H. found himself compelled to give 16*l.* or even 18*l.* per ton for what he could have purchased aforetime at the lower sum of 12*l.* Not a few accordingly, with an eye to economy, turned their attention to Indian meal, hoping to find in it, though a cheaper article, still a satisfactory substitute for the more expensive food. But experience soon proved that, much as it was at first vaunted, it lacked that rare muscle-giving aliment, that stand-by quality, so bountifully possessed by sound oatmeal.

Russell never would try it during the season; but, knowing that a friend of his had done so, and hearing that his hounds rarely ended with a kill, he exclaimed, ‘No wonder; it’s that Indian meal that does it. The hounds are as good as they ever were; but fed on that wishy-washy “trade,” I’ll defy them, or any hounds on earth, to kill a good fox.’

Russell’s independence in the field with respect to the services of a regular Whip having been already alluded to, it may be mentioned that enthusiastic amateur aspirants would now and again volunteer to act in that capacity, and take upon themselves the full duties of a hired servant. One especially, Mr. Houlditch, a Somersetshire gentleman, hearing almost fabulous tales of the sport shown by the N.D.H., migrated from his own into Russell’s country, and at once offered his services, proposing to act as field-adjutant, and undertake, so far as his ability would permit, the ordinary work of a regular Whip.

The offer at the time happened to be most opportune, and was gratefully accepted on Russell’s part; but, alas! on the very first day that Mr. Houlditch appeared in his official capacity, Russell discovered, by the most unmistakable signs, that his knowledge of the ‘noble science’ was simply that of the veriest tyro, and that in reality he knew just as much as Billy Button, or a Tooley-street tailor, might be supposed to know about such matters. Still Mr. Houlditch, in spite of all difficulties, persevered, paying the closest attention to the lessons—nay, it may be said, the lectures—which his chief so frequently bestowed on him, not in the field, but on returning from their day’s work. Many a time was it said to Russell, ‘Do what you will, you’ll never make a sportsman of Houlditch; he hasn’t it in him, and is too old to learn.’

But so long as the pupil was anxious to improve, so long did his master do his utmost to instruct and encourage him in the sylvan duties he had undertaken to perform, till at length, after a season or two of continuous drill, the perseverance of both was crowned with

complete success; and it must have been as gratifying for Russell to say, as for the other to hear, that 'Houlditch understood his work as well as most men, and had become a most useful and obliging 'Whip.' He served in that capacity for six consecutive years, and when he left created a blank which Russell was never able in like fashion to fill again.

Much has been said of the active service which Russell expected from his curates in the hunting-field when parochial duties did not absolutely require their attendance at home; but the figure of hyperbole could scarcely be more strained than by some of the stories told in that respect. One, for instance, describes him as testing the voices of two rival applicants aspiring to become his curate, by making them give 'view-holloas,' and then accepting the one whose voice sounded the most penetrating and most sonorous—a capital story, no doubt, for those who cultivate charity by believing and circulating such tales; but, as a matter of fact, it is one which rests on as baseless a fabric as the fleecy clouds that float through the sky.

That he never objected to the company and help of his curate in the hunting-field is quite true, provided always that the parochial duty, for which he was responsible, was first attended to and duly fulfilled; nay, if his curate had a taste for hunting, Russell would even encourage him to enjoy the pastime, maintaining, with Dr. Watts, that Satan would find him something worse to do if he remained idle at home.

The following anecdote, however, is, beyond all doubt, a true one, and shall be given in the very words of an ear-witness, the late Rev. William Hocker, vicar of Buckerell, who related it to the writer of this memoir soon after the incident occurred. Mr. Hocker was standing at a shop-door in Barnstaple on a market-day, when Will Chapple, the parish clerk of Swimbridge, entered the shop, and while his business was being attended to, the grocer thus interrogated him:—

'Well, Mr. Chapple, and have'ee got a coorate yet for Swimbridge?'

'Not yet, sir—master's nation partic'ler; 't isn't this man, nor 't isn't that as'll suit un; but here's his advertisement' (pulling out a copy of the 'North Devon Journal'), 'so I reckon he'll soon get one 'now.'

'Wanted, a curate for Swimbridge; must be a gentleman of moderate and orthodox views.'

'Orthodox! Mr. Chapple; what doth he mean by that?' inquired the grocer.

'Well,' said the clerk, in some perplexity, knowing the double nature of the curate's work, secular as well as sacred, 'I can't 'exactly say; but I reckon 'tis a man as can *ride* pretty well.'

An old curate of his gives the following grateful, but very brief, record of the kindness and hospitality he received both from Mr. and Mrs. Russell during his residence at Swimbridge:—'My first recep-

'tion by Russell I shall never forget ; I had ridden a long distance, ' the latter part of it by devious lanes and countless cross-roads, ' which, as they were all strange to me, perplexed and jaded ' me far more than even the length of the ride, when at nightfall I ' reached the modest lodgings taken for me in the village at Swim- ' bridge. My landlady, Mrs. Burgess, a most respectable woman, ' besides two sets of apartments let to myself and another gentle- ' man, kept also in the same house a general shop, where any article ' of food, from a double Glo'ster to a fitch of bacon, or a penny ' loaf to a packet of tea, might be had at a moment's notice ; so that ' for the cravings of nature the wherewithal was at hand to satisfy my ' utmost wants. I had just quitted a happy home, broken up by my ' family migrating to Dresden for education ; consequently, notwith- ' standing the kindly manner of my hostess, and her anxiety to make ' me comfortable, a sense of loneliness crept over me such as I had ' not felt for many a year, and I turned away from the savory broiled ' rasher set before me as if I had been a Hebrew of the Hebrews, ' and hated the sight of the unhallowed food. At that moment a ' man's voice at the door aroused my attention—he was inquiring for ' me, and before I could rise from my seat Russell stalked in, grasped ' my hand without ceremony, and bid me welcome to his parish in so ' cheery a tone that in an instant my depressed spirits, rising like a ' mist of the morning, took wing and passed away.

"Holloa," he said, looking at the table, "this won't do ; you ' must come up and dine with us. Come as you are, plain fare ' and no formality."

"I pleaded the necessity of unpacking my portmanteau, and de- ' voting a few minutes to the Graces ; but he wouldn't hear of it.

"No," he said, "come along ; you're quite smart enough. ' Mrs. Russell won't look at your coat, if you'll only eat a good ' dinner."

"The invitation, I felt, was tantamount to a command, and accord- ' ingly, without further objection, I rose and obeyed.

"The dinner, an ample one, was yet simplicity itself—a cod's head ' and shoulders, the produce of Barnstaple bay, a haunch of Exmoor ' mutton, hung to an hour ; then an apple pudding, flavoured with ' lemon peel and boiled to perfection. "*Carpe diem*," which, freely ' translated, means "keep cutting," said Russell, calling for a hot ' plate and inviting me to take another slice of the delicious moor ' mutton. He then asked how I had reached Swimbridge, and by ' what route I had come.

"Across country," I replied ; "by way of Cobbaton and Um- ' berleigh Bridge."

"An awkward line for a stranger," he remarked. "But you ' rode, of course ; and pray what's become of your horse ?"

"Gone to the village inn," I said, "where I saw him fed and ' bedded up for the night. He's my sole stand-by ; does the double ' work of hack and hunter, so I hope will be well cared for, as I ' value him greatly."

"Then he mustn't stay there another minute, or, in all probability, he'll be kicked by some farmer's horse before the night's over," said Russell, rising to ring the bell, and giving orders that the horse should be fetched and brought to his stable at once. "To-morrow," he continued, "you'll have no difficulty in finding a quiet little box in the village, and you must go to Barnstaple next market-day and buy your hay and corn, for at Swimbridge you'll get none."

The next morning, as I was about to sit down to breakfast, to my great surprise a cart, heavily laden with hay and corn, stood at the door of my lodgings, and before I could make any inquiry as to its ownership, the man in charge, seeing me at an open window, thus addressed me: "If yeu please, sir, this here hay and woats be for yeu, wi' maister's compliments."

Had I possessed the cap of Fortunatus, I could scarcely have wished for a more welcome gift, as the business of buying good upland hay and old oats in Devonshire, at that season of the year, was, as I knew from experience, a most difficult job. Now, however, through Russell's kindness and liberality, I had ample time before me to look around and suit myself in that respect. But I will not recount the many similar acts of kind consideration in various ways, especially in those of hospitality, which I received from him and Mrs. Russell during that happy and unclouded period of my early life passed at Swimbridge. Suffice it to say, *Ex uno disce omnes*.

"Once, and once only," continues the same curate, "did a slight skirmish take place between us, and that was on the wild open moor near Lanacre Bridge. It was a cold biting day in February. We had found in Twitchen Town Wood, and the hounds, with a grand scent, having brought their fox up to the bridge, had there come to a check. A hound called Castor, however, hitting the fox under the archway of the bridge, through which the flood had carried him, dashed into the angry river, and by some means became unable either to pass under the arch or land on the opposite bank. "The hound will be drowned; jump in and save him," shouted Russell to me in a state of the wildest panic; "jump in, I say."

But, in truth, I saw no danger for the hound; whereas a plunge into the roaring Barle, forbiddingly keen as the wind blew, was likely to be one for me. I hesitated for an instant, and as I did so Castor struggled out, and, like a brave hound, threw his tongue manfully on the opposite side of the river. Directly afterwards, on my rating a hound for some fault he had committed, Russell turned sharply round, and said, "That's a puppy, let him alone; don't rate him, or you'll ruin him."

"Don't speak to me in that way," I said, fairly roused this time by his peremptory manner; "or I'll never turn a hound for you again."

It remains to be added that we killed our fox soon afterwards; and not even Nisus and Euryalus, those true friends of an heroic age, could have jogged home together on better terms than Russell

‘and I did after that event. My act of rebellion, however, was not forgotten by him; for to this day, when the hounds pass near Lanacre Bridge, he is wont to tell the tale with infinite zest and humour, pointing out the very spot to those around him, “Where ——— mutinied; threatening, if I dared to rate him, that he’d “never turn a hound for me again.”’

## EPIDEMIC, ENDEMIC, INFECTIOUS, AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES :

THEIR CAUSATION AND RATIONAL TREATMENT.

BY J. H. SHORTHOUSE, M.D., LL.D.

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MY late revered and reverend friend the ‘Master of Trinity’ was wont to remark that ‘Truth more readily emerged out of error than out of confusion.’ There may be some error in the nomenclature of diseases, but there is still more confusion in the application of the various terms at the head of this article to the particular diseases or class of diseases which they are intended to denote. My task, self-imposed, therefore is by no means an easy one, of an endeavour to make truth, or a clear comprehension of diseases, and suitable appellations for those diseases, to emerge from the mass of confusion in which they are entangled, and it is doubtful if I shall succeed in the attempt; but, as Shakspeare says—

‘Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win  
By fearing to attempt.’

Many diseases are called ‘epidemic’ which are not epidemic at all in the proper application of that term. It would not signify much what terms were used if every one understood the same thing by it and the mischief went no further. But, unfortunately, the mischief does go further, and in some cases very much further. If there is an outbreak of scarlet fever in any village, town, or district the public mind is at once startled by the wildest reports that at such-and-such a place there is a fearful ‘epidemic.’ It is nothing of the kind, but simply the prevalence of an infectious disease, which is sure to spread until all the unprotected persons within its influence have had an attack of it. With just as much propriety might it be said that an ‘epidemic’ of ringworm had broken out in any particular school, simply because some scholar had taken it, then communicated it to his schoolfellows, and it had spread throughout the school. Only lately I read of an ‘epidemic’ of glanders. Lord Bacon said, that only when we called things or diseases by their right names should we be able to control them. To begin with, there are but two *well-known*

diseases which ought to be called epidemic—cholera and influenza. I should have added a third, typhoid fever, but for the fact that about fifty morbid conditions pass under that designation, and therefore it is safest to leave it out of the question.

By EPIDEMIC diseases, I mean those which depend upon some telluric, atmospheric, or meteorological influence beyond human control. And there are epidemics which affect the vegetable as well as the animal kingdom. The potato disease and the vine disease are familiar examples. No human foresight, no human legislation can prevent or 'stamp out' these scourges. They depend upon atmospheric causes, and legislators might as well attempt to 'stamp out' thunder-storms or hail-storms as these visitations.

By INFECTIOUS diseases, I mean those which can be communicated from a sick person to a healthy one without the latter coming into actual contact with the sufferer. For example, a person might contract hooping-cough, scarlet fever, mumps, and other diseases, by sitting in the same room or breathing an atmosphere into which a sufferer had breathed quite as certainly as if he had been in closer contact with him, as sleeping in the same bed. By CONTAGIOUS diseases, I mean those which require actual *contact* with the sick person or with his clothing or some discharge or other matter which he has poisoned. Thus, it would be quite impossible to contract such diseases as ringworm, scabies, syphilis, or pyæmia (blood-poisoning) without actual contact with the person or some material which he had affected, however close the intimacy otherwise might be; sitting in the same room for a month would not effect it. It is obvious that many diseases are both infectious and contagious, but, fortunately, some are contagious only. There is one disease, puerperal fever, which also requires the recipient to be in a certain condition before the poison, a most subtle and fatal one, can exert its baneful influence—the victim must be a child-bearing woman. Men are not susceptible of it, nor are women except in the condition I have mentioned, and then, if they take the disease, woe betide them, for it is certainly fatal. No case of recovery is recorded by any trustworthy observer. Many cases of other diseases have been published under this name, in order to glorify their authors as very clever fellows. I have never seen a case myself, but I believe it to be eminently fatal. I once 'mounted guard' for some time for a friend who had had thirteen fatal cases in succession. All the women he attended died; and thinking he was going about somewhat after the manner of a destroying angel put himself into quarantine, burned all his clothes, got several other medical friends to attend his practice whilst he was away—and he was so for six months—and when he returned he had no more fatal cases. What is called the 'drop' in calving cows is the analogue of puerperal fever in women. I am sorry to hear that this disease is now somewhat prevalent in various districts in England. There is no cure for it, and it is, moreover, highly contagious. It is the only disease I can think of at the present moment in which that sovereign and infallible remedy of the veteri-



narians, the poleaxe, can be justified; for I shall have to condemn its use in such diseases as glanders, rinderpest, and other *curable* diseases. But 'drop' and puerperal fever are not curable, at least not so by any means yet known. If the cows are not killed they ought to be kept at a long distance from other calving cows and allowed to die a natural, though very painful death; nor ought the person who attends to them be allowed to go near other cows in an interesting condition, for the disease may be communicated in this way just as certainly as by contact with the affected animal herself; nor ought the 'Vet' who has been ministering to the diseased animal be permitted to go near the healthy ones. Such precautions as these are not only reasonable, but they are highly important and much more essential than the idiotic and impracticable devices which are adopted at headquarters for the prevention or 'stamping out' of the cattle plague, and which 'Orders' require revision, amendment, or explanation about half-a-dozen times a year. But what is to be expected from men who could suspend all other legislation, as they did last year, in order to pass an Act of Parliament for the capture and extermination of the Colorado beetle? That act was passed, and a pretty piece of legislative wisdom it was. It was the laughing-stock of the country. The beetle, however, did not put in an appearance. If it had, it could not have survived in this climate. But had the beetles arrived in formidable numbers the measures put in force by the wonderful Act of Parliament could not, and would not, have exterminated more than a few hundreds; and what would they have been out of the myriads of millions we were led to expect?

ENDEMIC is a term I shall confine to those diseases which prevail in certain localities, irrespective of contagion or infection, and which in themselves are neither infectious or contagious. For example, ague is a disease peculiar to certain marshy localities, but the person must live in the locality for some time before he contracts the disease, and if he leaves it with the disease strong upon him, he cannot communicate it to another person, however close or intimate his relationship may be to them. A man with a 'fit of ague' upon him could not give it to his wife or children if he were to sleep with them. The same with marsh fever and remittent fever. I believe diphtheria—which I have included in the same category—might be communicated by sitting in a small close room strongly impregnated with the breath of a diphtheretic patient, even if that patient had been removed from the locality where he had contracted the disease; but a healthy person would be much more likely to contract the disease by a short sojourn in the locality itself.

The case will perhaps be made plainer if I summarise and tabulate the different diseases thus:—

#### I. EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

Cholera.  
Influenza.  
Enteric (typhoid) Fever.  
Cerebro-spinal Fever.

#### II. ENDEMIC DISEASES.

Ague.  
Marsh Fever.  
Remittent Fever (Infantile).  
Diphtheria?

## III. INFECTIOUS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

Scarlet Fever.  
 Measles.  
 Small Pox.  
 Chicken Pox.  
 Mumps.  
 Hooping Cough.  
 Catarrh?  
 Puerperal Fever.  
 Hospital Erysipelas.

## IV. CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

Glanders.  
 Farcy.  
 Grease.  
 Scabies.  
 Syphilis.  
 Ringworm.  
 Pyæmia (blood poisoning).

The diseases in the *first* category are entirely beyond the control of man to prevent. They are like the pestilence which the Psalmist said 'walked in darkness,' or the 'destruction that wasted at noon-day.' Fortunately, they are not necessarily fatal. They have been cured, and can be cured again, if properly treated on rational or natural principles. Those in the *second* category are to a great extent preventible. There are many people who need not live in malarious districts unless they like; some poor creatures, however, are condemned by circumstances or the nature of their occupations to exist as best they can in those exhausting and enervating localities. The six first-named diseases in the *third* category are unavoidable in such a country as this, where human intercourse is very intimate. Nearly every person is bound to have those diseases once in his life, and it is but very seldom indeed that they occur more than once; and 'State doctors' may just as well endeavour to prevent a hail-storm, a thunder-storm, or a high tide, as they may to prevent or 'stamp out' these diseases, for one procedure will be just as little successful as the other. By separating the healthy from the sick the evil day may be postponed for a while, but it is sure to come sooner or later, and perhaps take a person unawares and make a victim (a dead one) of him. If our legislators and State doctors would only recognise the fact that these diseases must inevitably happen once in a man's lifetime, they would contribute materially to human happiness—and, let me also add, to healthiness; for the remedies they recommend, whether curative or preventive, are frequently more disastrous and destructive than the diseases themselves. All the measures they recommend only baffle the patients, for the diseases are seldom baffled, but prevail sooner or later. To talk of 'stamping out' such diseases is only the bluster of such vulgar and illiterate minds as could invent a phrase which is as vile as it is inappropriate, and is never used, except in irony, by any true disciple of science. Mrs. Partington's traditionary exploit of attempting to stop the Falls of Niagara with her mop was not more ridiculous than are many of the schemes proposed in this country by the Privy Council and their *employés*. The first four diseases of this category in the human subject—and which, indeed, have their analogues amongst cattle and sheep—have their habitat in the skin, though, of course, all parts and tissues of the body are affected more or less; but if the disease be encouraged on the surface the internal organs will suffer

but to a trifling extent. Whether the disease be rinderpest, pleuropneumonia, or other epidemic disease, if cattle keepers would only substitute a good fire in their sheds or hovels for the poleaxe, they would not only cure their animals, benefit themselves, but become benefactors to mankind at large. It is *impossible to disinfect a room or to properly ventilate it without a fire*. All other modes of disinfection—and their name is legion—are futile and sometimes even dangerous. Let two illustrations, which have recently come under my notice, suffice; and they are really not more absurd than many others I could mention. A man had died of blood poisoning, and the 'local sanitary authority,' at the instigation of their medical inspector who had condemned the bedding, clothing, &c., ordered those articles to be destroyed and the house to be 'thoroughly disinfected.' I was somewhat curious to know what materials could thoroughly disinfect a house—which, indeed, required no disinfecting at all, for blood poisoning is not an infectious disease in their sense of the term, but only a contagious one—and I asked the man who was employed to do the disinfecting business if he would mind telling me what was the agent or the ingredients of the compound which he employed. He readily complied with my request, and took out of his breast-pocket the precious recipe, which consisted of five ounces of oxalic acid, two pounds of Epsom salts, to four gallons of water! With this precious compound he washed the walls of the room, the tables, chairs, &c.; and they were reported to be completely disinfected. For this job he told me he only charged thirty-six shillings, and thought he ought to have charged more, considering that the 'Sanitary Committee' paid it. The second case was one in which a cabman was employed to take a boy with scarlet fever from school to his home about six miles off. The schoolmaster, knowing that public vehicles are forbidden to be used for such a purpose, told the man that he must well 'disinfect' his cab afterwards, and gave him a sovereign to pay for the expenses out of pocket, trouble, &c. I was curious to know how the cab was disinfected. The man, whom I had known previously, frankly told me he sat in the cab and smoked his pipe for about twenty minutes, that was all! These two instances which I adduce are, it is to be feared, but fair samples of what disinfection is when left to others. A case which did not come under my own cognizance otherwise than through the columns of the public press, but as it affords a striking instance of the frauds which are committed, as well as of the state of *false security* in which the confiding public are placed, I will quote the main features of, so far as I can recollect them, for I am sorry I have not the report at hand from which to quote *verbatim*; but about Christmas last a second-hand upholsterer was 'had up' at one of the metropolitan police-courts—I believe Lambeth—for making up into bedding and mattresses some old bedding which had been used by sufferers from smallpox or other contagious disease, and which bedding had been handed over to him to be destroyed, and for which he charged, and was

paid. Instead of destroying it, however, he made it up again, put new covers over it, and sold it. Some one 'peached'; he was had up, convicted, and fined. I fear this case is but one out of many hundreds, perhaps thousands. 'State medicine,' then, is not only an expensive farce, it is something much worse; for this conduct on the part of their official I consider in the highest degree criminal. Small-pox is bad enough, but suppose the bedding had been that on which a woman had died from puerperal fever, that dire disease would have been communicated to some other poor woman who might have used the bedding years afterwards; for hardly any period of time can be fixed as the limit when the subtle poison loses its potency for evil. This is the conclusion at which Dr. Lever and other painstaking investigators have arrived. So much for disinfection done by deputy. I therefore most strenuously urge gentlemen to see the disinfecting done themselves if they require it done at all, but even still more strenuously, if it be possible, do I urge them that if any of their horses, cattle, or sheep are affected with any of the epidemic or contagious diseases, to take them up, put them in sheds or other buildings in which they can keep a roaring fire burning day and night until the disease is cured, and also to supply the animals with as much cold water as they will drink; they will not overdrink themselves, but they ought to be supplied with as much as they will take. They can ventilate the sheds as much as they please by letting in fresh air—indeed the fires will do that if kept burning. There is a prevalent notion that if a room be kept *cold* it must be healthy and well-ventilated, and that if it be hot it must be the reverse. There cannot be a greater mistake. A cold room may be impregnated with the strongest animal and other poisonous vapours; one made hot by means of a fire cannot be. A very familiar instance will illustrate this point better than any argument of mine can do. Let a number of men be smoking in a tavern parlour, some evening, in which there is no fire; then go in the room next morning. The stench of stale tobacco-smoke will be overpoweringly strong, and no opening of the windows will cleanse the room; but let a good roaring fire be lighted and the room will be purified and sweetened in less than half-an-hour. There are some diseases such as influenza in the human subject, and pleuro-pneumonia in cattle, which are very exhausting, and in which something more stimulating or sustaining than cold water is required. Good old ale may be mixed with the water or gruel which is given to the cows. For influenza in man, a good bumper of port wine, if given at the onset, will cut short the disorder; if, however, it has been allowed to make inroads into the constitution, the patient can only be kept alive by a repetition of stimulants; and the same with cattle. Make them half-drunk with ale; this will be much cheaper in the long run than the poleaxe and the 'County compensation.' I remember the influenza of 1847 well. It was a very devastating disease, more so than the cholera of two years later. Only those had a fair chance of recovery who had the means of using vinous stimulants; and, to do them justice, many of the

clergy ministered to the wants of their poorer brethren, But those were the days of portly divines—

‘ When rectors drank Port wine,  
And parsons knew no strife,  
But kept a middle line,  
And led an easy life.  
\* \* \* \* \*

But *now* good Port is rare;  
Shepherds delude their flocks.  
Can he, who does not care  
For Port, be orthodox?’

Port wine, when good, and genuine, is a wonderful power: it can not only cure disease, but can inspirit sullen and unwilling horses. Even that stubborn brute the ‘Tardy Taraban’ felt its magical influence and was roused into action; for, before running for the Northumberland Plate, he was indulged with a bottle of old port, which, according to ‘Argus,’ who was present, was from John Scott’s choicest bin, and which, according to the same authority, the horse ‘enjoyed like a churchwarden,’ and ‘never ran more kindly in his life.’ A good fire, abundance of cold water, good strong old ale, or good new port wine (for I think *new* wine better than *old* in such cases)—these are the sheet-anchors in all epidemic, endemic, and most of the infectious diseases. The stimulants of course are only to be given when there is much prostration and extreme exhaustion.

The diseases in the *fourth* category are all avoidable and all curable; but of course no *general* plan of treatment can be advised. Each disease requires different management. And, finally, let me advise my readers to eschew and shun all the instructions, injunctions, and advices which emanate from the Local Government Board. I have adduced several instances to prove them to be something worse than worthless; and never had Johnson’s two interpolated lines in Goldsmith’s ‘Traveller’ a fitter application than now; for

‘ How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.’

## EURYDICE.

### IN MEMORIAM.

‘Twas on a bright and breezy day  
A noble ship came sailing home,  
Dashing from either bow the spray,  
And ploughing up the milkwhite foam.

For the last time the gallant band,  
Close to Old ‘England on the lee,’  
Had said their prayers for those on land  
Who asked God’s aid for those at sea.

The sun is going towards the west,  
Tinging with gold the bellying sail ;  
The sailors take their Sabbath rest,  
And laugh and tell the oft-told tale.

The sister's pride, the mother's bliss,  
The dream of meetings of old friends,  
Of tight-grasped hand, of lover's kiss,  
For all their hardships make amends.

No cheery-hearted coastguard fails  
To point the ship to those who stand  
Around—whose prayers are in the sails  
Which waft her towards a friendly strand.

No wonder that the Captain thought  
With hope and honest pride of soul,  
To bring the good ship, 'smart and taut,'  
Like a swift racehorse, to the goal.

'Mid life and hope the thick black clouds  
Snow-filled shut out the ship from view ;  
The fierce tornado strikes her shrouds—  
She's gone ! with all her homebound crew.

The blood-red sun comes brightly back  
And lightens up the evening sky,  
And paints what *was* the good ship's track  
As if in empty mockery.

Alas ! for skill of human mind !  
HE from whom good and evil come,  
Who rides upon the stormy wind,  
Took the three hundred wanderers HOME.

F. G.

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## OLD ENGLAND AND YOUNG ENGLAND.

NEVER was there a truer proverb than 'All work and no play makes 'Jack a dull boy,' and never was there a greater boon to England than the Saturday half-holiday. That institution alone has created a volunteer army which, if need be, could be counted by many hundreds of thousands, and if the Queen passed the word for a million of amateur soldiers, they doubtless would be raised. It is useful in these days of the croakers to take stock of what we have at hand in England, and what chance the mob would have if the stormy agitators and their bludgeon men 'tried it on,' or if a foreign foe made an attempt on our liberties.

Even assuming that I am correct as to my old hobby that there is too much 'cap and jacket' and love of newspaper notoriety in our

athletic sports now, it is pleasant to think that every Saturday afternoon, all over England, young England, according to the seasons, are at cricket, football, hockey, hare and hounds, running, rowing, and soldiering, just like so many schoolboys. Who would have dreamt, twenty years ago, that a large draper's establishment or commercial house would turn out a fine crew or eleven, or a company of volunteers. Such is the fact, however, and practically the British counter-skipper is disestablished, and not only in flood or field he is a good one, but in private life many of that class are no mean hands at music, drawing, reading, or private theatricals.

A sapient jury last month, who sat on an inquest on a poor young fellow who was killed at football, apparently by rough play, appended to their verdict an opinion that 'football ought to be wiped out of the list of English sports.' They might just as well have said that because a gentleman was killed in a steeplechase, and a lady was killed out hunting, in the same week, that both sports ought to be discontinued. A number of good sportsmen hold an opinion that steeplechasing should be confined to riding over a fair hunting country, instead of over made fences and water-jumps, but that is beside the question now; though, at the risk of bringing upon me the attack of the football authorities, I will venture to suggest that the present games, 'Rugby' and 'Association,' might be much improved, the former by disestablishing the everlasting mauling and handling, and the latter by allowing the use of the hands to stop the ball. Everyone likes his own child best, and my belief still is in the old 'Winchester' game as it existed many years ago, without being a bigot as to the number of the side. Our number was six a side and a 'goal,' who had no part in the game beyond umpiring and touching the ball if it passed within reach. All our accidents occurred in the big games of twenty-two a side, when a lot of muffs played, and shut their eyes and kicked anywhere; but in our grand matches of six a side an accident was very rare, as all were good players and rarely kicked anything but the ball, and they never charged *at* each other. Our ground was about a hundred and twenty yards long, by some twenty-five yards wide, and was roped and staked as the old prize-ring used to be. The goals stood at either end of the parallelogram, half-way between the end posts, and had on either side of the place where they stood a gown rolled up like a cavalry soldier's cloak, so that they stood in a kind of little stall of some three to four feet wide, and if the ball came within his reach, and the goal could touch it without leaving his place, there was no score. If the ball passed between him and one of the end posts untouched, one was scored; if it went over either gown it counted two, and if clean over the goal's head it counted four, but practically this never happened, or rather was never given. The ball which was somewhat smaller than the present ball, was heavier and soaked in water and greased, so as to make the cover as tight and elastic as possible, and the science of the game was to keep the ball within the ropes, and not to kick the ball up unless

it could be taken with the foot at half-volley or full, before it reached the ground. If the ball, when kicked off the ground, went more than seven or eight feet up from the ground over the heads of the other sides, so as to be out of reach, no score was allowed. If any player caught the ball—under which alone ‘pinning’ was sanctioned—he was allowed a ‘kick-off,’ if he could manage it before the enemy pulled him down, but no ‘hacking’ was allowed. The only other attack was ‘purling,’ about which there is a difference of opinion, and this was only lawful when a boy was charging after the ball, and then one of the other side might put his foot in front of him and throw him down if he could. The ball might be stopped with the hands and put down and kicked, but a player might not run away with it. The game commenced by the ball being placed in the centre of the ground, and the forwards on each side stood about six yards away, and as the clock struck the first beat of twelve a rush was made for it, and the moment one o’clock struck it was over. It makes one’s blood run a little quicker to think of the annual match between six of College and six of Commoners, and the roar of the spectators when the first kick was made, particularly if you were charging and heard a mad crowd shouting out your name. Kicking the ball out of the bounds was bad play, and it was wonderful how expert one became at kicking with either foot, and sending the ball straight down the line. It was impossible to play more than an hour, as it was almost all charging and it was a case of running several miles. No ‘waiting for the ball’ near the opponent’s goal (which was called ‘tagging’) was allowed, and, except when actually charging with the ball, you were ‘out of it,’ unless three of the other side were in front of you, and you had to run back again and get behind the ball. Speaking from pretty long experience, having been three years in the Six and two years Captain, I can say that I was never hurt in a six-and-six game, and can only call to mind two bad accidents in seven seasons when a boy myself; though in a big game I have been fearfully shinned, and now have a scar as big as a florin, which was made by one of Her Majesty’s present judges. Under the present system there have been a good many accidents and some deaths, and so there have been in every British sport almost. I suppose it is a matter of taste, but it always strikes me that the ‘scrimmage’ (I think they call it) in the Rugby game, and the constant mauling one another, not one in a dozen of them knowing where the ball is, are neither elegant nor scientific, and there is not much beauty in a mass of tangled men steaming like a cauldron, and I must claim for the Winchester six-and-six game that it was more *bond fide* football than what one sees in the present day; and moreover it required at any rate as much pluck and activity as any game ever invented. It puzzles me now to see how wide the kicking is, especially when a man has a fair kick for the goal, which I believe is called ‘a try’; but I am not versed much in modern terms. Of course young England will be against me in all this, but still it is a matter of opinion after all.



To revert to athletic young England and its football and other manly sports, a party of some twenty or thirty football players quietly walked down Mr. Bradlaugh and his special constables at their grand Sunday meeting, and I firmly believe that if knives and revolvers were barred, a body of the athletes of the present day would turn any mob out of Hyde Park or anywhere else; and if a foreign foe was to land in Old England we could show them an army such as no foreign despot ever dreamt of. Be it remembered that all our English sports involve punctuality, obedience to the captain or leader, added to which the habits of temperance, which are necessary for those who take hard exercise, go a long way towards making soldiers. I have taken stock very freely of young England when they have been engaged in out-of-door sports, and have observed that as a rule they drink nothing but shandygaff, or something of that kind, and smoke a pipe, and when they do eat it is a caution to see a round of beef disappear. It is a real case of the *mens sana in corpore sano*.

Some few years since I was going over the field of Waterloo with a gentleman who was an enthusiast, and having done the coach journey to Waterloo through the forest of Soignes, and been jolted to death a few days previously, we went early in the day by rail to the station beyond Waterloo, on the Gemappe side, and did a big walk. We got some local man to show us round, and a French gentleman hung about us and evidently wanted some information, and we asked him to join us. He was a very nice quiet fellow, and told us he was French—as he might have been a Belgian for aught we knew—and almost apologised for coming to see the field, which, he said, few of his countrymen ever visited. Of course I was very polite to him, and remarked that when between thirty and forty thousand men were killed and wounded it was a battle of heroes on both sides. After a long walk on a very bracing autumn day, my companion and I were not sorry to find, at the house where the museum is on the battle-field, a splendid piece of cold roast beef, some glorious potatoes, pickles, and some real draft Bass or Allsopp, I forget which. Mr. 'Frogs,' who was knocked up, and would have liked a little *bouilli* and some claret, was utterly astonished at an Englishman's appetite. After musing a little, he said, 'Ah, I see how you English won this great battle, it was the beef and the beer, and never being fatigued.' He was not far wrong.

Turning to sports of a more expensive kind—hunting and yachting—why, there's not a county in England over every inch of which good men and true cannot ride by day or by night, if necessary, and if all our railways were stopped and the telegraphs cut we should have the best of it, a hundred to one. Then again, with the yachting men, they really support a navy of their own second to none, who would be ready and willing, masters and men, if wanted.

Our army and navy, for which we pay, are only a percentage of what could be got if needed. Looking at the immense numbers of retired officers who have served the Queen and who would be ready and willing to command, and the thousands and tens of thousands

of the flower of young England who would be ready and willing to serve, we should in an emergency realise the truth of the old Duke's saying, 'that his battles were won by recruits from the playgrounds of England.' History tells us that war makes soldiers of civilians. We have only to look at the stories of the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, the Scottish Rebellion of 1745, the American War of Independence, the Indian Mutiny, and, later, the American Civil War; and, on whichever side they happen to fight, we find men who have the Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, and who believe their quarrel to be just, can be turned into most excellent soldiers at very short notice. The intense belief in themselves, and in everything belonging to themselves specially, is the ruling passion; as was exemplified by the story of the two sailors at Copenhagen, one of whom remarked to the other, when a Danish ship blew up, 'Jack—look there! 'They are all blown to the devil!' 'Ah, Bill,' said the other one, turning his quid, 'but not to *our* devil, though!'

The man who is rarely any use in athletics and active employment and self-denial is our friend the 'working man,' so called by himself. An excursion to some suburban racecourse, and a little gambling with the small bookmakers, an indignation meeting in Hyde Park, a public-house, and a stump oratory are his places and means of amusement. He likes quartering his children on the rates for education and avoiding paying anything towards supporting the country, laughing at those who are trying to do something which he cannot do himself, and at the present moment he is persuading the lower orders not to join the army, and in driving away the little trade we have remaining. His selfish, unpatriotic conduct comes out in full relief in his system of 'picketing,' and preventing honest men who do not belong to him from following their employment when they please; and should this country ever be in danger, the cheapest plan would be to get rid of them and send as many of them as possible out of the kingdom.

Some few years since, at the Oval, when the ground was deluged with water on the occasion of the Gentlemen *v.* Players match, the sun broke out about five o'clock. After a consultation between the captains and the umpires the match was abandoned as hopeless. Our friends the 'working men' held an indignation meeting in front of the Pavilion, demanding back their money and gesticulating violently, and asserting that 'the working man' was the real supporter of cricket! A few ardent spirits proposed adjourning into the Pavilion and holding the meeting there. I wish they had tried it on, as I fancy the twenty-two gentlemen and players and a few athletic friends would have been warm customers.

In fact, the whole story lies in a nut-shell. Assuming, which we all hope and believe to be impossible that any Government, whether of the Radical, Tory, High Church, Low Church, or 'Jack and the 'Game' school, ever get this country into what as boys we used to call 'a jolly mess,' young England of the present are men enough to cut themselves out of it, if well officered and well led, on sea or land. The only thing necessary to be done is instantly to put out of com-

mission any of the lady-like young gentlemen who have become volunteer officers for the sake of the uniform, just as the same class creep into county elevens without any real pretence of being what they (not I, mind, Mr. Baily) call 'county form,' though even the inefficient officers may be made useful by joining again as privates, learning their duty, and doing it under proper command.

*Mitcham.*

F. G.

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### GOSSIP FROM GRASS LANDS.

As each succeeding spring comes round, it becomes our duty—a pleasing one, indeed, and quite a labour of love—to lay before the readers of 'Baily,' in a collected form, some of the doings of hounds and those who are with them in the crack countries of England. Last year, in an article entitled 'From Belvoir to Brixworth,' we endeavoured to show what hounds had a chance of becoming noted through their sons and daughters in those kennels. This year we may vary the subject, and turn our thoughts more to those that hunt with them. First of all, let us congratulate ourselves and neighbours on the capital season we have had; scarcely stopped a day by frost, the country, not, as the old huntsman said, 'deluded with water' as it often is, snow pretty much a stranger, foxes plentiful, and scent on the whole quite up to the average; strangers altogether more plentiful than ever, at times a little too much so, but in our wide pastures there is room enough for all, and we are used to a little crushing and crowding. The difficulty is, with such a wide field before us, where to begin, but, as heretofore, perhaps it will be better to go north first and work southwards, so we will take the Quorn, where Mr. Coupland is still the guiding spirit, with Tom Firr to handle the horn, and better ones no country need want. Such a pack of hounds as they have, it is not every one's fortune to breed in the time. Quick as thought they get away with their fox, right on his back; ever chasing, they lose no ground, but as a rule literally race into him, in the style which it has been acknowledged, from the days of Beckford downwards, fox-hunting should be conducted. Moreover, if it comes to hunting, they can do that as well as chase, and one or two foxes, especially on the Forest side, have been brilliantly run into and accounted for, after such hunting in early parts of the runs as would have delighted the heart of a Devonshire man himself. We noticed last year a change in the boundaries of this hunt, a change which no doubt is for the better in every way, and at one time this spring there appeared a chance of another alteration, which would certainly have, from a Quorn point of view, improved it still more, and given Mr. Coupland such a five-day-a-week country as none of his predecessors ever reigned over, while Lord Ferrers would have also got an extension. But it was not to be, and things go on as heretofore. The new kennels, which

rumour asserted would have been forthcoming, will probably not be built, and the old ones and stables which, notwithstanding the encomiums passed on them by 'Nimrod' in the days ere some of us were born, are as bad as most to be now found, will still continue to hold the hounds of the crack country in England.

Let us now turn to Melton, and see those, or at any rate some of those, who are best known in the metropolis of the chase. We must begin with Lord Wilton, who, from ill-health, was a late comer, in fact did not make his appearance at Egerton Lodge until after Christmas; but we are pleased to know that since he has come he has been looking fresh and well, and if he does not go quite in the form of twenty years ago, has generally been seen at the covert side since his arrival. Moreover, so far from coming back, as some do, when the love of holding the pride of place has in a measure deserted them, to an inferior class of horse, which we take but too often to be the interpretation for 'an old man's horse,' his stables are as well filled as ever, and condition as much cared for as when his lordship was as anxious to be in front in a quick thing across the grass as at Heaton or Croxton Park. This is as it should be, for with a man who knows the run of foxes and every yard of the ground, a bit of extra speed and condition will enable him to see runs which he might otherwise, through untoward circumstances, have been out of. Lady Wilton has, we hear, gone as well as ever while at Melton. We must still stick to the seniors, and say that Mr. Little Gilmour, if not, to use 'Nimrod's' expression, 'ganging so gallantly to his 'hounds' in 1878 as when the 'Quarterly Review' run was written, is still to the fore, and, unlike many younger ones, who start late and leave off early as far as hunting is concerned, made his appearance at Kirby Gate. Long may he live to do so, though most of those grouped round him in that celebrated run have gone over to the majority or vacated the pigskin.

Perhaps we had better keep to Melton while we are there, though many a good man and true is scattered about the country. Early in the season there were Sir Henry Meysey Thompson, Mr. B. W. Lubbock, I believe very well mounted; Mr. B. G. Parker, Mr. Andrew A. Brand, as well known in the coaching as the hunting world. The Countess of Cardigan was also hunting from Melton early in the season; Sir John and Lady Caroline Lister Kaye, Mr. Cecil Kaye, the Hon. Hugh Lowther, Mr. Ferdinand Roy, Mr. Delacour, the Messrs. Brocklehurst, Sir Beaumont and Lady Florence Dixie, the latter going in her old form, were also there, and her brother, Lord James Douglas, who is as hard as any one, and won a steeplechase match at Quenby this season against Mr. W. Frewen, not on the flag system, but the good old-fashioned one of going from point to point, riding one of the Quorn cub-hunters which he bought at the sale at Leicester.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of New York, has been staying at Melton, and amongst his stud many recognised the show horse Winder, so often successful in the ring while in the Duke of

Hamilton's hands, and who had before that done yeoman's service under Mr. Muntz, in Warwickshire, and with the Pytchley, who is a welter weight and very hard rider, and must, we should fancy, have taken a little of the bloom off the peach, though rumour says Mr. Bennett gave a rattling price for him—but perchance his show-yard honours had something to do with that. Mr. Bennett had a very curious fall while out with Cottesmore, we believe, and what might have, but fortunately did not prove a very bad one. He rode at a gate, when it is surmised his horse was tired, and in consequence blundered on to it instead of leaping over, thus putting Mr. Bennett down, knocking the gate on the top of him, and then falling on the gate; so there was the nucleus, at any rate, of a bad accident. Mr. Henry and Lady Florence Chaplin were at Melton late in the season, as visitors, but Lady Florence showed them, in the day or two she was out, that the Blankney is no bad schooling-ground for the Quorn; and Mr. Chaplin, we all know, can hold his own, though big good horses, up to his weight, are bad to buy in the present day.

Lord Wolverton has again forsaken his red deer and black and tans in Dorsetshire, and come to Melton for a good part of the season; moreover, we are sorry to say he had a bad fall this spring. There was a rumour that the Cottesmore country had been offered to him, and he had declined it, but we by no means pledge ourselves for the truth of it. A still stronger rumour was, that Lord Carrington, who goes right well, but this year came late, will have it. This has since been confirmed. Captain Barclay is still at Scraftoft, and Captain Turner Farley at Wartnaby Hall, and Mr. Cheney of Gaddesby, although not so juvenile as some, has been going well. Lord Wicklow must not be forgotten, neither must Mr. Ernest Chaplin of Brooksby, Mr. Clifford Chaplin of Burrough Hill, Mr. W. Chaplin of Melton, nor Miss Chaplin; Captain Boyce keeps up the old form, which has heretofore been recorded in 'Baily,' as do Captain Smith and Mr. Pennell Elmhirst. We have had Messrs. Tomkinson and Samuda, and the Messrs. Behrens are as noted for their fine stud as ever. Then there are Captain and Mrs. Barnett from Ragdale Hall, and we have been no less indebted to Mr. Brooks of Barkby for looking well after the animal, as heretofore. Colonel Burnaby, of Baggrave Hall, is standing for North Leicestershire—a real good hundred to one on him it was too we were told a short time ago—Mr. Pryor, who hails from Melton, Captain Ashton, Captain Henry, and Mr. and Miss Cradock, were on the Loughborough side, Mr. William and Walter Paget of Loughborough, and Mr. Ernest Paget of South Bonnington. We must not leave out Lord Lanesborough of Swithland Hall. Then there are Mr. and Mrs. Sloane Stanley, Miss Evelyn Webster, who goes well, and Miss Webster oftener there on wheels, Miss Paget who comes out with the Rev. Thomas Hassall of Rearsby, Captain Jackson, from Oakham, and Mr. Sykes, of Cossington Hall, who is especially fond of jumping big timber. Custance is still regular, and takes the evergreen old

Doctor to the front when there are any high rails in the way the same as ever.

Having shown some—only a few, alas! for space would be wanting to do justice to all—of those who have been seen at the Quorn covert side during the past season, we must just glance—there is no need to do more, for are they not fully written in the chronicles of our ‘Van’?—at some of the best gallops they have had; nevertheless, feeling that to have them, as it were, gathered together for handy reference may interest some of our readers, and perchance that we may pick up a crumb here and there which has escaped the keen eye of our friend the ‘Van’-driver, early bird as we know him to be, we must tell our tale. They commenced right well in cub-hunting, and had a couple of gallops, ere the regular Kirby Gate inauguration, which would have done honour to the choicest portion of the season.

On Monday, October the 29th, they commenced with a grand run of one hour and ten minutes from Thrussington, nearly to Six Hills, to Bunny Park, and almost to Nottingham, which only Mr. Coupland, Tom Firr, Captain Middleton, and Mr. Powell saw—as honest a fourteen miles, from point to point, as could well be found. On Friday, November the 2nd, they had forty-seven minutes without a check, a ten-mile point over the fine country from Humberstone to Little Stretton, about as enjoyable a thing as hound need wish to run, or man to ride.

After this began the regular season, and the first meet at Kirby Gate only showed that the child had but given promise of the man, for they had a very fine thirty minutes from Sir Francis Burdett’s covert, by the Punch Bowl, Burrough Village, and to ground under Mackfield. If we go from this to November the 12th, it must by no means be assumed that fun was wanting to them, for, as we said above in these papers, we can do no more than glance at the *crème de la crème*. This, however, was a red-letter day indeed, as, after a good ring in the morning from Cossington Gorse, over the Hoby country to ground, they went again to Thrussington Wolds; found there, and ran by Old Dalby, going between that and Ellas Gorse over a good sporting country—not all grass, certainly, but one that we should rank as A 1 in the provinces—to Widmerpool, where he was viewed close before them; on through the coverts by the Hall, at Bunny, where hounds had decidedly the best of it, as the horses were pretty well told out, and it was lucky for them that the fox had to succumb to his fate in the open in Bunny Park, after making a nine-mile point in one hour and five minutes; a very fine run, look at it from whatever point we may.

The 7th of December next catches our eye in running over our note-book, and we find scored against it two good rings in the morning particulars of which need not be given, then a find at Thorpe Trussels sent them into the Cottessmore country, where they stopped the hounds at dark below Leesthorpe; a nice gallop, and over by no means the worst country in the world.]

On the 10th Six Hills was the meet, Cossington Gorse was drawn, and a ten-mile point to Clawson Thorns the result. Six Hills was again the fixture on the 24th of December, and a rare wild day it was, as any one need wish to take a hound out in. Lord Aylesford's covert held a fox, which took them to Schoby Scoles, by Hoby and Frisby, across the Wreake past Guadaloupe, and ran them out of scent by Gartree Hill; the first time, we believe, a fox has taken this line for years.

The new year was quickly to add to their laurels, for on January 5th they had a fine Forest run, having found in Martinshaw, and killed in the open beyond the Outwoods, after a very good hunting run—and a hunting run on this side means more than going fast over grass and negotiating big fences, for there are difficulties both for hounds and huntsmen, while if the day is only fine there is a world of fine scenery to delight the eyes of those who are with them. We well remember our first day on the Forest side, and how vividly it brought back the remembrance of Frank Osbaldistone's hunt in 'Rob Roy,' while there was no lack of fair forms to personate Di Vernon, ay, and ride better than ever she did. But the demon of excursiveness is upon us, space is short, and time precious—avaunt, thou fiend, and let us get back once more on the grass. There is not much difficulty, for a by day at Beeby on the 10th of the same month supplies us with a capital theme. They found at that good covert Scraftoft, and away by the Uppingham turnpike and past Ingarsby to the Coplow, through it, and crossed the Cold Newton Hills, where they began to run so hard that they completely slipped the field, on by Skeffington, renowned in story, through Broomswood and Tugby bushes to Loddington Redditch, where they rolled him over after one hour and five minutes, the cream of which was from the Coplow. Mr. Tailby, whose doings will be given later on, came to the same point, and the foxes crossed each other's line, when, as a matter of course, it was said the Quorn being there first killed Mr. Tailby's fox, a point, we imagine, which only the foxes themselves could decide; the one that was done to death offered no protest as to its being the wrong pack about to eat him, and the other was no doubt only too glad to have all the traces he had left obliterated to move in the matter, so each party must cleave to their own opinion still. Another quick thing from John O'Gaunt's to Tilton finished the day. The 11th of January they had a really grand twenty-seven minutes with an afternoon fox from Queniboro' Spinney, racing him without a check to Thorpe Satchville, where a sheep-dog coursed him and spoilt the fun. A gentleman from the Rugby side was going particularly well in this run, and apparently enjoying himself immensely, as was another gallant captain from Melton.

On January the 28th Wartnaby Stone Pits was the meet, they found in Stone Pit Spinney and ran over a bit of the Belvoir country, taking Clawson Thorns and Melton Spinney in the line; beyond the latter as some earths were open he went to ground. Found

again in Lord Aylesford's covert and ran with a tremendous scent by Hoby and Thruslington into Cossington Gorse, and whipped off at dark near Schoby Scoles.

The 29th the meet was the Ruins, Bradgate Park, where they found, ran for an hour and killed. A second fox took them very fast from Benscliffe, through Black Hill, as if for Copt Oak, then by Roecliffe, Swithland village, through Quorn Wood, and actually killed him in the laurels at Quorn Hall. Thus we may say fox, hounds, and huntsmen all went home together. Tom Firr is a bit of a poet himself; we wonder if he thought of the lines in the Billesdon Coplow poem:—

‘Short home to be brought we all should desire,  
Could we manage the trick like the Enderby squire.’

It is not often a huntsman can manage so well.

February commenced good runs for them on the 7th, where they had a fine forty minutes from Thorps Spinney and killed in the village of Barkby. On the 15th they met at Beeby, and for a wonder drew Barkby Holt blank. Baggrave, however, made up for it, as several foxes were there, and one took them a ring, by Barsby and South Croxton up to Loseby, then over the grass to Ashby Folville and Twyford by Adams Gorse to Thorpe Trussells, nearly to Gadsby, thence back to Cream Gorse, through it, and by Barksby Spinneys to the right of Rearsby, crossed the Wreake near Thruslington to Cossington Gorse, and they stopped the hounds with difficulty near Seagrave, as the horses were all tired.

On the 28th they had a capital bye day at Gaddesby, having found and soon killed one in Cream Gorse. Another bad one was supplied at Ashby Pastures, but the weather was very wild and they could do no good with him. However, a fox from Thorpe Trussells went away over the new railway for Burrough Hills, and crossed the steeplechase course by the Punchbowl into the Cottesmore country, the hounds dividing before they reached Leesthorpe; unfortunately they stuck to the wrong one, but went on beyond Wilds Lodge to Burton, where they had to give up after a really good forty-five minutes. On Saturday the 2nd of March they met at Hathern Turn, found in Oakley Wood, through which their fox led them like a bolt and out at the far end. Crossed a brook, like a main river, which stopped all but two, one measured the width of it, and the other sounded the depth most successfully, on they went by Sheepshead and across Garendon Park to the Privetts, where a very capital thirty-five minutes made, as it were, the first act of the drama. Being headed he now bore for Beacon Hill, ran through the Outwoods, and by Burleigh Hall and Wood, thence by Broom Briggs to Benscliffe, where they overshot the mark, and the fox jumped up behind them, came to Loughborough, and tried their noses in the outskirts of the town, got on terms again and killed him at Woodthorpe. Monday, March the 4th, they met at Great Dalby, found in Gartree Hill, and had a tickler for pace to Stapleford Park, where



hounds were close at him, made a wide circle, and ran well until they changed at Burton Flats, and could do no more good, but this was a forty-five minutes which might have satisfied the most fastidious. Here we must stop our record, but fancy enough runs have been sketched to convince any one that those hunting with the Quorn have not at least gone from Dan to Beersheba and found all barren.

We must now turn our attention to the neighbouring pack, Mr. Tailby's, or the Billesdon, which hunts what is popularly called 'High Leicestershire,' having a few years ago part of the Cottesmore country about Rolleston added, which was reclaimed when the late Lord Lonsdale took that country, consequently the Billesdon has been reduced to two, and sometimes three, days a week. It will be remembered that last season Mr. Tailby resigned the horn he had for some time carried himself, to Christian, but did not retain his services beyond the end of the season, when Richard Summers, who had earned a high character as first whip to the Meynell hounds, took the place. It was very early in the season when people began to discover that he was likely to make his mark as a huntsman, and on one or two trying occasions he displayed great tact and judgment in sticking to the line of his hunted fox, when the slightest want of head on his part would almost certainly have entailed a change. Afterwards public opinion somewhat turned (for, be it known, in Leicestershire a huntsman holds popular favour on very much the same terms that Henry the Eighth's wives held their places, and his tenure of favour, be he ever so good, is not one whit more stable than theirs was), and people said he was not hard enough for the country, while others, with what truth I know not, asserted that if he was not always so forward as he should be, it was by no means his fault, and that he did the best that was possible under the circumstances in which he was placed. So far he has shown very good sport; and several times it has been our lot to receive accounts of runs from friends hunting in the country with this indorsement, 'Summers went well,' or, 'Summers rode right well.' About the middle of the season, it became known that Mr. Tailby intended to resign the mastership, after having held the country for two-and-twenty years, and immediately there was a talk of its being rejoined to the Quorn, as in the early days of Sir Richard Sutton, and from all we could learn this would have met with no objection either from Mr. Coupland or the Quorn Hunt. It did not, however, suit the members of the Billesdon, who having been independent so long, were determined to remain so, and the tenant-farmers were particularly enthusiastic in their wishes to keep up a separate establishment. Accordingly, on February the 27th a meeting was held at Kibworth, when Sir Henry Halford was in the chair, and a committee of gentlemen and farmers was formed, to offer the hounds to Sir Bache Cunard, another meeting being fixed for the next day at Captain Baillie's house at Illston, to settle the affair before the hounds threw off, when it was announced that Sir Bache Cunard had consented to take the

Mastership of the country; and we have since heard he has purchased the hounds for two thousand guineas. Nothing could have been more enthusiastic than these meetings, and lords, gentlemen, and farmers were perhaps never more strongly represented at an affair of the kind. We learn that the old kennels at Billesdon, which were situated quite on one side of the country, will be vacated, and new ones built at Tur Langton, in a field the property of Mr. Roger Miles, which is certainly much more central. The best comment on Summers's performance is that Sir Bache Cunard retains him as huntsman, though he will change both whips. There were hopes entertained that these hounds might have been able to hunt some of the Pytchley woodlands another season, which would be of great service to them, as, beautiful as the country is—and there is no finer in England, though no doubt it wants a tremendous deal of doing, and your horse may be knocked back into the field he leaped from, instead of falling into the one you wish to gain, unless he jumps big—the want of covert work, especially in cub-hunting, to make hounds and keep them steady, is much felt, and is given as one of the reasons for Mr. Tailby's retirement; but there is reason to believe that this will not now come to pass.

Hunting with them has been as large a contingent of good men and true as ever, and the old heroes of the Homeric age of hunting, as it has been called, whose praises were sung by 'Nimrod,' could not have gone in better form than may any day be seen here now when hounds are out. Mr. and Mrs. Tailby, we need not add, have held their usual place throughout the season. A new face was to be seen in Lord Castlereagh, and his brother Lord Henry Vane Tempest of Keythorpe, who was also often out with the Quorn; Lord Aberdour from Loddington has been regular, also his father, Lord Morton, and the Hon. Hugh Lowther. Captain Whitmore has taken as good care of the foxes at Gumley as he does of those who come to hunt them when that appears as the fixture; Mr. and Mrs. Bigge of Carlton Hall, Mr. Adrian Hope of Langton Hall, Mr. Arthur Fludyer of Ayston, the place from which Assheton Smith's best horse took his name; Mr. A. M. Cochrane of Kibworth, Sir Bache Cunard of Hallaton, Sir Henry and Lady Halford of Wistow, Miss Aspinall of Newton Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. Simson of Glen, the latter as much at home here on the grass as she was on Exmoor; the Hon. Mr. O'Brien from Glen Hall; Lady Cardigan of Deene Park has also been out; Mr. Henry Powell, who has the place the Hon. Alan Pennington, Master of the Holderness, had last year. Mr. Arkwright of Ashlands, the Rev. Mr. and Miss Piercy of Slawston, Captain and Mrs. Baillie of Illston Grange, Major Bethune, Colonel Morland, Mr. Foster, and the Rev. F. Thorp of Burton Overy, Mr., Mrs., and Mr. Hay, jun., of Little Bowden Hall; Mr., Mrs., and Miss Braithwaite of Stackley; Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Featherstonhaugh of Kibworth Hall, Mr. and the Misses Watson of Lubenham, Colonel and Mrs. Arthur from Desboro', though unfortunately an accident has kept the Colonel

out of the saddle the principal part of the season; Mr. Sam Baker from Husbands Bosworth, Captain and Mr. A. Barclay, M.P., often came from Scraftoft; Captain Smith, Colonel Sarsfield Greene of the Artillery, Colonel Clifton, Mr. G. Coleman, and Mr. Gleadow from Leicester, Colonel Rickman, Dr. Crane of Hallaton, Miss Davy, Mr. Mills of Bosworth, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Logan of Langton, Captain, Mr., and Miss Farmer, and Mr. Cavendish of Kibworth, Mr. St. John of Bitteswell, who we are sorry to hear says it is his last season in the Shires; Captain Smith, Mr. Haglerigg of Noseley Hall, Mr. and Miss Clark of Rolleston, Mr. Hazelhurst, Mr. Block of Clipston, Sir Frederick Fowke of Lowesby Hall, Major Freer, Captain Heygate, Mr. Flower of Skeffington Vale, Mr. Sutton, &c., &c. From Market Harboro' we have had Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kennard of Talbot House, Mr. Laing, M.P., Colonel and the Messrs. Gosling, Captain Cuthbert, Captain Davidson, Mr. Henry Lloyd, Captain Laing, Captain Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Douglass, &c. We have also seen Mr. Oldacre of Carlton Curliou; Mr. John Bennet, we are sorry to say, a good deal on wheels, from a bad fall; Mr. Perkins and son, Messrs. Hall, Mr. Roger and Thomas Miles, Mr. Bradder of Wistow, Mr. Glover of Kilby, Messrs Ball, Chamberlain, Garrett, Burgess, Pateman, Richardson, Clark, Underwood, Smith, &c.

(To be continued.)

## COURSING.

### THE WATERLOO CUP.

MANY circumstances combined to render this year's celebration of the great annual greyhound contest one of more than ordinary interest. In the first place, a larger number of unfilled nominations were returned to the Committee by nominators who, *volentes volentes*, were compelled by sheer force of unavoidable necessity to conform for the nonce to the opinion of Mr. W. G. Borron and his party, who think that no nomination ought to emanate for any greyhound but that of its own proprietor. It was at one time fondly hoped that, under such an unexpected windfall of fortune, something, under present existing regulations, might be found to crop up that would upset the keenest calculations of the knowing ones who now make the Waterloo Cup as much a medium of speculation in the money-market as the Derby or the St. Leger. Let it be remarked, however, that the nominators who returned their names to the Committee were not exclusively of that coterie which subscribes to the often-repeated expression of opinion of Messrs. Borron, Haywood, and others, but were for the most part compulsory members of that large and disconsolate family, 'those in peculiar circumstances over which they have no control.' Even Colonel Goodlake himself, who

has now been so long a not altogether consistent supporter of Waterloo Cup coursing, was forced, under its latitudinarian principles, into a resignation of his time-honoured nomination into the supervision and appropriation of the Committee; and Lord St. Vincent, who for the first time has held a nomination for himself, and has run *bonâ fide* on the merits of his own Court Lees kennel and for the honour of Kent, was compelled, in spite of last year's disastrous but not disgraceful experience with the fine old son of Telegram and Trent Valley Lass, to run old Conster again as his representative, even 'with all appliances and means to boot,' and with all the guarantee for sportsmanship and fair-play that could be derived or anticipated from the quondam owner of another quadrupedal celebrity—Lord Clifden—in Macaroni's most sensational of Derby years. The large family of that ever-increasing one, popularly termed the *cognoscenti*, had made it conspicuously apparent on paper that this was to be a great sensational year, and it was more than hinted that Coomassie had many a foe again to contend against capable of destroying all that that now 'celebrated' animal had done last year, glorious though her achievement was on that momentous occasion. They would have it, too, that a better class of greyhounds was about to contend over Altcar than had shown up for many a season past. How they were borne out in this boast must remain a matter of speculative, or rather retrospective, opinion; and we ourselves protest that we cannot discover any reason for the boast as borne out by tangible results. At any rate, it may be said that their tactics had the effect of causing it to seem that Coomassie was by no means the decided favourite her partisans would have made her appear; and it is certain that Ireland at least had sufficient reason for saying that a double victor, in so great a stake as the Waterloo Cup, could not be calculated upon by the most sanguine partisanship. Ireland, since the days of Honeymoon's victories at Lurgan, has had a very decided 'pull' on Waterloo calculations; and in Lord Fermoy's Zazel, notwithstanding the poor performance of Mr. Wise's Wedding Tour, who came from the Emerald Isle with a reputation second only to that of Honeymoon herself, the Irish division had a very fair but very disappointing call upon public support. In point of established fact, we can give the *cognoscenti* very little credit for their anticipations, while we are at the same time willing to give them the praise of having done much towards assembling a greater crowd of speculators and spectators at North End on the morning of Wednesday, February the 20th, than has been observed there for many a long day, to see the brace of greyhounds put into the charge of the 'fewterer' for the first course for the Waterloo Cup.

As far as betting is concerned, it may be said that speculation on the event was almost a dead letter among those favoured few who know 'which thimble the pea is under,' as the popular sporting vernacular hath it, until it had been declared and known as a fact under whose nomination Coomassie would run. When it became

known that the renowned little daughter of Celebrated and Queen—like Corby Castle, be it observed, coming from a stock little mentioned among winning greyhounds—was to run for Mr. Stocken, a courser whose name has ever been well known and respected wherever it has appeared in connection with matters concerning the leash, as a matter of course the general public, as well as those who were more or less behind the scenes, were anxious at once to invest their money on the undoubted and indisputable winner of last year. The *cognoscenti* then had their turn, and, acting upon the Parnell and Biggar principle, that ‘England’s extremity is Ireland’s oppor-tunity,’ they worked their oracle accordingly, and the result has been, as it has proved on many an occasion before in other transactions, that they have in the main over-reached themselves, and in the total reckonings the book-making fraternity find themselves in a tolerably considerable minority.

It has been said among other things in the way of making the Waterloo Cup, like the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, a matter of more than usual interest, that the result of the draw-dinner at the Adelphi, at Liverpool, rendered the contest a most singularly ‘open’ one. Coomassie’s undoubted chance and prestige notwithstanding, that assertion was to a great extent true; yet the keenest calculators were very nearly out in their reckonings; and the most astute of them, Irish or otherwise, hardly conceived that the Green Isle would show up so strongly, or that Mr. Haywood would produce such a clipping representative from the fine old Blakemere kennel as Rival Belle, a daughter of Contango and Refraction. And mishaps, again, in the all-important matter of the drawing, appear to have befallen more than one nominator, and thus rendered calculations unusually perplexing even among the most astute devoted to that peculiar study. Here, for a conspicuous instance, was Mr. Briggs, who, like Sempronius of old, was for a long time in doubt ‘which of the two to choose, slavery or death;’ that is to say, whether he would elect to run as his representative Braw Lass or Bigot, about whose qualifications for the premiership opinions were very much divided. Braw Lass was the runner-up of last year; and many were of opinion that Mr. Deighton, who had been allowed to nominate Bigot as his representative, would at least turn the tables on the Lancashire crack. With Mr. Briggs it appears to have been a case of

“Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur,”

but he proved to be either right or lucky in intrusting his chance to Braw Lass, who defeated Bigot satisfactorily enough at the first time of asking. It may be said here, while treating of Braw Lass and her prospect of excelling, or at least repeating her great performance of last year, when she finished second only to Coomassie, that she was not up to her last year’s form, although her defeat of her kennel companion was more than decisive enough to satisfy the most sceptical. Excitement, it may well be imagined, was at its height

when this remarkable pair were in the slips ; and it is regretfully to be mentioned that the Liverpool crowd, never distinguished for especially orderly behaviour, became so unmanageable that more than an hour had elapsed before the greyhounds could be sent on their way. Let us, however, pay them the complimentary justice to say that after this perhaps pardonable, but rather sustained, effort of enthusiasm, they were amenable to reason and the exigencies of the occasion. Again Lord Sefton, who had been fortunate enough to secure Mr. Hornby's well-known and respectable Handicraft to run in his nomination, had the misfortune to be drawn against Viscount Molyneux's Last But One, who also was a 'named' one, being the property of Mr. G. Wood.

Besides Braw Lass and Handicraft, the latter of whom ran her trial with Coomassie in unexpectedly fine form, so fine indeed as to cause the hat to come off on the first trial and to dispute the palm even to the last moment on the second, thereby proving herself to be more than all her friends had considered her, the favourites of last year were nearly all weighed and found wanting. Poacher, Kilkenny, and Barabbas were all more or less unable to make successful fight, and the last mentioned, who was such a tremendously hot favourite at the commencement of business last season, was unaccountably bereft of friends in 1878. Perhaps the most unfortunate animal in the whole stake was Mr. J. H. Salter's Aden (late Hyacinth), by Barmby out of Lurline, who came up with a wonderful reputation from Essex, and had the bad luck to be put out by Zazel after a couple of undecideds with True Blue in the second ties, and consequently only stood in for probable defeat on the withdrawal of True Blue by arrangement. After such a gruelling it was not surprising that she had no chance in her next encounter when meeting such a clipper as Zazel proved to be. Palm Flower, with so great a Newmarket reputation, and Badsworth with almost a similarly good one from his performances at Ashdown Park, caused grievous disappointment to their numerous partisans, while it must be admitted that Coomassie experienced great good luck in being drawn against her palpable inferiors until she met Dear Shamrock and Handicraft. Deceit, who ran for Mr. Darlinson and was greatly fancied in some quarters, was evidently lame when slipped with Whistling Dick, who consequently achieved an easy conquest over her. Rival Belle, who was thought little of except among Mr. Haywood's more intimate friends and those who always stand to win or lose a little on the fortunes of Herefordshire, drew away from and so decisively beat Braw Lass, when they met in the second ties, that there was no way of accounting for the result except on the supposition that the Lancashire crack must have been amiss. All that is necessary for the ordinary sporting reader, up to Thursday night, has now been stated, and there is nothing further to say which would interest any who are not thick-and-thin supporters of coursing.

On Friday the meet was at Hill House, and Coomassie most decisively disposed of Whistling Dick by way of commencement.

Rival Belle and Zazel had an undecided, and in their second attempt Zazel showed pace and was superior throughout a very long and most punishing trial. This was a most unfortunate thing for Lord Fermoy's excellent representative, and the result of it was quite enough to destroy whatever chance she might have had of defeating Coomassie. Under the circumstances it is not to be wondered at that for the deciding course last year's winner was put into the slips with odds of 5 to 1 in her favour. A regular Liverpoolian roar greeted their start, which, after each giving the other a wide berth, was soon made into a clear lead by the favourite, who reached the hare several lengths in advance and scored twice. Zazel then got placed for a couple of points, but Coomassie, coming again on the outside, drew past and put the hare to Zazel, who killed, and thus destroyed whatever faint chance she could have had of rubbing off the great score already against her. The foreseen result was greeted with the usual vociferous cheering which never fails to reward a genuine victory in the Waterloo Cup. The judging of Mr. Hedley gave great satisfaction, and the slipping of Tom Wilkinson was very generally approved of by most coursers capable of passing an opinion. The weather was, on the whole, both seasonable and favourable, and, with the single exception of the delay caused by the pressure and ill-behaviour of the crowd on the opening day, everything passed off most pleasantly.

Some particulars have been given of the winner in last year's March number of this magazine. She is by Celebrated out of Queen, a pedigree by no means fashionable, or from which a winner of so great a trophy as the Waterloo Cup could have been predicted originally, though, of course, since her first blue riband, the probability of her winning a second was a thing quite upon the cards. To those particulars we have now to add that Coomassie, about whose ownership some doubts were very naturally entertained last year, is the property of Mr. T. Lay, who bought her for 200*l.* from Mr. Gittus, this gentleman having purchased her from her breeder, Mr. Caffley of Norfolk, for 50*l.* prior to her running for the Newmarket Champion Puppy Stakes. She is a fawn-and-white bitch, weighs only 44½ lbs., and was trained for both of her great engagements by John Shaw, at Northallerton, the trainer being 'put on' on this occasion to the tune of 1000*l.* to nothing in the event of his favourite repeating her achievement of twelve months ago. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat!* and well indeed has John Shaw earned his coveted reward.

It remains to be seen whether Coomassie is destined or not to rival the glories of Master McGrath and Cerito by thrice winning the blue riband of the leash. Certain it is that those gentlemen who have the management of her have a great responsibility resting upon them in the matter of training if that is the object of their ambition; and whatever may be the ancient prejudices regarding colour and shape, it is now more than ever abundantly clear that good quality and super-excellent racing qualities are to be found in

greyhounds as well as in racehorses among animals of all colours and of all shapes. That the old idea as to what constituted Waterloo form has now been effectually dispelled must be apparent enough ; and those who once fondly supposed that the Waterloo Cup winner was an animal as it were *sui generis* and peculiarly adapted for the negotiation of the soughs and other obstructions of the Alcar Plains, must, after Coomassie's second victory, acknowledge that little greyhounds are not the worst, and that the sex is not always to be over-estimated in the calculation of greyhound excellence.

SIRIUS.

## 'OUR VAN.'

## THE INVOICE.—March memorabilia.

WE have been accustomed for some years now to such reversals of the old adage of the lion and the lamb, that to be basking in sunshine in the beginning of March and to be pinched by east winds at the close are anything but new experiences. The London season having this year—thanks to the Eastern complication—commenced a full month before its time, the warm days of early March seemed somehow to be our due, and the butterflies of fashion were startled at finding we were only at the beginning of Lent, when by rights it ought to have been Easter. Town life was apparently in full swing, the Row was crowded with the celebrities of the season, legislators, hereditary and elected, having nothing particular to do, were there, so were the West-end incumbents (very fond of a gallop is your hard-working High Church rector), so were the diplomats. The spectacle of Counts Munster and Schouvaloff in friendly converse as they slowly walked their horses side by side must have brought tears of joy and pride into the eyes of the peace-at-any-price party, and Lord Derby following them at a respectful distance made their cup of happiness to brim over. It was startling, therefore, to find by the announcement of the Dramatic Festival at Willis's Rooms (the only landmark by which many people know that Lent is upon them) that we really had hardly begun the season, and that what ought to have been April was a long way even from the ides of March. Mrs. Stirling, by the way, was hardly so happy this year in her annual speech, and whatever pleasant memories linger now about the after-dinner doings at the Festival had small chance of being revived, as Mr. Labouchere's ball at the Queen's Theatre was a more powerful attraction. That took all the ladies, noble and gay, all the Lords and Commons, leaving, however, a remnant for the annual Ethiopian entertainment on the following night, which the great successor of the original Christy gives every year to his many friends. This is a very special ball, in more senses than one, and the happy *invités* see a good deal of a life and a society presenting many attractive features. It quite came up to its usual form on this occasion, and from the felicitous speech of the host to Mr. Graves's champagne, everything was excellent. So Lent commenced in a rather frisky fashion, and instead of a day of cinders, there were nights of roses.

The soldiers, too, got up, under the able management of Major Dixon, their annual entertainment in the jumping way, and, as last year, held it at Sandown Park. We do not expect big meetings where military men are the



chief performers nowadays. Riders are few, horses not many, and even with the aid of 'duly qualified hunters' the fields were small and the class nothing very particular. The usual farce of thoroughbreds who could not win a saddle on the flat, galloping away from the genuine hunter, was gone through more than once, and Pilgrim's Progress, formerly the property of Lord Vivian, won the Household Brigade Cup in a canter. He had nothing to beat, and the same might be said of old Chilblain in the Gold Cup, though there was a horse there who, if the fences had been big and the country plough, would have shown them all a clean pair of heels. This was Victory, a favourite hunter of Lord Carington's, and the model of one, who made a bold show half a mile from home; but when it came to racing on the flat was done by Chilblain. It was a pity almost that Lord Carington ran him, but the horse was wonderfully fit and well, and it was just on the cards that he might pull through, a 10 to 1 chance, in fact, and greatly delighted would his popular owner have been if his favourite had won the Cup for him. Victory held quite a levee in the paddock of brave and fair, and came in for much admiration. He certainly was as perfect a hunter as we have seen for many a day. Captain Paget and Lord Marcus took the three first races of the first day between them, but we don't fancy they took much else besides. The Ring is very chary of making any offer against favourites for soldiers' races, and even had Captain Paget been inclined to buy money, there was very little to be sold. Mr. Charley Head and Mr. Jack Robinson were obdurate as to prices, so, though favourites won every event, backers were not much the richer.

On the second day the fortune changed. The bookmakers asked for 2 to 1 on Birbeck for the Hurdle Race, and with a doubt as to his staying Captain Paget could hardly venture to trust him with much, though he did win in a walk. The great blow was struck, however, when in the Light Weight Military The Rabbi was floored by Jupiter Tonans, who, ably ridden by his owner, Mr. Lee-Barber, took such a lead after going about a mile that The Rabbi, though Mr. W. B. Morris made a desperate effort with him at the finish, could never get up. Jupiter Tonans rather surprised us, we must confess, and we shall expect to see him perform well on the other side of St. George's Channel this month. He was giving The Rabbi a stone, or he could have beat him much easier than he did. Then Mr. Lee-Barber was to the fore also in the Grand Military Gold Cup, where on Theseus he gave a very satisfactory beating to the favourite, Cock Robin. Theseus, by the way, is a son of Alcibiades, and a good-looking one to boot. Nothing else was in the race. We don't think many people stayed to see Pilgrim's Progress win the Hunting Flat Race, one of those farces which was nearly being made a serious affair of, for Mr. Brand, on Bertha, so bothered the favourite that Colonel Harford had to sit down and ride her. The two days were most enjoyable. Never before had the club house and the lawn held such a show of fair women and brave men. All the known town beauties were there, and Surrey proved to the satisfaction of every one that she could hold her own in a press of beauty. The ladies strolled into the paddock to admire the horses, but what they best liked to do, next to lunching, which they did remarkably well, was to line the path through the wood by which the heroes of the afternoon returned to scale. This is really, particularly in summer weather, one of the prettiest sights of Sandown. There, in the leafy month of June, through a vista of dark foliage, flash the many hues of the jockeys' colours, purple and gold, scarlet and azure, as they wend their way in Indian file to the weighing-room. There was only the dark foliage

of the Scotch firs on this occasion; but it sufficed, and Christabel, Iseult, and Corisande took front rows, gazed graciously on the winner, and had approving glances for the defeated, particularly if they were good-looking. Christabel and Co. would like to penetrate into the weighing-room, but are obliged to be content with the paddock, and that is not bad, because they can see the horses and been seen of men, and altogether it is such a novel sensation to be at a race meeting and not be crowded and pushed about (witness the perspiring agonies of an Ascot Cup Day on the lawn of the Grand Stand), that it is small wonder Sandown is so popular with the sex. And if the women like it, is not the future of Sandown secured?

The Grand International Hurdle Race! What do we know about that? Sooth to say, not very much, for, we beat our breasts with shame, we could not get up much, if any, steam about it; and though aware that the International is a sort of safety-valve for the long pent-up emotions of the gambling animal, man—the first floweret of the spring on which he browses with avidity after his long winter fast—we turned a deaf ear to the voice of the charmers who talked—Hesper and Lord Lincoln talk—and would hear none of them. Of course we ought not to have been so indifferent, but have taken the goods the gods provided us with when Hesper was at 100 to 6. And what a real good thing it was! The everlasting public were not so indifferent as we were. They got all the money, or nearly so, for we fancy Captain Machell had to put up with a bad price, or what was a bad price, for him. They took no heed to what was said about Hesper not staying; they had got to the knowledge of the horse being well, and that those about him thought very highly of his chance, so down went the money. And the owner, his trainer, and friends stood calmly by and were fain to take 5 to 1 two or three days before the race. There was a select few, too, of clever people—extra clever, indeed—who had made up their minds that Hesper, as he could not stay on the flat, would not do so over hurdles or a country. We need scarcely remind our racing readers that they had no warranty for such a belief. On the contrary, the non-stayer on the flat has often won an important steeplechase, and as a rule the worthless flat performer often makes his mark at the jumping business. But as there are no men so obstinate as racing men, these infatuated ones went on to what is termed the bitter end, even to the going down to Croydon on Wednesday morning for the express purpose of laying a short price, say 100 to 60, against Lord Lonsdale's horse. We know of one or two instances that came under our immediate ken of this audacious act and deed. Two or three miserable examples we met in Piccadilly the next day. One young lively amateur had laid 60 to 40 twice, and even when we met him, after it was all over, seemed to be impressed with the idea that he had somehow done the right thing. A melancholy instance, too, of an old experienced party, who ought to have known better. He had laid 100 to 60, under the firm belief that it was only casting his bread upon the waters to be found at Albert Gate the following Monday. Some of our cleverest analysts would not have Hesper at any price, but still the public, the followers of a clever stable, and the followers of the money were all on. It was a wonderfully easy win, and Woodcock's forward running brought him into the front rank of favourites for the Liverpool, which will be decided, by-the-way, about the time the 'Van' is going to press, so we had better not commit ourselves to any prophetic utterances. There was nothing else at Croydon but the International to interest people, but that one race was quite sufficient to bring an immense quantity of grist to the mill of the Messrs. Verrall, and we congratulate them thereon.

There are Metropolitan meetings and Metropolitan meetings. What shall be said about the one at the Welsh Harp on the two days following Croydon? The advocates of these affairs must have been hard put to, to defend or seek to palliate the scenes that took place there on this occasion. Unmitigated ruffianism appears to have reigned supreme. A well-intentioned plan to murder a detective on the first day was only stopped by the tardy arrival of the police, while on the second a general 'ramp' was the order of the day. People who had anything to lose were robbed in the most barefaced manner, for as the meeting was unlicensed for the sale of liquor, the police did not come on to the ground, but calmly looked on the proceedings from the road. Watches, purses, and pins went like lightning, and even rings were stripped from fingers. There was racing of some sort, but it excited little attention, the few gentlemen who were there being too much intent on taking care of themselves and their personal property to pay heed to anything else. It was not safe to go about without the protection of two or three friends, and in fact the afternoon was one scene of unbridled lawlessness. We should have liked Mr. Lowther and Mr. Chaplin to have been present. Mr. Alexander went to Croydon. If he had extended his metropolitan experiences to Kingsbury, we venture to think he would have been much impressed.

In the theatrical way, the revival of *Louis XI.* with Mr. Irving in the title-role has been the great event, and there can, we think, be little doubt that in the opinion of the large majority of the playgoing public he has scored in it his most brilliant triumph. Some recollections of Charles Kean, whose appearance was as a picture of the cruel king cut from the canvas of an historical portrait, no doubt mingled themselves with the feelings of many old playgoers when Mr. Irving made his entry. Charles Kean had the advantage of figure, but his successor in the part had, it was seen at a glance, stamped an individuality on the character which Kean had never reached. And yet it is curious, but no less true, that the *Louis XI.* of that actor stands out in the memories of the present generation as one of his greatest parts, while his *Hamlet*, *Glo'ster*, *Macbeth*, and other Shakespearian characters recall to us nothing much beyond commonplace. Perhaps the Corsican Brothers, with all its weird ghostly effects, dwells on our minds more than the dead actor's rather wooden *Hamlet* or monotonous *Macbeth*. What will Mr. Irving be chiefly remembered by was a question that occurred to us after a late visit to the Lyceum. Doubly curious will it be if Mr. Boucicault's adaptation of Casimir Delarigne's poor play shall have been the means of establishing the fame of both himself and Charles Kean. And that this has been done there is no doubt. From the moment it was announced that Mr. Irving was going to appear in *Louis XI.*, the general opinion was that he would be sure to succeed in it, and that opinion has been confirmed. There can be no half-and-half success with such a character and such a play as *Louis XI.* So repulsive a picture, one with no redeeming trait, could not be borne with through five long acts unless represented with the most consummate skill. Even under the happiest conditions, the closing scenes of the play are apt to pall. It is a play with one part, and that so utterly low and contemptible a one, that the wonder is how our attention is riveted so long as it is. But it is also a play of strong contrasts, and therein, in the hands of a skilled artist, lies the secret of its strength. Cowardly and ferocious, bigoted and licentious, is the *Louis XI.* of the novelist and playwright, and if we add to these qualities a grim sense of humour, we see how much may be made of what is strictly a character part. Mr. Irving presents us

with one of the most finished conceptions that we have of late years seen. The cruel face, the harsh voice, the crafty look, the deadly glitter of the eye, the cajolery, the senile laugh, are all given with rare skill. Mr. Irving makes us clearly see that Louis is no hypocrite. When he breaks off in the midst of directions as to the murder of his enemy into earnest prayer on hearing the Angelus bell, there is no hypocrisy in the act. He imposes on himself as much as he does on others, and herein probably Casimir Delarigne has been truer to history than he is to other phases of the character. Louis XI. was a bad man, no doubt, but hardly the monster he has been depicted; but this by the way. Mr. Irving gives greater prominence to what we have termed the grim humour of the character than did Charles Kean. In the scene with the villagers and the buxom wife of the farmer this was very apparent, but then the actor throughout the play never softens the contrasts, but, on the contrary, exaggerates them; and this is very apparent in his startling change from serious speech to a colloquial tone, carried almost to the verge in the scene we have mentioned. But we have no fault to find with him in so doing. Some exception we might take to the elaboration of the final scene, which is painful in the long-fought-out struggle with death. Very true, we are willing to believe, is this depiction of the last hour; but we think it might have been—perhaps it will be—curtailed. But under any aspects, Mr. Irving's representation of Louis XI. will stand out as his most successful one.

The two bandbox theatres of the metropolis, specially given over by choice of their directors to opera bouffe and burlesque, have a remarkable resemblance to each other. Cribbed, cabined and confined, both in stage and auditorium, the Folly and the Royalty are twins. The bandbox style is one, no doubt, highly conducive to the proper enjoyment of the productions which have gained for the above theatres a name and fame. The audience—especially the occupiers of the stalls (and we need scarcely say that it is to them the management chiefly look for support and approval) are brought so much *en rapport* with the chorus, or the *corps de ballet*, as the case may be, that the two front rows might almost be participators in the scene. The manifold pleasures and advantages of this we need scarcely dwell on—the more as enterprising directors have been fully alive to them. A sliding-scale of charges between front rows and back ones has been adopted, with which the much-enduring public seem perfectly satisfied. And really, when one considers what the payer of half a guinea gains over him who expends seven-and-sixpence, we must own that the extra three shillings are well bestowed. The former can count the threads in the embroidery of Miss Vavasour's stockings, and note the pretty frilling on the *caleçons* of the rather stout descendant of the De Veres by her side. Not a wrinkle—and in the best-regulated fleshings such may occur—escapes his eyes; not a twirl of the more or less shapely limbs but discloses some beauty hidden from the sordid seven-and-sixpenny man. To be sure there is another side to the picture, when even the blood of the Vavasours and the De Veres cannot atone for coarseness and vulgarity, and when huge unshapely limbs, combined with indecent hints and gestures, excite—unless one is very old or very young—only disgust. At the houses we have mentioned, specimens of this sort of thing may be seen in 'Les Cloches de Corneville' and 'La Belle Hélène.' Both—the former especially—are merely vehicles for an exhibition of women's figures, wedded to some lively music. 'La Belle Hélène' has the advantage of Miss Kate Santley's singing and the humour with which Mr. Lionel Brough invests the part of Menelaus, but when we have said that, all is told

Methuselah and Tom Noddy, sitting in those uncomfortable Royalty stalls for which an enterprising manageress charges them ten shillings, have the advantage of studying the classic forms of the chorus, and seeing the heroes and heroines of ancient Greece degraded to a music-hall level of the lowest sort. 'La Belle Hélène' is sheer vulgarity, scarcely redeemed by the two examples we have above mentioned.

'Les Cloches de Corneville,' at the Folly, may be a little more refined, though in it there is such a song and chorus, accompanied by gestures, that how they escaped the notice and censure of the Lord Chamberlain and his officials is more than we can say. But the ways of that high functionary are puzzling and past finding out. It is difficult to account for the extreme popularity of 'Les Cloches,' light and sparkling as is the music of M. Planquette, for the libretto of Messrs. Farnie and Reece has nothing very laughter-provoking in it. It is true Mr. Shiel Barry's rendering of a miser is most admirable, and one which stamps him as an artist worthy to tread in the steps of Robson; but then this character stands out so much apart from the usual Folly surroundings that we can hardly consider it part and parcel of the attraction, at least in the eyes of the stalls. Take away Mr. Shiel Barry's Gaspard and the piece is of the well-known opera bouffe class, for though Mr. Henderson desires it to be called 'a comic opera' of the best type, bouffe it must be. Praise is due to Miss Katherine Munroe for a very pleasant interpretation of Serpolette, and both herself and Miss Violet Cameron, who of course looks charming, must be acquitted of any approach to equivocal action or gesture in the song and chorus we have mentioned. There were some marks of disapprobation the evening we were there, and we were amused at the indignant way in which the musical conductor reared his baton and demanded a repetition of the chorus, so as to effectually silence the malcontents. Of course the vast majority highly approved of the whole affair.

We have taken to sackcloth and ashes, as in duty bound, and comport ourselves in the most approved Lenten manner. But for all that we have not lost sight of a little carnival at which we assisted before the fasting began. Momus and melody had shaken hands and parted company for the night when we met to chase the hours away with flying feet, at the bidding of an entertainer who is as well known as he is popular. The trysting-place, not far from the haunt where Moore's melodies are ever in great demand, and where Royalty itself is occasionally to be seen. But stay, the revels are wisely kept within a certain limit. We, too, will be discreet. Who shall we say was there? Our wandering glance first falls upon a shapely form familiar to admirers of Little Doctor Faust, and many a witch is here who may perhaps have taken part in his temptation on the Brocken. But here comes his safeguard, the fair Marguerite, and following her are many charming ladies and gallant gentlemen not unknown to dramatic fame. In such company as this the happy hours fled past, and not until the rosy god of morn showed his obtrusive face did we tear ourselves away from a never-to-be-forgotten feast.

After the Van had been packed last month, and on the very day it was in the press, a meeting of the owners and occupiers of land, and of subscribers to Mr. Tailby's hunt, was made at Kibworth, to make arrangements for the future hunting of the country. Sir Henry Halford, of Wistow, presided, and also present were Mr. Tailby, Sir Arthur Hazlerigge, of Noseley Hall; Lord Castlereagh, of Keythorpe, Sir Bache Cunard, of Hal-laton, Major Bethune, of Burton Overy, Captain Whitmore, of Gumley; Captain Farmer, Messrs. J. Truman Mills, of Husbands Bosworth; E. St.

John, of Bitteswell ; J. H. Douglass, of Market Harboro' ; T. Fetherstonhaugh, of Kibworth Harcourt ; F. E. Bigge, of Carlton Hall ; Captain J. W. Baillie, of Illston Grange ; W. Braithwaite, Rowland Hunt, A. M. Cochran, J. Ewens-Bennett, and John Paulett, of Theddingworth ; J. Richardson, of Galby, F. Underwood, and several others.

There was, of course, much discussion whether the Billesdon Hunt was to be retained or handed over to the Quorn, and the meeting might be said to have been somewhat stormy, but it was agreed to refer the question to a committee, who, on the following day, February, the 28th, when the hounds met at Captain Baillie's, at Illston, publicly announced that the offer of Sir Bache Cunard to take the country had been accepted ; and now it is generally acknowledged that if the late Sir Richard Sutton, with all his wealth and popularity, could not hunt the whole country, that nobody could, and the Tailbyites considered that if they once gave up their Billesdon Hunt it would be gone from them for ever. Sir Bache Cunard ought to succeed as a Master, as he is young, wealthy, and popular with the farmers, and be it remembered that without them no hunt can prosper.

Lord Carington takes the Cottesmore next season, and if ever there is a popular Master above all others, it will, we venture to think, be the Lord of Wycombe Abbey. He is very fond of the country himself, knows it well, and, we have reason to believe, looks forward to his new duties with the keenest pleasure. His mother's family hunted it in old times, and there is a peculiar fitness in their descendant now being at the head of affairs there.

Fast men, and those who know no better, turn up their noses at the idea of a good run in the North Pytchley country ; but 'Scrutator,' who was himself a Master of Hounds and a very good judge of hunting, said that the country round Misterton and Crick might be the cream of the Pytchley country, 'although there may be a difference of opinion whether it is the best for sport, which on bad scenting days is marred by the overcrowded state of the field, men flocking from all quarters to these favoured fixtures.' 'And then,' he added, 'for my part I would rather meet Charles Payne by moonlight in Rockingham Forest, or at Badby Wood in a snowstorm, than encounter *that quadrupedantem cohortem* of all nations and languages at his pet places, where on starting every one seems as much bent on killing his man as killing his fox.'

This was written thirteen years ago, but more than ever held good during the past season, when the crowds were larger than ever, and foreign tongues were heard as much as English. On Monday, the 25th of February, they met at Brigstock, found at Cherry Lap, and getting well away at once, they went past Lady Wood, Tichmarsh, and Ox Woods without entering them, fast through the small Bullock Wood, and then faced the open, going down across the vale to the river Nene, where they crossed into the Fitzwilliam country, near Thrapstone. From the town they turned for Tichmarsh village, where they checked, and the fox was discovered on a house covered with ivy, and how he escaped was a mystery to all ; but he did so, and they got away again on good terms and ran on, passing by Mariner's Gorse and Salom Wood to Bostock, six miles from Huntingdon ; then turned by Hammerton, past the Giddings, and lost him in a farmyard near Sawtry, about a mile and a half from Connington Castle, in full view of the Fens and the Great Northern Railway. They found at 11.45, and finished at 3.30, and only went into one wood after entering the Fitzwilliam country. The distance travelled was great, the pace, never less than a good trot, which increased towards the end, was of course never fast. The appearance of these hounds in those distant

regions greatly astonished the natives, who had never known the Pytchley get to those parts before. Although some, who hunt for fashion's sake, or to cut down other people, say that hunting in the Forest is only cub-hunting, yet a Master of Hounds of our acquaintance, who has hunted hounds in one of the roughest countries in the kingdom, says he should consider it real happiness to get out twice a week in these woodlands; but then he is one of the few who still hunt for hunting sake. Lord Spencer could not be prevailed on by the entreaties of all his friends at the hunt meeting held at Northampton, on February the 28th, to continue as Master, and he has been succeeded by Mr. Herbert Langham, of Cottesbrooke. Tom Goddard, who came to these hounds from the Fitzwilliam in 1869, when Mr. Craven was Master, and has whipped in to Roake, Machin, Squires, and Goodall, leaves, to the regret of a great many, with whom he has always been very popular.

Few packs have had better sport throughout the season than the North Warwickshire, and the subscribers to this hunt have also had a meeting, at Leamington, to consider the question of erecting new kennels, which are an absolute necessity. The cost of purchase of land and building is estimated at five thousand pounds, of which one thousand was subscribed in the room. What would Leamington be without its foxhounds? As a great many have hunted from it during the past season who may be merely birds of passage, it is to be hoped that they will leave behind them substantial proofs of their gratitude for the good open season they have enjoyed, and that all others who regularly reside in the country will send a cheque to the gentlemen at Leamington, Warwick, Coventry, Birmingham, and elsewhere, who are to act as collectors, and thus save them the disagreeable duty of becoming beggars, which is a most unthankful office.

Baron Rothschild's staghounds continued to show excellent sport quite up to the setting in of the fine weather. They had a capital hunt on the 7th of March, over every variety of soil, in a run from Blacklands, near Stewkley, to Mr. Ginger's farm on Berkhamstead Common, knocking at Mr. Rawle's kennel door. After racing over the pastures of the Vale, and climbing the Chiltern Hills, the dry ploughs of Hertfordshire brought the hounds to their noses, when their patient hunting justified Fred Cox's frequent exclamations of 'Oh! you beauties!' The point is a trifle over fifteen miles.

But the most severe day of the whole season was on the 11th, when these hounds got into the South Oxfordshire country, and, after running for three hours and three quarters, eventually took their deer at Thame Park. This day's sport was sufficient to satisfy the most inordinate appetite, hounds, horses, and men having all had more than enough. Some of the nags had to be left at Thame, and it was past eleven o'clock at night before Fred Cox got his hounds home to the kennels at Ascott.

Some young gentlemen, over their claret, having differed as to the width of the Winslow Brook, at the place where it had been jumped by seven men in the run with the Baron's hounds on the 11th of February, led to a wager being laid of 30*l.* to 20*l.* against one of the party riding over it in cold blood. Upon measurement, the place proved to be a few inches over twenty feet, from bank to bank, but considerably less along the water line, and there was a nice fence on the taking-off side. However, the taker of the odds failed to accomplish the feat, his horse only reaching the opposite bank with his fore-feet. After the failure of the quadruped, Mr. George Greaves cleared the obstacle on foot.

The Hunt Steeplechases, at Aylesbury, on the 20th, brought the season to a close. The success of the meeting was mainly due to the exertions

of Mr. Henry Cazenove, of the Lillies, who took the labouring oar in the management. For all the races there were good fields, but the chief interest centred in the race for the Mentmore Cup, the gift of the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, which was open to the Bicester, the Whaddon chase, and Baron Rothschild's hunts. For this handsome trophy there were eleven competitors, and it was won, after a sharp struggle, by Mr. Thomas Robinson on his brown hunter, Forester. Mr. Robinson, on his return to scale, was loudly cheered by the Leighton division. Sir Charles Wolseley was second on the Lamb; and Colonel Harford, on Highlander, that has been carrying Mark Howcutt, the Baron's whipper-in, was third. The Cup was borne off in triumph to Leighton in Mr. Steward Freeman's drag.

The H.H. have till this month been having blank days. On February the 26th they met (by invitation) at Preshaw House. There was a large field out, for a good many of the H.H. men came; also there were a great many carriages. The instant hounds were in the covert a brace of foxes were on foot. They ran round the coverts, when they went away with one by Somers Gorse, down Beacon Hill, pointing for Riversden, when there was a halloo back up Beacon Hill, through Exton Wood to Littleton, where he turned and they ran into him between Sailors' Wood and Downlease. Mr. Deacon followed his fox well, for there was anything but a good scent. They drew afterwards Cleverly Wood and Hazleholt blank, but found again in Bottom Copse; scent improved. They ran through Littleton, Exton Wood, and Sailors' Wood, and ran to ground on Beacon Hill; a very pretty half hour. They found again in Warnford Osier Bed, and ran to Highden, where they were stopped. Mr. Deacon was much delighted with his day, and everybody was pleased with his splendid dog pack.

The Hambledon have had some very good runs. On the 12th of March they met at Marwell Hall, but had a long draw, and at last found in Preshaw, ran through all the woods for forty-two minutes, and killed in a sawpit. The beauty of this run was to see the hounds work through these coverts at their best pace, and all in a body. On March the 16th the meet was at the kennels, found a vixen in a hedgerow, and the hounds were whipped off. They then trotted to Frimp, and did not find; then, whilst drawing Swanmore Hanger, when in a dell in a field close by Mr. Robert Stare's, a most sporting farmer whipped up a fox, hounds were laid on, they positively walked after him to Dirty Copse. Here the scent improved a little, and they run him through Close Wood to the Queen's Liberties. Here they set to running hard round the sides, then turned, and went by Saberton Mill, through Holywell, leaving Hill place on the left, through Swanmore Park, Frimp, and Hazleholt to Cleverley Wood, where he got to ground in a rabbit-hole, but was soon got out; hounds most richly deserved him, a four or five-year-old dog-fox. The scent was not good again after leaving Holywell, and the manner in which Mr. Long handled his hounds was worthy of the palmy days of Dick Foster with the H.H. Time, two hours and twenty minutes.

On the 25th of February the Belvoir met at the Castle, and the day was noticeable from the fact of the Duke of Rutland once more resuming his place in the hunting-field, after a long absence, and again in the enjoyment of his former health. It was a great pleasure and an honest, to witness the reception of the ducal patriarch by his friends and dependents. There was no counterfeit feeling, no obsequious flattery or cringing word, but an honest shake of the hand, with a beaming and open smile that said—

'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?'



Long may that honest and gallant feeling remain intact, a sterling proof that each in the position allotted to him has done his fitting duty. The hounds did not find before Barkston, and ran back to Belvoir; found afterwards at Croxton, with a succession of covert hunting that finished the day.

The Warwickshire, on the 23rd of February, had an excellent run from Burton Hills. The hounds went away close at him, making for Grafton Court, bearing to the left on to the village, threading the gardens and getting away to Corbett's farm, turning up the hill to Westgrove Wood, straight through to Red Hill Wood. The hounds were too close upon him to allow him to dwell, and away for Drayton Bushes at a racing pace, through Billesbray Brake to Milesbush Toll-gate, over the open to Wellcote village, crossing the canal to Bishopston Hill to Snitterfield Bushes, where the hounds threw up unaccountably, and he was lost. On the 25th they met at Bagley Hall. The park coverts were drawn blank. Found near Congleton Park, turning a line to Ridgway, through the cottage gardens to Wheatley Wood, running that line of covert straight through, a mile and a half long from end to end; coming away with a crash, and turning to the right, ran back parallel to the wood. Here the hounds flashed over the turnpike road, and threw up; but coming round with a grand swing, they came again upon the line, carrying it to Knighton, and veering to the left, went away over a fine grass country, intersected by a bad brook, to Rose Leach, into the Wood, through it, and thence joined Lord Coventry's hounds that had met at Leach. As a matter of course misery followed, but it was a grand run. The hounds deserved their fox, which was dead beat and laid down, and was saved by the confusion upon meeting other hounds.

The Hertfordshire have had some good runs, bringing back to the minds of the old stagers the times of Henry Combe and the flying ladies of Osbaldeston. On Friday, 22nd of February, Brocket Wood, of olden fame, furnished a good fox. He went away at once over Colonel Biggs' park, taking a line for Gorhambury, but turning for Mr. Solly's at Serge Park, through the park to the fir plantations, crossing the Hemel Hempstead road by Laverstock Green, making for Gorhambury; but in running through a ploughed field, up jumped a fresh fox, and, changing without a check, they raced on to the Hemel Hempstead Road, where they threw up. With a cast forward into Blackwater Wood, they recovered the line, making for Serge Hill on to Abbots Langley, Long Wood, through it to the station at Kings Langley, running on the embankment and crossing the border to Lord Rokeby's park, Russell's farm to the Grove, Lord Clarendon's Park, through to Casherbury, dodging and skulking in the gardens, but they forced him away, and ran into him from scent to view. One hour and seventeen minutes, and distance over twelve miles.

The East Dorset, on the 27th, found in Piddles Wood, and went away hard over a good country, racing him to a drain. Found again in Fifehead Gorse; away for Courtmoor and Belchewell, with a rare scent and a training pace, over a dark muddy brook to Okeford Fitzpaine, Hoyles Farm, streaming away for Piddles Wood, through it at once, and away straight to Cony Bar, where they rolled him over from scent to view. The whole of this capital run took place in a downpour of rain. Found again in Tarhilly, making away for Hammoon, and crossing the Stour to West Orchard; passed through the village to Breach Farm and the Plough Inn at Manaton. The pace had been fast, the ground dark, and the field widely scattered. The fox now took his line parallel with the Stour, crossed the

river, turning again to Tanhilly, going to Hamilton Hill, and the hounds running hard in the last covert, killed him in great form. A singularly good day.

Blackmoor Vale.—Monday, Feb. 18, Banford Lodge, Wincanton. A find in Mr. Leir's Spinney, with every hound at him, going away over the Mere road to Fister Earths, then over the grass vale at a pace to Cucklington Wood, on to Bourton, Pen Pits, and into him from scent to view, after a thirty minutes' race.

Tuesday, Feb. 19, Nether Compton.—A fox from Charlock Hill, took a line by Combe and Chatford Gorse to Sandford Orcas. Here there was slow hunting with indifferent scent, and casting over a turnip field; a fresh fox got up in view—the hounds racing him away in the valley to Chilton Canteloe Meadows, turning to Muriton Magna, Queen Camel, and Marston coverts. Whilst pressing him through the coverts another fox was on foot; but the hounds never left the line, and failing to reach Corton Gorse he dodged into a lane, where the hounds had him after a brilliant run of an hour and ten minutes.

South Devon, Feb. 9, Ware Farm, King's Teignton.—Found in King Wood, going to Lindridge Park, to the bottom of Timber Moor, to Luton Moor, moving to Little Haldon, Castle Dyke, through Folly Tower fir plantations to the vale of Ashcombe, and ran into him at Court Plantation.

Thursday, Feb. 14, King's Kerswell.—Found in the gorse, away to Abbot's Kerswell, through the decoy to Woolborough, and Bradley Wood, skirting it and making for Ogwell and Ogwell Downs, crossing the Denbury road to Ipplepen by Dorny field, Two Mile Oak, and Wheddon to Dainton, running hard to Stoneycombe Quarry, where the leading hound fell over the cliff and was instantly killed. To this point it had been an hour and twenty-five minutes' hard running. The fox had got into a crevice of the rock, was bolted, and was run into handsomely after another fifteen minutes.

Mr. W. Coryton's Hounds (Penlothe Castle) had a clipping run from a covert near Herodsfoot. The fox did not want to be found, but was viewed away over Cadsonbury, over Duke and Hammet Downs, going away as if for Leigh Coverts, through them, and on to the Blunts. Here they checked on the road, but they were held on for a considerable distance, and got them on the line to Coldrennick, Penpole, through Dannet Wood to Herold Down. Here they had him in view, but he made his point good for the Holwood coverts, facing the hill, which was too strong for him, and he turned in the teeth of the hounds, and got to ground, whence he was dislodged and killed, after a fast and creditable run of an hour and a half. Miss Georgiana Coryton kept a foremost place from first to last.

On March 16th the V.W.H. had a good run in their Lechdale country with an indifferent scent. They found at Kelmscott, going to Little Faringdon and Whelford, and moving back they ran into him near Little Faringdon. Very fast, over a good country without a check. The hounds were always near their fox, and although far from a high scent, they forced him away with a head and had a good run. March 16, Hurley Wood.—Lord Shannon hunted the hounds himself—found in the wood—taking a line towards Cirencester, and then turned to Oakley Wood and ran the line of the splendid sides of that princely domain without ever turning into the woods, going away for Daylinworth, where he was headed, and turned back to Oakley Wood, where he was lost. Another fox was found, and, after a sharp spin, was run to ground.

Thursday, March 21, Big Elms.—Braydon pond produced of course a good fox, that went away through Woodbridge, the Nursery, Swantage, and

Bradon pond again—pointing for Brinkworth, but going by Somerford Common to Webb's Wood, from whence he was forced, and was run into near the Folly after a good run. These hounds, under the management of Mr. Shannon, are showing excellent sport.

Contrary to usual custom the day fixed for the Beaufort Hunt Steeple-chases proved remarkably fine, and a very large gathering of folks on pleasure bent took place at Bishoper, a farm of Lord Suffolk's, within a couple of miles of the Malmesbury station. The county was well represented, drags and carriages from Badminton, Draycot, Bowood, Chevenage, Burton Hill, and Stainsbridge, being on the ground, while among the comers from afar were Mr. Phipps from Westbury, and Mr. Hargraves from Cheltenham. There was a strong muster of ladies present, including a leading London belle, who appeared to take great interest in the sport, judging from their frequent visits to the vicinity of those fences where most fun was to be expected, notably the brook, which next year should have some sort of protection from the incursions of the crowd, for many horses will not jump freely if they have to face a number of pedestrians after landing. Flags too would be an immense improvement on the scanty landmarks at the sides of the fences, the only flag this year at the grand stand (?) having, we believe, been lent from the schoolroom by the good parson of Newton. It was refreshing to see among the company some of the faces we miss nowadays from the ranks of the 'blue and buff,' such as C. Bill and Ben Winthrop, the latter especially looking fit and well.

But there was *one* face that we missed, one that we all knew well, and shall not find replaced. Only the day before, death had laid low Captain W. H. Cooper comparatively in the prime of his manhood. After recovering from a sharp attack of bronchitis while staying at Berkeley Castle, he had gone home; and on Sunday last complained of cold during church time, after which he never rallied, and died the following day. In the neighbourhood of Burton Hill, where he resided for so long, it was natural enough that every man's talk should be of the friend he had loved, or of the acquaintance he respected; but Captain Cooper's loss will be felt far beyond the limits of Gloucestershire or Surrey. His fame as a sportsman, and especially as a coachman, was world-wide indeed, but there was something far beyond this that endeared him to all who knew him. Popular as he was, popularity had no power to spoil him, and neither sunshine nor adversity ever lost him a friend, or gained him an enemy.

The sport was unusually good. Epicure is a trifle too good in class to compete with *bonâ fide* hunters, and though the unlucky Index was backed against him, he managed to finish first in two races. Index was no doubt the popular competitor, but though his name may suggest a *guide* to the winning-post, it is not often he finds himself in that enviable position. Mr. Baker was fortunate in pulling off a couple of events owing to the disqualification of Bucephalus for the Farmers' Cup, and great fun was caused by the Pony race for a cup given by Lady Dangan to the farmers over whose land she has been riding in her accustomed style. One would have thought that the light-fingered gentry might have spared a quiet little meeting like Bishoper, but it was not so; watches were *made to go* in a manner never contemplated by the owners, especially in the case of a Bristol banker whose name would naturally suggest caution, and whose profession is rather that of buttoning up pockets than losing the contents thereof.

We have been disappointed of our budget from the Badminton and Berkeley Hounds, and therefore our record of sport in those quarters must be brief. On the 2nd the Duke had an excellent gallop from Cowage,

across Malmesbury Common, and over the brook, on to Hulluvington, which they left on the right, through Stockwood, to Stanton Park, where they killed him. Pace good and grief plentiful. In the evening they had a long run from Foxley, by Easten Grey and Pinkney almost to Sherston, then back, leaving Easten Grey on the left, past Bradfield Wood to Birkum, on to Angrove, and then back to Malmesbury, where their fox was dead beat close before them, but he managed to save his brush at nearly 7 P.M. On the 7th the Berkeley had a fine day's sport from Tortworth, where they found close to the lake, ran through the park, through Tortworth Copse straight on to Lower Woods, where the hounds only stayed seventeen minutes—went away again on the Wickwar side pretty straight and very fast to Alderley, where the fox was viewed a field before the hounds just before reaching Nind's Withy-bed. However, he took them up the hill to Newark Park and Ozelworth, and back to Alderney, where (the hounds having divided) they gave him up after running two hours fifty minutes. On the 19th the Duke had a good gallop from Lackham over the park nearly to Easton, then turned and ran to Inwood, which they skirted, crossed the river, and ran on to Spye Park, where they lost. The first thirty-five minutes of their gallop were very enjoyable, though the country was becoming hard enough to bring several of the dicky-legged ones to grief. Messrs. A. Grace, Biddulph, and Napier Miles went particularly well. On the 21st the Badminton Hounds paid a visit to the West Wilts country, and we imagine that Lord Worcester rather astonished the foxes in that neighbourhood, for he caught five of them, and had a fair day's sport.

By the lists which have been published in the weekly sporting papers, it will have been seen that several hunt servants who are members of their well-organized benefit society are in want of fresh situations. These lists are of great service to the men, as it enables them to see what places are vacant, and also to Masters of Hounds wanting fresh servants. Above three hundred are now benefit members, which speaks well for the management. Yet we are sorry to say that it is not supported by many of the leading members of society who hunt regularly, more especially from Melton, and give any money for their horses. Some persons have an idea that the servants themselves pay nothing at all, and that the society is a pure charity; to undeceive them we beg to state that those who are insured in all the three tables pay very high annual premiums. A capital of twenty thousand pounds is absolutely required to fully carry out all the objects of the society, about half of which has already been subscribed. After this explanation we hope that many who have hitherto not given anything will send a cheque to the Secretary at Tattersall's, Albert Gate.

In March 1871, Mr. Edmund Tattersall stated, in a paper read by him before the Farmers' Club: 'We are very defective in cavalry. I get my information from officers in every branch of the service, and I would rather believe them than any gentleman in office, who is obliged to make out the best case he can. We have sold our mares in the dearest market, and now that we want them back we have to pay very dearly for them, and even then we cannot get what we want. For a quarter of a century and more the Prussians have been manufacturing their light horses by sending agents to this country, who have bought up in England, Scotland, and Ireland all the active, useful, short-legged hackney mares—a class now almost extinct in this country—and, in addition, they have bought the best and soundest of our thoroughbred sires, which they have crossed with the short-legged mares, and the produce are the horses that the Uhlans now ride.' No great consolation this, when we find ourselves preparing for war, and we

know the pinch is felt severely at the War Office. Our two Army Corps now preparing will require twenty thousand horses: now where can the authorities lay their hands on this number? Horses are far more difficult to improvise than men. The difficulty can only be met by utilising the unequalled resources of Canada and Western America; and this the British Empire Horse Supply Association—the prospectus of which is before us—proposes doing. We wish the undertaking every success, for its objects are for the national good, and it has come to the rescue at a very opportune moment. The executive council are all men well known in the horse world, and the patronage already secured is undeniably good.

We mentioned last year in these pages a praiseworthy attempt on the part of that zealous friend to coaching, Mr. A. G. Scott, to establish a Road Servants' Benefit Society, akin to that in which our friend Mr. W. N. Heysham takes such pride and delight, the Hunt Servants' ditto. An allusion to it appeared in 'Baily' last month, in 'Coaching for the Million,' and Mr. Scott has again publicly urged on the coaching world the claims that its servants have on it. We had hoped that ere this some step would have been taken by those chiefly interested—the servants themselves; but nothing has been done, and now we can only, on the eve of the commencement of another coaching season, add our suggestions to those of Mr. Scott, and urge upon the men to take the initiative, as we feel sure they would receive the support, not only of the coach proprietors, but of that large portion of the public who take pleasure in the road.

The appearance of the railings in front of Hatchett's tells its own tale. Already they are covered with coaching announcements of times and seasons, and by the time 'Baily' again appears Piccadilly will be alive with the rattle of bars and the blast of the horn. We have already mentioned the roads that will be occupied, and in addition there is a rumour that Lord Arthur Somerset will have a coach to West Wickham. It is said that the Dorking road will be vacant, for which we shall be sorry, and so will the public. There will be a coach to Oxford, and we hope to hear that the Virginia Water one, on which Major Furnivall seemed to have set his heart, will be a *fait accompli* by the time summer is upon us.

On paying a visit the other day to Messrs. Tuck's studio in Regent Street we found the picture of the Coaching Club progressing most favourably. Most of the likenesses are very good, and those of the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Valentia, Sir Henry Meysey Thompson, Lord Worcester, Lord Cole, Mr. Edwardes, Lord Poulett, Captain Goddard, are among the best. The picture will form a handsome companion one to those of the Masters of Hounds and the Jockey Club—three representative pictures indeed they may be called of three branches of sport and pastime. The Messrs. Tuck expect the picture will be ready in about a fortnight.

We trust our many readers do not expect a long account from us of the Great Walking Tournament, as it has been called, or that we shall display any amount of enthusiasm on the result. We may as well say at once that we look upon the affair as a grievous waste of power, stamina, and money. Sir John Astley is such a thorough sportsman, flinging himself zealously into every work he takes in hand, that we hardly like to blame him for promoting and encouraging displays such as attracted a certain class of the population during the past month to the Agricultural Hall. In the brief visit we paid there towards the end of 'the tournament,' we saw nothing that the least impressed us with the dignity of modern athletics, or admiration for modern athletes. The assembly in the great hideous hall savoured much of the prize ring in the days of our youth, and the language of the spectators

confirmed the impression. The sight of six or seven men trotting, staggering, and limping over the track, with faces expressive of pain and suffering, was a spectacle that interested us not the least, but on the contrary. What struck us as extraordinary was that these, for the most part, wretched-looking men were the champions in this particular branch of athletics. O'Leary was absent from the track, and so, we believe, was Vaughan, and thus we did not see the swells of the profession. The appearance of five or six of the gentlemen then going through their monotonous task was—we do not wish to say anything offensive to their feelings—mean to a degree, and again we asked ourselves, Where do these men get their strength and stamina? In outward form they showed no signs of either, and their faces seemed to prove that professional pedestrians are taken from the sweepings of the London streets. The manners and language of their immediate friends and supporters only tended to confirm the idea, and we left the hall disgusted at having wasted our time, and with the firm intention of never troubling ourselves about 'peds' and their doings for the future. Perhaps we were there at an unpropitious hour, and we saw the worst side of the business. But that it should have such a side at all has stamped pedestrianism very unpleasantly on our mind.

We were much pleased with a bust of the late Admiral Rous that we saw the other day in the studio of that rising artist Mr. Richard Belt, at 21, Wilton Place, Knightsbridge. It is from a cast taken after death, and it has preserved the somewhat rugged lineaments of the familiar face with great fidelity. A very striking likeness indeed, and a bust which ought, and we hope will be, in the Jockey Club rooms at Newmarket. The one we saw has been executed for Mr. Caledon Alexander, and our readers will be able to judge of its merits themselves when they see it at Burlington House next month. Mr. Belt is already known as the successful competitor for the Byron statue, which, judging from the model, we should say would be very effective.

An anecdote comes to us from Essex, which we trust will not shock Lenten susceptibilities. A well-known man in that county, possessing the ancient faith, was found (it was on a Friday, too) at an old-fashioned roadside inn, within fifteen minutes' trot of the meet, breakfasting off a very succulent-looking rump steak. A friend who came into the room and caught him affected to be horrified. 'Why ——, meat in Lent, and you a Catholic! 'I am surprised at you.' 'My dear fellow,' said the culprit, 'I hope I am a 'good Catholic; but one thing I know—I have a —— Protestant stomach.'

Though the lamentable accident at Sandown Park, which caused the death of Mr. Reginald Greville-Nugent, occurred in February, we were unable to notice it, as we were on the eve of publication when it happened. Very sad was the fate of the genial and popular little 'Limb' cut off thus suddenly. Courageous almost to a fault, it would have been better if he had listened to the advice tendered him, and not have ridden again after the fall and shaking he got in the previous race. But the dictates of prudence were unfortunately never heeded by him, and so he rode to his doom. He will be much missed, and his name often mentioned at the coming meeting at Punchestown, where he may be said to have won his spurs, and over which course he scored some of his most brilliant wins. We may mention here, as we have been repeatedly asked by his many friends and acquaintances if we knew where a good *carte* of Mr. Greville-Nugent could be procured, that Mr. Cranfield, of Craftern Street, Dublin, had one or two very excellent likenesses of him, one especially, taken together with his friend, the Hon. Captain Needham.

Mr. Ackerman, of Regent Street, has just published two very clever companion hunting subjects, engraved from Mr. Douglas's pictures, entitled 'Morning' and 'Evening.' In the first-named huntsmen and hounds are leaving the kennels; in the latter they are returning. The hounds in 'Morning' are admirable, the leading one a grand-looking fellow, who must have sat for his portrait. Mr. Douglas has not been deterred by difficulties, for in both pictures the foreshortening might have proved a stumbling-block to a less-finished artist. Most hunting men will admire the bay horse in 'Evening'—a model of a hunter—and both pictures are very taking, and worthy of a place in every sportsman's collection.

Our readers are aware of the large purchases of horses lately made by the Government for the artillery, and also for the infantry transport service. A good story reaches us of an infantry private who suddenly found himself told off for the novel task of grooming a horse as *per* cavalry usage at Aldershot. When the 'Heads about' was sounded, the steed duly came round in his stall, upon which the soldier seized him by the lip, and commenced *cleaning his teeth* with a water brush!

The love of out-of-door life that for the last three or four years has been such a characteristic of the London season, finds vent in many ways. Formerly the only safety-valves were the flower-shows at Chiswick and in the Regent's Park, with an occasional afternoon at a villa on the banks of the Thames. Now we have our Hurlingham, our Orleans, and lastly our Ranelagh, the latter being the youngest of our out-door clubs, but one which promises to hold its own in the race for popularity. It was opened last season under the proprietorship of Captain Hawksley, and had a fair success, polo and lawn tennis being its chief attractions. This year Mr. Reginald Herbert has taken it, and, with the aid of a capital committee he is doing much to add to its natural attractions. Situated as Ranelagh House is, on the banks of the Thames at Fulham, and less than half-an-hour's drive from Piccadilly, these are very great. The house stands in over twenty acres of ground, well-timbered, with shady walks and flower-dotted lawns for ladies, where they can lounge and play lawn tennis, polo ground, and a small steeplechase course for the men. This latter is a speciality of Mr. Herbert, and we think there is every chance of its proving a happy thought. It struck him that a place where men can show their horses in the summer, and where they can also be tried, would be a great desideratum, and so, on the outer edge of the polo ground, he has laid out a steeplechase course, comprising every description of fence for the purpose. Adjoining the river the grass can be, in the driest summer, kept in good order, and we have no doubt that the idea will recommend itself, especially to hunting men. How few places there are, scarcely any that we know of, where you can see a horse out of a stable yard, and a spot where you can jump him is rare indeed. The club house affords ample accommodation for members—public and private dining-rooms, ladies' rooms, reading-rooms, &c. A first-rate *chef* has been secured by Mr. Herbert, the cellarage is ample and well stocked, and the club will be opened on the 1st of May. Ranelagh House and its charming grounds must be seen to be appreciated, and that they will be when, in addition, the popularity of Mr. Reginald Herbert is taken into consideration, we have little doubt. Given a reasonably fine summer, and the pacific solution of the Eastern question, and we hope to see and hear of many and pleasant gatherings of man and matron, youth and maid, under the stately elms, and on the pleasant lawns of the Ranelagh Club.







*Dr. H. J. H. H. H.*

*Dr. H. J. H. H. H.*

*Thos. Robinson*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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MR. W. MOSSE ROBINSON:

THE position of a Master of Hounds, though one of honour, is by no means one of ease. To fill the office efficiently, a man requires a number of qualifications which have never yet been met with in any individual. Several have approached to perfection, but none have yet reached it. And possibly it is for the best that this should be so; otherwise when the 'perfect man' gave up the ghost or the hounds, others, conscious of their own deficiencies, or of their shortcomings, would not only hesitate, but would positively refuse to step into the gap, lest by comparison with the 'infallible one' they should render themselves odious in the eyes of their friends and former admirers. What are the qualities? They are too numerous to be given here. But first and foremost, a man ought to have a strong will, constant self-possession, and indomitable pluck, before he thinks of accepting a mastership of any sort; for all these qualities, however conspicuous they may be, will be sorely tried in the exercise of the vocation of a Master of Hounds. The *suaviter in modo*, desirable in most walks or rides in life, is least so in that of a Master. Once he gives way to the blandishments of the courteous, or permits excuses to be made for the intrusively impertinent, and he is done for; his bed—which he never could expect to be one of roses—will be an excruciating one of thorns. The 'ardent gallopers' must be held in check by someone, and sport must be shown to the regular frequenters of the hunt, or lamentations will degenerate—or rather ferment—into explosions of wrath. These exactions are required, these difficulties will be encountered with every pack of hounds, but they will be multiplied and magnified if the pack happens to be a pack of stag-hounds, especially in the neighbourhood of London. To mention but one circumstance. In hunting the fox, the end and aim is to kill the fox; in stag-hunting, the first and last aim is to avoid killing the deer; yet, when the galopins and other interlopers rush to the front, or mix in the fray, all the skill of the huntsman,

and all the energy as well as forbearance of the Master are called into play to prevent consequences which, in more respects than one, cannot be considered but as disastrous.

When the subject of our present sketch assumed the Mastership of the Surrey Stag-hounds, nine years ago—a greatness which was more thrust upon him than sought—the hunt had a reputation which was historic. The names and days of Lord Derby and Jonathan Griffin were still vividly remembered, whilst the more complaisant ‘Squire’ had but just gone to his rest,

‘Mourn’d for his honour in the race,  
Mourn’d for his prowess in the chase,  
And all that high unsullied fame  
That best befits a sportsman’s name,’

had left a void which it was felt that no one could possibly fill. The ‘Surrey’ men felt that a pack so famous ought not to be abandoned entirely, yet where to look for one to take the helm of affairs—not to fill the place of the lamented Arthur Heathcote, that was known to be impossible—was the question of the day. The subject of this feeble sketch was, with one almost unanimous mind, pitched upon; but, with that innate modesty which is one of his characteristics, he refused. Several other ‘likely’ ones were tried, but all found wanting in some respect or other. Mr. Robinson was again applied to, but again refused, chiefly on the score of the many other engagements which required some portion of the time which he could spare from his own business. He was promised two co-adjutors in the persons of the Duc de Chartres and Mr. Henry Bowyer, a man universally popular with all classes, wherever he went. But we need hardly say that the brunt of the battle fell upon the shoulders of the ‘Master of to-day,’ and who to-morrow will be the Master of yesterday, for his successor has been appointed; and that gentleman certainly enters upon his duties under far more favourable circumstances than Mr. Robinson and his colleagues did nine seasons ago. About the time of Mr. Heathcote’s death, ‘kennel fever’ raged amongst the hounds, and the best of them had to be destroyed. The new Masters, therefore, had to get together what might be called a sort of ‘scratch pack.’ The deer, too, from one cause or other, had been diminished below the number desirable for the sustenance of sport in such a country. By the kindness of friends—the Earl of Derby made a present of several deer—a fairly good herd was brought together, and, by judicious management and breeding, an unrivalled lot of stags and hinds are now in the stag preserve at Carshalton Park; and if, after nine years of occupation of an office fraught with many dangers, and liable to much misconception and misinterpretation, Mr. Morris retires with as much honour, and with a reputation as unblemished as that of the Master whose retirement we chronicle, and whose portrait we present to our readers to-day, he will have achieved a fame and good name which falls but to the lot of a few amongst us.

As some gauge of Mr. Robinson's popularity in the county of Surrey, we may mention that he is Colonel of the 2nd Surrey Rifle Volunteers, President of the East Surrey Agricultural Association, Treasurer of the Farmers' Club, and many other societies, and, in short, a sort of 'Relieving officer,' or 'good friend,' to many societies and individuals who occasionally need the help of one who

'Letteth not his left hand know what his right hand doeth.'

## THE PASSING OF BEAUCLERC.

AFTER COWPER.

DEAR BAILY,

In these ticklish times, when men are not slow to take offence, be it noted that no allusion is intended to be made to any 'Cooper' whatsoever, besides the poet whose lines I have herein attempted to parody.

Yours ruefully,

THE MALTON MOURNER.

Toll for the brave !

The brave of worth untold,  
Crushed in the mill of Fate  
Hard by his native wold.

On that bright April morn  
I'Anson's careful eye  
Grew brighter as he watched  
His Beauclerc sweeping by.

Roehampton led the spin,  
From end to end—the pace  
A cracker—but the crack  
Still held his pride of place.

Toll for the brave, who ne'er  
Went, but to conquer, forth ;  
Born to resuscitate  
The glories of the North.

It was not in the *mêlée*,  
Where jockeys chaff and chide,  
And for dear life and honour  
Sit grimly down to ride:

No 'larum bell rang out  
Its summons to the post,  
When Malton heard the news,  
And knew that all was lost.

Patch the fier up  
 Still dreaded by each foe,  
 Maybe in Stewards' Cup  
 Or Portland Plate he'll show.

Yet, yet he may come round,  
 And haply wake again  
 The Ring's defiant thunder  
 On Danam's classic plain.

But his Guineas chance is gone,  
 His Derby dream is o'er;  
 And the men with little volumes  
 Shall write his name no more!

### RIDING RECOLLECTIONS.\*

THIS is a capital book of Major Whyte-Melville's, and ought to be read by all hunting men who are not too old or too stupid to learn. The sporting writers of old—Beckford, Colonel Cook, and Vyner—discoursed of hounds and hunting, and only regarded the horse as a mere accessory of the chase, and a vehicle by means of which to see what hounds were doing in the field. Mr. Apperley (Nimrod) was the first to write upon the charms of riding to hounds, and, in his own person, he was anything but 'a customer,' whilst as for Mr. Surtees, he had as much distaste for 'those nasty lips' as John Jorrocks himself. Here, then, was a field open for a sporting writer, of which Major Whyte-Melville has availed himself. Few persons have had greater experience than he in riding over the crack countries; he has 'charged the oxers of the Shires,' he has 'done the doubles of The Vale,' he has 'topped the walls with the 'Meath,' and he has shown that he 'knows how to gallop' equally well over the ridge and furrow of Northamptonshire as across the Wiltshire Downs. In his preface he modestly 'disclaims any intention of laying down the law on such a subject as horsemanship,' but, if long experience and keen observation count for anything, the writer is the very man to tell us how the thing ought to be done. Not that we agree with the gallant major in every opinion that he has expressed in this volume, but there is much in its pages to interest sportsmen of every degree, and we specially recommend the study of Chapter IV. to our young friends who wear toasting-fork spurs.

If the older authorities could talk of nothing but 'dog,' that charge cannot be laid to the present writer, who bothers his readers but little about hounds; and why should he? Those for whose

\* 'Riding Recollections.' By G. J. Whyte-Melville. With illustrations by Edgar Giberne. Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly.

amusement he is catering care only for the question of who had the best of it? To be sure he does mention, in page 222, 'the pack of hounds, on the line of their fox, coming up through a crowd of horses,' and we fancy that we can hear the repeated exclamations of 'D—n you, ware horse.' Our author chats away pleasantly (no doubt with a cigar in his mouth) about the use of the bridle, and the length of the stirrups and seat, judgment and nerve, without which last, like charity in Holy Writ, the rest are nothing worth, and he gives these hints with that easy humour which makes all young men so fond of his company. By no means the least amusing bit is that wherein he does justice to Irish hunters.

Of course when he arrives at the all-important question of 'hand,' it is impossible to pass over such an artist as the late Jem Mason, of whom the writer observes that 'his horse's head was always in the right place, and to this must be attributed the fact that while he rode to hounds straighter than anybody else, he got comparatively few falls.' It was indeed a sight for sore eyes to see Jem put a horse at a fence; he handled him so as to make him come to it at exactly the right place, and in his right stride, never taking off one inch too soon. As he sat back over the fence, you could tell his seat a mile off. In riding at water he was not to be excelled; he did not hurry his horse at a brook, but, having measured his distance accurately, he would catch hold of his horse's head in the last three strides, and send him at it with a will. His theory was that every brook was practicable if at a short distance you could not see the opposite bank, and he certainly carried out that idea with success. His quickness in getting a start gave casual observers the impression that he was a spurting rider, but such was not by any means the case. No one picked his ground with more care, and if his horse was tolerably fit to go, he would be pretty sure to get to the end of the longest run. When, as would frequently happen, Jem was upon an animal only in dealer's condition, that is, just up from a country fair, with more oilcake than oats in its belly, he would cram it along for a few minutes in the front rank, and as soon as the puff was all out, he would *make a bad turn*. Many a noodle would follow after him, flattering himself that he was riding to hounds along with Jem Mason!

But to return to our book: in Chapter XIII. our riding writer (for his sins) finds himself committed to a rural country, and thus he philosophises: 'I fancy that not a few of our "golden youth," who are either born to it, or have contrived in their own way to get the "silver spoon" into their mouths, are under the impression that all hunting must necessarily be dead slow if conducted out of Leicestershire, and that little sport, with less excitement, is to be obtained in those remote regions which they contemptuously term the provinces. There never was a greater mistake.' A very sensible remark indeed, which, however, has not been backed up by the practice of the preacher, who for many seasons has gone a hunting in none but the most fashionable countries. The man who

cannot enjoy the sport wherever his lot may be cast must be 'a chalk sportsman.' Whether his home is in Fife or in Kent, whether his regiment is quartered at Leeds or at Dorchester, whether his health compels him to sojourn at Brighton or at Cheltenham, let him take what hunting he can get. Young men, nowadays, are a deal too fastidious about country, and, unless they jump from one grass field to another all day long, they say, 'what a beastly country;' whereas every country is a good country that carries a holding scent. We should like some of them to have heard the homily of the Rev. John Russell when a gentleman told him that 'he did not call Devonshire a hunting country.' We are tempted to reproduce an old story of Nimrod's about Mr. John Hawkes. To use that gentleman's own words: 'A sportsman 'who, like myself, has hunted several seasons in Leicestershire, is 'spoiled for any other country.' He was then living at Snitterfield, in Warwickshire, in which county he saw many fine runs; but still he asserted that 'Warwickshire could not show a run—there is not 'room in it,' said he. But one day a fox was found at Walton Wood, Sir John Mordaunt's, and, after as fine a run as could be seen, was killed at Watergal House, about a mile and a half from Southam. And who saw him killed? Mr. Hawkes, on Featherlegs, for he rode him that day? Not he, indeed: he, as well as a very large field, with the exception of three, were beaten out of sight for the last four miles. 'Now then, Mr. Hawkes,' said Mr. Robert Canning to him, when he came up, raising his voice to its highest pitch, 'CAN WARWICKSHIRE SHOW A RUN?'

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## THE QUORN.

THE air was as soft as a morning in May  
As I mounted my hack, and I galloped away  
By hall, and by cottage, by meadow and lawn,  
To Baggrave to ride and to hunt with the Quorn.

By Dalby, and Ashby, and Barsby I pass'd,  
Till I reined up my palfrey at Baggrave at last;  
And loud on the breeze came the notes of the horn  
That was blown by Tom Firr as he rode with the Quorn.

Of his skill in my lay 'twere presumptuous to sing,  
Of horsemen the chief and of huntsmen the king;  
So cheery his voice and so stirring his horn,  
It would rouse up the Pope to ride hard with the Quorn.

Here's Coupland, the Master, so natty and neat,  
So courteous his tone and so faultless his seat,  
You would swear that our Coupland as Master was born,  
All booted and spurred, at the head of the Quorn.

Shall our host be forgotten while Inkerman's fame  
Its halo still sheds around Burnaby's name ?  
Is he off to the wars ? will he leave us forlorn ?  
Ah ! no, let him stay and ride hard with the Quorn.

The chase would be gloomy, the day would be sad,  
Should we miss by the spinney the form of the 'Lad.'  
And here is Lord Wilton, 'twere idle to warn  
That gallant old earl not to ride with the Quorn.

And here's Little-Gilmour, though time, I declare,  
Has wrinkled his forehead and silvered his hair,  
Yet, keen as of old for the sound of the horn,  
Long, long may he live to ride hard with the Quorn.

Ye ladies of Melton, I bid you rejoice  
When you see at the covert the form of Tom Boyce,  
Still handsome and gay as in manhood's first dawn,  
He shines in the ball-room and shines with the Quorn.

The blood of the Douglas, so famous of yore,  
Still shows to the front as so often before ;  
From the brows of the southron the laurels are torn  
When Morton and 'Shotie' are out with the Quorn.

And here's Grey de Wilton and fair Lady Grey,  
Here's Pryor and Paynter to show us the way,  
And Carington, too (who has taken the horn  
Once carried by Lonsdale), is here with the Quorn.

'Doggie' Smith ever first on 'Blue Ruin' is seen,  
And Behrens the rich, and Samuda the keen,  
Lord Wolverton, too, by Diana has sworn  
Though swift are his bloodhounds he'll hunt with the Quorn.

All wild for a start on a flea-bitten grey,  
Here's Tomkinson coming—get out of the way !  
His steed in a lather, dishevelled and torn,  
Let who will be last, he'll be first with the Quorn.

Here's 'Sugar,' the sweet, and here's 'Chicken,' the tall,  
Here's Manners and Molyneux, Frewen, and all.  
Lady Florence is coming the meet to adorn,  
Straight, skilful, and fearless she rides with the Quorn.

Here's Rossmore and Wicklow, from Erin's green shore,  
Adair and Hill-Trevor, and one or two more,  
Assembled together this fine hunting morn,  
All eager to start and ride hard with the Quorn.

It boots not to tell all the deeds that were done  
By the lords and the ladies that rode in the run,  
How a fox broke away when the Coplow was drawn,  
And fast at his heels came Tom Firr and the Quorn.



How we sped o'er the pastures, o'er hill and o'er dale,  
By Billesdon, and ~~Morton~~, and Skeffington Vale,  
O'er oxer and timber, through brake, bush and thorn,  
In the fast thirty minutes we rode with the Quorn.

Tell me not of the sport that the Meath can afford,  
Of the walls of Kildare, or the runs with the Ward ;  
Till Leicestershire pastures grow turnips and corn,  
Still, still, let me linger and ride with the Quorn.

Then high fill the bowl, let the bumper go round ;  
Here's a health to the horse, here's a health to the hound ;  
Here's a health to the huntsman, a health to his horn,  
A toast to ourselves, and three cheers for the Quorn.

## MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.

### CHAPTER XI.

'Glorious West country! . . . . you must not despise their accent, for it is the remains of a purer and nobler dialect than our own; and you will be surprised to hear me, when I am merry, burst out into pure unintelligible Devonshire; when I am very childish, my own country's language comes to me like a dream of old days! . . . ."—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

IN 1845-46 a project for starting a new fox-hunting club in the North of Devon, the rules and arrangements of which should be identical with those of the old Chumleigh meetings, being warmly approved by Russell, and seconded by Sir Walter Carew and Mr. Trelawny, it was resolved to establish it forthwith at South Molton, that town being a convenient centre for the accommodation of all parties. Accordingly, by Russell's invitation, the packs of those two gentlemen were appointed, together with his own, to hunt the country for a whole fortnight in spring and autumn; while the George Inn was fixed upon as head-quarters for the Mess and the numerous hunting men who, it was expected, would flock to the little town from all parts of Devon and Cornwall.

Nor was this expectation a delusive one, either to the founders of the club, or to those whose object it was to enjoy rare fox-hunting in conjunction with the very pleasant social gatherings promoted by such an institution. Throughout the county, north and south, it was looked upon as a kind of phoenix, rising with renewed vigour in its wings from the smouldering ashes of the Chumleigh Club; the triumvirate alone, to whom its revival was due, namely, Mr. Russell, Sir Walter Carew, and Mr. Trelawny of Coldrenick, being an ample guarantee that success would follow and be the certain result of such a combination.

Accordingly, on the occasion of the meetings, not only were the country-houses in the neighbourhood thrown open to friends from

distance, but every available bed and stall in South Molton was secured for weeks beforehand by gentlemen who, preferring the freedom of a hostelry to private hospitality, deemed it a matter of loyalty to the club to live at head-quarters and support the Mess.

Foxes, as Russell well knew, were just sufficiently plentiful, though not one too many, to warrant the strain on his country necessitated by two exotic packs, which, besides his own, were about to hunt it for twelve days, twice in the year. But that it was so stocked appeared a marvel to all; for, occupying in the very heart of it an extensive area, comprising many square miles of cultivated farms, moors, and deep woodlands, in which game was strictly preserved, dwelt a magnate of the land—and one whose hostility, on political grounds, Russell had been unfortunate enough to provoke.

Tenants and keepers, accordingly, had received peremptory orders not only to forbid Russell from drawing the covers, but to wage an exterminating war against foxes, old and young, by trapping and digging them out at all seasons of the year; still, notwithstanding that edict, which Russell never ceased sorely to lament, he found means and was still able to keep up a fair stock on every side of that wide domain—indeed, now and again, the very tenants themselves hesitated not, on discovering a litter laid up on their grounds, to take measures for securing its safety, either by smoking the earth, or warning some friend to fox-hunting that the sooner the cubs were disturbed, the better it would be for their lives.

About a month before the first meeting of the club at South Molton, in November, 1845, a farmer living near Exford, a parish in Somersetshire beyond the left bank of the Barle, foreboding ill to a litter he had long guarded as the apple of his eye, wrote a letter to Russell, beseeching him, in short but pithy terms, to bring his hounds over and scatter the cubs. It ran thus:—

‘Honor’d Sir,

‘Do ee please bring up the dogs first chance; us a got a fine litter, sure enough, up to Hollacomb brake. They’m up full-growed a month ago; and last night was a week, what must em do but kill Mistiss’ old gander & seven more wi’ un—her’s most gone mazed owing to ’t—so do ee please come up Sir and gi’em a rattle—they’m rale beauties, they be, as ever you clapped your eyes on.’

Russell lost no time in obeying the summons; he went off alone, slept, and kennelled the hounds for the night at Hawkridge Rectory, the hospitable residence of the Rev. Joseph Jekyll, a gentleman pronounced by Russell to be one of the finest and hardest riders in that or any other country; a direct descendant, too, of the eminent anti-Jacobite judge, and nephew to the witty lawyer of that historic name. The digression may not be an unwelcome one, if an example be quoted of the rare readiness with which the latter could toss off impromptu verses at the spur of the moment; for Russell is probably the only man living who can remember the

humorous *brochure* here given, and which, so far as he is aware, has never yet been published.

Towards the end of last century, Carry Ourry, a great Cornish beauty, and an ancestress of the Trebys of Goodamoor, had walked into the Assize Court at Bodmin, when Jekyll, catching sight of her, wrote the following lines and handed them up to the judge :—

‘ My lord, and gemmen of the jury,  
I come to prosecute before ye  
A noted felon, I’ll assure ye,  
Known by the name of Carry Ourry;  
Known by a guilty pair of eyes,  
Known by a thousand felonies,  
Known to push her crime still further,  
Guilty of killing, stabbing, murder;  
But to be brief and cut it shorter,  
I’ll but indict her for manslaughter.’

The next morning, crossing the Barle at Tarr-steps, and the wild heathery waste lying between it and Exford, Russell threw his hounds into the cover indicated by the farmer: in one minute a lot of cubs were on their legs; then followed a crash, till, on every side, the whole cover seemed to be on fire. A brace of cubs soon succumbed, and their brushes being handed to the farmer, he carried them home in triumph to his wife, declaring that now she would have no further grievance to complain of, ‘leastways, from they two ‘foxes.’

But Russell had not finished with them yet; after a short pause, casting his hounds round the outside of the cover, they dropped their sterns and away they went, pelting like a storm of hail after the old dog, twelve miles straight on end, over the wildest part of Exmoor. On reaching the Bray covers they were hard on his back; but Russell, fearing a change, deemed it advisable to stop the pack; and so the gallant fellow lived to fight again another day: that day, however, was not long deferred.

In the following November the new club met for their fortnight’s sport at South Molton; and Yard Down being the first fixture, Mr. Trelawny’s hounds proceeded to draw Sherracombe Brake, hard by. Russell, from a spot of open ground on the opposite side of thecombe, stood watching the action of the hounds intently, as, without a vestige of drag, Limpetty, the huntsman, was doing his utmost to encourage them to face the *chevaux-de-frise* of gorse that opposed their entrance at every point. At length, he passed on to draw another cover; but Russell stopped him, shouting at the top of his voice,

‘ You’ve left that fox behind you, Limpetty!’

‘ No, I ha’nt,’ responded he, in the habitual blunt, outspoken style that characterised the man.

‘ Yes, you have,’ repeated Russell; ‘ not a hound has touched the ‘comb of that hedge, and he may be there.’

At that moment a hound spoke, and almost before Limpetty could look round, a screeching ‘tally-ho’ from one of the field

announced a view. The fox was on foot, a flyer too beyond all doubt, for the next instant he was out on the open moor, a good lanyard clear of the brake.

'That's the same fox—I know it is,' said Russell to Mr. Houlditch, who was standing near him at the time; 'the very fox I brought away from Exford, twelve miles off, a month ago.'

Houlditch shook his head.

'I own, Russell,' said he, 'you know a good many things; but as to knowing *that* to be the same fox you brought from Exford, you must pardon me if I venture to doubt it.'

It would have taken Russell more time than was then convenient to explain his reasons for expressing that opinion; he knew, too, it would have been a mere waste of words on his part, and that Houlditch would only have exemplified the old saying,

'He that complies against his will  
Is of his own opinion still.'

So turning to Mrs. Russell, who was mounted on a favourite horse of hers, called 'The Tickler,' he said,

'Come along, Penelope, he's going for Whitefield Down, and catch them we must, or we shall never see them again.'

Away they went up wind and over the hill to Sittaborough, when, the pace being tremendous, the fox turned and sank the wind down for Simonsbath, then on to the Warren, Badgeworthy, and up to Gallon House, where he broke out over the moor wall, a boundary fence big enough to stop the course of a native red deer.

And now it was that Mrs. Russell, a wee bit anxious, perhaps, to rival the renown so justly earned by Mrs. Horndon as a forward and intrepid rider, not only 'set' that lady, but every man in the field: for, putting Tickler, without a moment's hesitation, at the formidable barrier, and landing safely over the deep trench on the off-side, away she went with the leading hounds for a considerable distance, literally alone in her glory. They were then within less than a mile of the very cover, near Exford, from which Russell had brought the dog-fox in the previous month; and he was now pointing directly for it, when a terrific shower of hail and rain fell like a waterspout around them, washing away every particle of scent, and compelling the baffled hounds to put down their noses in vain.

So, this Hector of the moor, having once beaten Russell's hounds, and again, by the intervention of Jupiter himself, triumphed over the crack pack of the South, was toasted that night, during the symposium at the George Inn, with mighty enthusiasm; the identity of the gallant animal being no longer questioned even by the doubting Houlditch.

During these meetings at South Molton, which continued to flourish under Russell's immediate auspices for many successive years, it was admitted on all sides by the Nestors of the field, that the sport shown was fully equal to that of the most brilliant period of the Chumleigh Hunt; and that it was due, in no small measure,

to a plan adopted by him with respect to the main earths in the neighbourhood of the moor, there can be no doubt. About a week before each meeting, Will Rawle, his trusty kennel-man, was regularly sent with a couple of terriers, to rattle and turmoil every stronghold visited by the foxes, far and near. That being thoroughly done, a few drops of a certain strong-scenting liquid were sprinkled over the entrance of each earth, which was then stopped. The name of the liquid neither Russell nor Will Rawle would ever divulge; but its object was to prevent the foxes from digging themselves in again before the meeting had come to a close. Directly afterwards, however, the earths were unstopped, and allowed to assume, as they soon did, their pristine and natural appearance.

The success of the plan exceeded even Russell's expectations; for, however stormy the nights might have been, the foxes were not only to be found above ground, but were undoubtedly much bothered by the blockade so ubiquitously maintained against them. They proved this unmistakably by the strange line of country they were so often driven to take—a great advantage to the hounds—which, day after day, whether Russell's, Trelawny's, or Sir Walter Carew's, rarely returned to their kennels without showing a fine wild run, and crowning it with a kill.

To give instances of the sport would be a tedious affair to the reader; suffice it to say that, on one day, when a brace of foxes were found by Sir Walter Carew's hounds, the first in Twitchen town-wood, the second near Lanacre Bridge, and both were killed, the latter in forty, the former in thirty-six minutes, without the shadow of a check in either case from first to last, every inch of the run being over the wild rough heather of Exmoor, some idea may be formed of the style of sport that, as a rule, marked the South Molton meetings at that period.

Speaking of that day in particular, Sir Walter Carew, a well-known man with the Quorn about that time, and a rare judge of hounds' pace, was wont to declare he had never seen two such brilliant runs in one day; even in Leicestershire, or any other country. Old John Beale, too, the huntsman, was so elated by the feat that, whether it was the goose he ate, or the brandy-and-water with which he afterwards washed it down, that did the mischief, certain it is, he was fairly suspected of being *hors de combat* on the following day, as he declined to accept a mount with Mr. Trelawny's hounds.

Russell would have almost given the eyes out of his head for a couple of bitches called Beatrice and Barbara, which, figuring in front and always abreast with the leading hounds, distinguished themselves greatly in both runs. Scarcely above twenty-one inches in height, they were yet models of strength, length, and symmetry; dark tan or rather hare-pied in colour, and never idle, they were, as Russell had already discovered, equally good all round, in chase, line-hunting, and road work.

A story went the rounds, but how it came to be known will ever remain a mystery, that he was heard to whisper the names of

Beatrice and Barbara in his dreams that night. It was therefore shrewdly suspected that his object was not altogether a disintested one, when, jogging alongside John Beale a few days afterwards, he was reported to have said, 'What a pity 'tis, John, those hounds are 'not an inch or two higher; Sir Walter, I know, likes a level lot, and 'the pack, I think, would look all the better if he were to draft 'them.'

'What! draft they tew beauties, Mr. Rissell?' replied the veteran; 'nit he, if I know'th it. Why, they'm the flower of the 'flock, they be, and will do more work in a day than some hounds in 'a wick.'

Sir Walter, too, prized Beatrice and Barbara as the pearls of his pack; but not more, perhaps, for their intrinsic merits than for the blood they carried in their veins. He had bred them himself at Hacombe, and being from his Bashful by Mr. Bulteel's Justice, a son of the famous Beaufort hound of that name, they had come from a sort stout as steel on both sides, and real hard drivers even on a half-scent. Consequently, the Furrier blood could scarcely have been more valued by Osbaldeston, nor that of the Warwickshire Trojan by Mr. Corbet, than the strain of those hounds by Sir Walter Carew.

The South Molton Club, having acquired in a short time immense popularity throughout the county, the names of the members and visitors who supported its merry meetings are for the most part included in the following list:—Sir Walter Carew, Sir Arthur Chichester, Sir John Duntze, Messrs. Charles Trelawny, J. Russell, Frederick and Charles Knight, William Horndon, James and Henry Deacon, John King of Fowelscombe, William and Henry Rayer, T. Carew of Collipriest, W. B. Fortescue, William Clark, Walter Radcliffe, R. S. Bryan, Joseph Jekyll, Colwell Roe, Stucley Lucas, H. Tyttel, G. Woodleigh, George Owen, Chichester and Chichester Nagle, Houlditch, Sleeman, E. L. Davies, William Hole, Courtenay Bulteel, Kingsoh, Willesford, Edwin Scoble, Bassett, Pinkert, Sherard Clay, J. Bawden, Reginald James and his brother, Karlake, Dene, two Riccards, and Bury Russell.

To this very imperfect list might be added a host of hard-riding farmers, with George Toms at their head, whose devotion to fox-hunting and the Master of the Hunt it would be difficult to match in any other country.

After a fine day's sport over those heathery, scent-holding moors, when the whole party, 'amid brightening bumpers' elated, with Trelawny, John King, or Russell for their chairman, were discussing the incidents of the run, and killing their fox over and over again, then it was that the 'fun of the fair' began. The ring of a shilling popped into a wine-glass gave notice that, with or without the knowledge of the owner, the sale by auction of his horse was about to take place, he himself being only allowed one bid; so that, if satisfied with the price offered, and he said nothing, his horse then became the property of the last bidder; but if, on the contrary, he had no

wish to part with the animal, he took care to protect himself by naming a sum that at once put an end to further competition.

A chestnut pony by Pandarus, called Stunning Joe, scarcely fourteen hands high, had so distinguished himself over the moor during these meetings, that on two or three occasions he was persistently put up, and large sums were bid for him with the hope of obtaining so rare an animal. But Reginald James, his owner, knew the value of the little horse too well to part with him; for, when the bidding had risen to its top figure—an exceptionally high one—he invariably took a jump which at once extinguished the aspirations of the most spirited competitors.

A young squire, however, from the southern division of the county, who had indulged rather in 'the flow of soul,' than 'the feast of reason,' took, on one festive night, so active a part in the matter of bidding for his neighbours' property that, on awaking the next morning, he found himself in possession of a 'string' of nags which, as his groom was heard to say, 'he no more wanted than a cat 'wanted two tails.'

Another gentleman, the Rev. Thomas Carew, father to the present Squire of Collipriest, at the end of one meeting lamented to Russell that he had not a horse left to ride home on: 'I came here,' he said, 'with six useful horses; and now I'm left with a pocketful 'of money, but without a single horse: I should like to buy them 'all back again.'

Russell, as before stated, preferring early rest and an unclouded brain for the full enjoyment of the morrow, rarely remained in the guest-chamber to a late hour; nor could the most pressing request prevail on him to take a hand of whist at these meetings, or indeed on any other occasion: 'I've no money to lose myself,' he would say, 'and should be very sorry to risk injuring my neighbour by 'winning his.' But if there was one festive attraction which he could not resist, and which fairly glued him to his seat, it was that of a hunting song; and if trolled forth by that most hearty and genial of men, Walter Radcliffe of Warleigh, Russell would remain a willing and delighted listener to the very last note.

There was one song especially, written by Radcliffe himself, which, from the clear and stirring style in which he sang it, never failed to elicit rounds of applause, not only from Russell, but from every member of that jovial board. It was called 'The Ivybridge Hunt-Song,' and described a run with the Lynham—then Mr. Bulteel's—so graphically that, if published, it would be found little, if at all, inferior to the best hunting songs, either of Mr. Egerton Warburton or Mr. Whyte-Melville. To not a few of our readers, too, it would bring back to memory the bright scenes of a by-gone day; ay, and the form of many a kind familiar face—of many an old friend long passed away, but still, to the mind's eye, blessed with the same unclouded brow, the same happy features which then, in the morning of life,

'Joy used to wear,'

At one meeting of the Club, which can never be forgotten by those who were present, a lively passage of arms took place between Russell and Radcliffe, after the manner of Damocetas and Menalcas in the 'Eclogues.' Unlike Virgil's shepherds, however, they contended not exactly in singing songs, but in telling stories, which they told alternately, till, by universal consent, each became fairly entitled to the prize heifer ;

'Et vitulâ tu dignus et hic.'

Radcliffe's stories chiefly turned on a Cornish Squireen, whose eccentricities of character and speech were imitated to the life. This gentleman dearly loved fox-hunting, and, possessing a clever 'whit-faced horse,' which carried him brilliantly over Roughtor and Brownwilly, he valued him more than gold. Being attacked by serious illness, which brought him face to face with an enemy he could no longer escape, and having lived a free-and-easy kind of life, with more thought for the present than a future world, the clergyman of his parish deemed it his duty to pay him a visit, and impress him with the momentous approach, and, if he could, with some serious view of his coming end.

'You are going on a long journey, sir,' said the good parson, 'and surely you should make some preparation for it, before it be too late.'

'I've no wish to travel,' replied the sick man ; 'this place suits me well enough.'

'But, sir, 'tis to a better country I would direct your thoughts, where——'

'A better country, did you say?' interrupted the other, impatiently—'give me only a thousand a year and my old whit-faced horse, and I'd never wish to see a better country than our Cornish moors.'

Finding him utterly impracticable, the parson then took his leave with manifest but unavailing 'signs of sorrow.'

In a very short time afterwards, being dressed in his top-boots and scarlet hunting-coat, he was carried down to a settle near the kitchen fire, where, as volumes of smoke curled up from his lighted pipe, the spirit of this hardy Cornishman passed away, and, let us hope, in spite of himself, took its flight to a better land.

To give even a sketch of the many amusing stories that were fired off in rapid succession by the one or the other, in that continuous fusilade, would be to fill a small volume ; nor, at this distance of time, would it be a light task to gather together the fragments—the *dissecta membra*—of that memorable encounter. One or two of Russell's, however, bearing on Devonshire parish-clerks in his early days, when George III. was king, can scarcely have escaped the memory of any one who was fortunate enough to hear them then—told as they were by him with infinite humour and in the purest vernacular of that favoured county. It would perhaps interest



the general reader to know what they were; and if a *réchauffé* will not offend him, he is quite welcome to them in that form.

John Boyce, the Rector of Sherwell, wishing to have a day's hunting with the stag-hounds on the Porlock side of the moor, told his clerk to give notice in the morning that there would be no service in the afternoon at their church, as he was going off to hunt with Sir Thomas Acland over the moor on the following day. The mandate was obeyed to the letter, the clerk making the announcement in the following terms:—

'This is vor to give notiss—there be no sarvice to this church 'this arternewn; caus' maester is a-going over the moor a stag-hunting wi' Sir Thomas.'

Again, at Stockleigh-Pomeroy parish, the Rector, Roupe Ilbert, a well-known name in Devonshire, desired his clerk to give notice that there would be one service a day only at that church for a month, as he was going to take duty at Stockleigh-English alternately with his own. The clerk did so in the following words:—

'This is vor to give notiss—there'll be no sarvice to thes church 'but wance a wick, caus' maester's a-going to sarve t'other Stockleigh and thes church to all-etarnity.'

It seems to have been a very common fashion in Devonshire, in Russell's early days, for gentlemen of standing in the county to adopt the native dialect, especially when conversing with the country-folk—a habit arising either from carelessness, or perhaps because their speech in that provincial form was best understood and most natural to the generality of their neighbours. Russell relates, for instance, that he was present when a colonel of the North-Devon Militia was reviewing his regiment, and seeing a hare jump up in the midst of the men, he shouted out wildly, 'There he go'th, boys, a lashing 'great shaver.' Then, forgetting the exact point at which he had ceased to give the word of command, he turned round and said, 'Where wor I, drummer-boy?'

'Present arms, sir,' responded the youth; and the inspection went on.

Again, a yeomanry regiment were enacting a sham fight amongst themselves, when a Captain Prettyjohn was ordered to retreat before a charge of the enemy—'Retrait! what doth that mane?' inquired the captain. 'Retrait mean'th rinning away, I zim; then it shall 'never be told up to Dodbrook Market that Cap'n Prid'gen and his 'brave troop rinned away.'

Accordingly, as the enemy came on, bearing down upon him at a rapid trot, he shouted to his troop, 'Charge, my brave boys, charge; 'us bai'nt voxes, and they bai'nt hounds; us'll face 'em like men.'

The collision was awful—men, horses, and accoutrements strewing the ground on every side; several troopers being more or less injured, while one positively refused to mount again, saying, 'I've a 'brok'd my breeches already, Cap'n, and I won't mount no more.'

But these Devonshire stories should be heard to be fully appreciated; for, seasoned and served up as they were by Russell and Radcliffe,

with all the trimmings and peculiarities of the purest native accent, their piquancy is absolutely lost lacking such condiments.

No school-boy ever enjoyed his hours of play more than Russell did these South Molton meetings, the lively and pleasant sociality of which, independently of the day's sport, was in no small measure due to the sparkling gaiety and telling effect of his own conversational power—a power not only of saying things humorously, but of communicating the humour to all around him. The hearty dinner which he rarely failed to make after the severest run seemed rather to stimulate his social energies than suffer them to subside into that somnolent mood which, with ordinary mortals, is so apt to follow a full meal after a hard day's work. Nor, till his head was on his pillow, did he ever indulge in a wink of sleep; but then, once there, ordinarily he slept like a top. 'Tria sunt necessaria ad humanam vitam; cibus, somnus et jocus' was the favourite saying of a sensible archbishop in former days; and certainly, if any one ever did full justice to each and all of those three requirements, Russell is that man.

The business of the day being over, and the Homeric feast duly disposed of, then commenced the

‘Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And laughter holding both his sides;’

then flashes of humour and good-fellowship enjoyed their full swing, and literally reigned supreme. So Dr. Doran was quite right when he said, ‘A good dinner sharpens wit; while a hungry man is as slow at a joke as he is at a favour.’

‘On one occasion, and one only,’ writes an old member of the Club, ‘do I remember a breach of the peace taking place at those merry meetings. Somebody, utterly ignoring that precept of St. Peter which warns us not to “speak evil of dignities,” was abusing the Bishop of Exeter (Phillpotts) in round terms, when a young squire, a staunch friend and admirer of that stout-hearted prelate, seized a pound of butter and threw it with all his force at the speaker's head: “There!” he said; “take that; and don't attack “in his absence a better man than yourself: I'll not hear him “abused by you or any other man with impunity!”’

Whether Russell was chairman or not during that incident is not mentioned; but if he were, certain it is he would have loudly denounced the prodigal and unwonted use of *butter* as a weapon of war, and would have poured oil on the troubled waters with a gentler and more tranquillising hand.

To most men whose years have been chiefly spent amid the stirring scenes of a sportsman's life, some adventures have occurred which, being so exceptional in their character, can scarcely be written or related without causing the shadow of doubt to darken their credibility. Many such have happened to Russell; but there is one he is wont to tell, which, at any risk, claims a passing notice in this memoir. It is the story of a wild fox taking his prey while hotly pursued by hounds—a circumstance not likely to be forgotten by the

Rev. J. Bryan, the Rector of Cliddesden, near Basingstoke, as he was present on that occasion.

Russell had found a fox one fine-scenting morning on the outskirts of the Moor, and was bringing him at a trimming pace over the wide heathery waste of Hawkrigde Common, and thence into the hanging woods that crown the Barle with such majestic scenery, when Russell's ear was attracted by the wild screams of a woman, apparently in the greatest distress. The hounds at that moment were running exactly in the direction of the hubbub ; and as Russell rode up to the spot, he beheld a woman rushing frantically after them, and catching sight of him, she exclaimed in a voice of agony, ' Oh ! Mr. Russell ! that there fox hath a tookt away our little ' specklety hen ; I seed un snap un up, and away to go, I did ! '

' Then,' said Russell, ' I'll kill him and give you another hen ; ' and on he went with the hounds.

The woman was the wife of a poor charcoal-burner, living in a turf-cabin, and passing a lonely existence in the solitude of those wild woods. On that one hen and her lively cackle, announcing the good news of a fresh-laid egg, depended, perhaps for days together, her sole supply of animal food : it had been as a pet lamb to her ; had shared the crumbs of her scanty meal, and had been her companion in many a lonesome hour, when no other living creature was near. No wonder ' the rocks and hollow mountains rung ' with the cry of her distress : Eurydice herself could scarcely have been more lamented, nor his hive of bees by the shepherd Aristæus.

But the avengers were on his track ; and, with no refuge at hand, die he must for his heartless theft. And die he did directly afterwards, for, within two gunshots of the spot, just over the Barle, the hounds ran into him ; while the dishevelled carcass of the ' poor ' little specklety hen,' still warm with life, was picked up by the disconsolate owner, bringing the deed home, without a shadow of doubt, to the rapacity of that hunted fox.

Here, however, Russell's sport was well-nigh brought to a serious and untimely end :—' My horse Rattler,' he writes, ' in crossing the ' Barle, which was much swollen, missed his footing among the ' rocks, and, being carried off his legs, rolled headlong into the river, ' leaving me to get out as best I could—a labour of no little difficulty ; but, with the assistance of Houlditch, a couple of masons, ' and a long pole, I escaped with only a good ducking. The old ' horse, however, would not leave the river till he had drunk his fill— ' at least three pails of water. We found in Twitchen Town-wood, ' ran him to South Molton, six miles ; back through the same wood ' again, and then straight over the Molland and Anstey commons, to ' the Barle, under Jekyll's house : time, one hour and forty minutes, ' without a check, and no harm happened to Rattler, notwithstanding ' his copious libation.'

It will be anticipated that Russell did not forget to return to the hut, and console the woman, not only with an immediate half-crown, but with the promise of another hen at an early date.

‘Dining at the late Sir Robert Sheffield’s, at Normanby, some years ago,’ writes an old friend of Russell’s, ‘I met Lord Henry Bentinck; and the subject of conversation turning on the habits of wild foxes, I related a story told me by Mr. John King, of Fowelscombe, the circumstances of which he witnessed when Master of the Hambleton hounds. He had been running a fox merrily for upwards of forty minutes; and coming up to a farm-yard, by which he was making a short cut, he saw the fox dash into a flock of ducks, seize a mallard just below the green of his neck, and carry him off across a large field; when, the hounds running into him, Mr. King picked up the mallard, then quivering in its last gasp, and restored it to its owner.’

“Mr. King must be a bold man to tell such a story,” remarked Lord Henry, drily, as if he utterly disbelieved it.

“I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. King intimately,” replied I; “and he was a man quite as unlikely to tell an untruth as your Lordship;” a rejoinder that brought the conversation to an abrupt close.

Years afterwards, I repeated to Russell what Lord Henry had said; on which he replied, “I only wish I had been there; I could have told his Lordship that a very similar circumstance happened to myself (that of the charcoal-burner’s little specklely hen), and I think *he* would have been the bold man, had he doubted that fact.”

Russell’s thoughts must have carried him back, at that instant, to the time when he blacked Bulteel’s eye at Plympton school; or, later on, perhaps, to those days of muscular Christianity at Oxford, when, if any one had been rash enough to doubt his word, or that of his friend Denne, either of them would have knocked him down like a ninepin on a skittle-alley. Still, it must be owned that antics like these by foxes, when hunted, are most exceptional; two or three only having been witnessed once, during each of their lives, by men of such long and varied experience as Mr. King and the subject of this memoir.

Another incident is equally remarkable:—‘During a Chumleigh meeting,’ said Russell, ‘I was enjoying a day’s sport with Sir Walter Carew’s hounds, and can well remember that Tom Lane, afterwards Master of the South Devon, and as gallant a rider as ever crossed a horse, was one of our party. They found—I forget exactly where—and were running him sharply near Romansleigh village, when I saw the fox catch up a large yellow cat in his mouth and carry him on as far as I could view him. The fox was killed, but what became of the poor cat I am unable to say.’

## A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE TOBACCO TAX.

BABBLING, that heinous fault, is found  
Not only in the puppy hound,  
Its victim oft that vice deplores  
In bipeds, known on earth as bores ;  
And since St. Stephen's has of late  
Prov'd over tonguey in debate,  
Sir Stafford would have netted more  
If he, instead of pennies four  
Impos'd upon tobacco smoking,  
All lovers of the pipe provoking,  
The cost of coming war to aid,  
If he a tax on Talk had laid.  
If after one long hour were gone  
The tonguey-torrent still rolled on,  
Had every sentence then incurr'd  
A shilling fine, and every word  
A penny, then that tax on lungs  
Had bridled some unruly tongues ;  
But whether they be taxed or free,  
In this both articles agree,  
Debates which to no purpose tend,  
In smoke, Tobacco-like, will end !

‘ Let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come.’—HAMLET.

Tell me, ye wives, who faith on Rachel pin,  
For tinted eyelids or enamelled skin,  
Who dream that charms entrusted to her care  
Retain their beauty ever fresh and fair,  
Will diamonds pawned, her secret aid to buy,  
Cause brighter beams to sparkle from the eye ?  
When pledged to broker, will the costly row  
Of pearls more whiteness to the teeth bestow ?  
Alas ! too soon, lost rubies to replace,  
Conspicuous spots will overspread the face !  
Beauties who dye ere half their life be past,  
To this complexion must they come at last !

## In Memoriam.

## FOTHERGILL ROWLANDS.

A TRIBUTE BY J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

'Gone from the rule that was questioned so rarely,  
Gone from the seat where he laid down the law.'

WE can scarcely realise the melancholy fact that Fothergill Rowlands is no more, and that those hands which had steered many a winner to victory, or ministered to the relief of his more necessitous brethren, are now still by the side of a cold and inanimate corpse. After a protracted illness of some months' duration (gout, 'liver,' and dropsy), he breathed his last on Easter morn, universally regretted. Originally brought up to the medical profession—he walked the noble hospital of Saint Bartholomew—he practised it for a few years only; but even whilst in active practice he could steal a few hours away from it to ride a steeplechase or hunters' race at Abergavenny, Upton-on-Severn, Newport Pagnall, Pontypool, Leamington, or other rendezvous within reasonable reach. We first find his name in the records of cross-country sports in connection with the Abergavenny Open Steeplechase in 1844, when he had a mount on a horse named Newport. But it was on his own favourite mare Medora that he will be best remembered, and she seemed to be as great a favourite with him and he with her as the famous Black Bess was with her daring and gallant owner. As a cross-country rider Rowlands had one, and but one, superior—Lord Wilton. Of late years he had been chiefly occupied in superintending the training of horses of his friends, and has had under his care animals belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Stamford, Sir John Astley, and many others. It may also be within the recollection of our readers that the Prince of Wales entrusted his Arab Alep to Mr. Rowlands' care a couple of years ago. His success with intractable, unruly, or infirm horses was something marvellous. For the last few years he had had the assistance of his son and other able coadjutors, and won more than a fair share of cross-country events.

Of no one could it be more emphatically said than of poor Rowlands that he was 'no one's enemy but his own,' for his hand and heart were always open, and frequently to the undeserving; and most assuredly did he often experience the mortifying shafts of ingratitude. The hospitality of himself and wife was as genial as it was bountiful and all but boundless, and one who had been a frequent partaker of it casts this pebble upon his cairn:

'He knew no craft, encouraged no deceit,  
And wore an aspect malice blush'd to meet;  
Virtues like these so rarely known on earth,  
Demand an angel's pen to tell their worth:  
Hence the lamenting muse lays hers aside,  
And gives in tears what language has denied.'

## THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

THE careful reader of 'Pendennis' will remember how Pendennis the elder, on retiring from practice as a doctor, dressed like a country gentleman, and went into Clavering Market and 'munched corn, and 'punched geese in the chest and weighed them with a knowing air;' and again, how, in 'The Newcomes,' one of the Brothers Newcome, whose heart was in his country pursuits more than in his bank, would greet his brother merchants with a salutation such as 'Good day for the 'hay, my boy,' &c., &c., being always anxious to appear as the country gentleman. The *urbs in rure*, in the shape of a rich commercial man who buys an estate, often does a great deal of good, even though the last of the race of the old Squire has to retire in favour of the 'new man with old acres.' The change was mostly occasioned owing to the pride of the old blood half a century ago or so, when the fashion was that all sons of the house went to Eton, Harrow, Winchester, or whatever the school might be, that the eldest son went into a cavalry regiment, the second into a good line regiment, and the third to the Bar, and another into the Church, and so on; the consequence of which was that Paterfamilias was always playing the game of 'shell out,' and never winning, and the candle being burnt at both ends, the old acres eventually changed hands, and the country mouse, whose title deeds were in others' hands, necessarily disappeared in favour of the town mouse.

Well, the village always talks about the good old Squire, whose banker's account ought to have been as big as his heart, and in time country folks got accustomed to the new man with plenty of money acquired by commerce, and so it must be always. Perhaps the plate and the furniture may be new, and the dinners much Londonified—if there is such a word—by fish from Groves's, *vice* the ten-pound pike out of the river, baked with a pudding in him; turtle-soup from Birch's, *vice* the old soup made from our grandmother's old recipe-books, when soup was soup; a saddle of mutton, *vice* the haunch of a prize five-year-old sheep which had been hung for a month—in fact, new fashions *versus* old. We miss the old screen of many folds, with hunting pictures, which was drawn round the dining-table and formed a perfect guard against draughts, which is removed as old-fashioned, though practically it was as good as the old public-house settle, which kept in the warmth, and we miss the old butler, who had seen two generations in and out, and ruled everybody, and who talked about 'his wine' as the coachman did about 'his horses,' and of the grand doings when Master Charles—the present middle-aged proprietor—came of age. We must accept all these changes as a necessary consequence of wealth against non-production; but we have one great comfort, which is, that when the town mouse becomes a large country proprietor, and comes down perhaps a violent Radical and dissenter, he very soon becomes a Churchman and moderate politician, and moreover an active practical man of business in all public matters,

So much for the town mouse proper, who, whether his ancestors came in with the Conqueror, or whether the founder of the family fortune dates back to half a century, now is a large landed owner in the county, and has become to all intents and purposes a country mouse. At the present time, when hunting and shooting are over, and cricket and out-door summer sports are only just commencing, there is a convenient opportunity to say a word to the country gentlemen of England, and to members of the Legislature in particular, and to appeal to them to preserve the country as far as possible in its integrity against the encroachment of a class who may be styled, 'the town rats,'—the self-government party, represented by Companies, Corporations and Local Boards,—and guarding against the intrusion of these bodies, is really a country gentleman's question. This, Mr. Baily, is not a political paper, but whatever all our politics may be, very many moderate-minded men must feel that 'self-government' in corporations begins to mean aggression. In plain English, any owner of an estate may wake up any fine morning and find that some Corporation intend taking from one to two hundred acres for reservoirs, or a hundred acres for a sewage farm, or a large block of land for a pumping-station for water-works; or that a railway Company, for some purposes of economy, solely because waste lands are cheap (which, if there is gravel, the railway Company will excavate by acres for ballast), are going to make a line across some beautiful heath or common, which will be carried over several roads by bridges with very bad gradients, and which bridges will probably be let to London advertisers; and moreover, these bridges in heavy weather will inflict on the farmers *for ever* the penalty of an extra horse for drawing a load.

No doubt, in many cases, these evils arise owing to men of rank and position shirking the responsibilities of office, and all appointments fall into the hands of local tradesmen and their friends, and consequently the governing body come from one class. To illustrate the good of a man going out of his way to do practical good, one of the under masters of Winchester took upon himself to go in for civic honours, and became alderman, and, once at least, Mayor of Winchester. The advantage is obvious, as there being many requirements and arrangements between the authorities of a large school and the town authorities, there is a constant means of communication through one of the school body. On the same principle country gentlemen should not be content with being magistrates, but ought by themselves, in person, when qualified, or by their representatives, if not qualified, to have a fair hearing in all country town parliaments. Now I can, without taxing my memory, count on my fingers numerous instances of aggression by corporations and public bodies.

Case A. A gentleman of very large fortune had a beautiful lake on his estate, and a neighbouring local Board was going to take all the springs which supplied it, and had he not been a man of great influence and popularity, he would have had the beauty of his place ruined.



Case B. A very wealthy Corporation made a raid on the property of a Baronet of large fortune, and took powers to acquire two hundred acres of his estate for reservoirs. The proprietor offered the Corporation sixty acres for the good of the town at starting; but no—the Corporation were much too important to listen to him, but put him to the expense of fighting the bill in Committee for seven days, and three days in the Lords, and at the *last* moment accepted his first offer, which had been made four months before. But as the proprietor of the estate was very rich and influential, and as he had been snubbed by the Corporation, the agent for the estate refused, unless a thousand pounds were paid for costs, and the Corporation struggled hard against it—not because the demand was unjust, but on the ground of their dignity!—and at last were obliged to give in, as if they had not yielded their bill was in jeopardy. This was a case of bullying.

Case C. A local Board, without any notice whatever, made a bargain with the lord of a manor for the purchase of a hundred acres of common, which could not be enclosed without an Act of Parliament, for a sewage farm in one of the most picturesque rural districts, and not far off from an existing sewage farm which had become a filthy swamp. Fortunately the Commons Preservation Society took the question up in Parliament, and nipped the scheme in the bud.

Case D. A large railway Company, whose line is carried twice across a common, from north to south and from east to west, and which is within the distance of one mile, carried over six roads by bridges—which, by-the-by, are let to London advertisers (I believe illegally)—try to carry another line for nearly a mile across the common again, and to isolate over thirty acres of the prettiest part of the common. Fortunately again the Commons Preservation Society interposed, and divided the House of Commons on second reading; and although the Parish lost by a comparatively small minority on the second reading (all the railway interest being opposed to them), the Committee threw out the bill on cross-examination, without hearing the petitioners' evidence. The parishioners worked hard and gave their time and money to the cause, and all professional men—barristers, lawyers, and others—worked for nothing, and for so doing were entertained by a violent harangue by the Company's counsel, who went for wool, and came home shorn.

Even at the risk of being a little prolix, it is worth while specially to mention two cases which bear very much on the question, as they are cases of wholesale aggression, and these are the 'Manchester Corporation Waterworks Bill,' and the 'Metropolitan Water Supply Bill' of the present session. The first-named created so much public excitement that it is only necessary briefly to relate its history. The Manchester Corporation, on their own responsibility, acquired by purchase an immense tract of land, and purchased rights extending over a hundred and two miles up to the Thirlmere lakes in Cumberland, which they intended to raise forty feet or so, and bring the water by gravitation to Manchester; in fact, to supply their own town and to sell the water too. Everyone

must remember the numerous letters in the papers about the desecration of the lake districts, the arbitrary powers sought, and the indignation of the 'sentimental party,' as they were called, reached its climax when the Corporation, by means of artificial boulders, &c., offered to 'improve the lake.' Improving nature by a Corporation was more than flesh and blood would stand. The country party were up in arms, and the consequence was that the Bill was opposed on the second reading, and although no division was taken, over five hundred members were present, and a compromise proposed by the Government, was effected that the House should appoint five special members, in addition to the ordinary committee, to report to them and see that the fullest inquiry was made. Had not this been done, a great part of the case might never have been heard. The result of this was that after many weeks' investigation, a report was made to the effect that under certain restrictions and conditions and Government surveillance, the works might be made for the benefit of *all* the great towns between the Thirlmere lakes and Manchester. Now, but for the opposition of the country gentlemen of England, it would have been in the power of the Manchester Corporation to do as they pleased, and possibly next year some other Corporation might have gone to Cumberland for another lake, and another tract of country would have been invaded.

Then as regards the Metropolitan Water Supply Bill. That is a pet child of the Metropolitan Board of Works, who wish to acquire all the water companies which serve the metropolis, and to supply London by pumping from the chalk springs at various points within twelve or twenty miles or more of London. Fortunately in this case the country gentlemen again have woke up in time, and owners of estates, mill-owners, and riparian proprietors from all quarters have petitioned Parliament, and the scheme hangs fire and is much in the same position as Russia is as regards England, and it remains for the Metropolitan Board to move first. The old well-known case of the two brewery wells, one situate in Surrey, the other in Middlesex, proves the fact that no one knows until deep pumping is commenced who is injured. In the brewery case, when one firm pumped on one side of the Thames, the firm on the other side had no water, because both wells were supplied from the same spring, which ran under the Thames. It matters not what the theory of professional experts, who cannot help to some extent being advocates, may be, nothing can compensate a landowner for having his trout stream or mill stream half drained. It is too late when the works are sanctioned and made, as two things stare the unfortunate owner in the face. First he has to prove his case, and then to fight against a Corporation or Company's purse.

Public works must be made for public benefit, but owners and inhabitants will find great sympathy in Parliament if they ask that the minimum of inconvenience shall be occasioned, and Parliament will prohibit, doubtless, if asked, all unnecessary interference.

There is one outrageous eyesore, and it is this: the Companies when they acquire powers to divert a road and substitute a bridge let

the bridges to London advertisers, and in quiet country districts one has the pleasure of passing between two screens of advertisements representing the worst musical hall cads in costume, Zazel from the gun, and numerous sensational placards, and worst of all, the horrible cartoons of live animals in torture posted up by the Anti-Vivisection Society. Next to a book which a nurse lent me when a child, called 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,' which kept me awake for nights, and in which a lively party were represented as being boiled in oil, a man being skinned, a lady being stung to death by wasps, St. Lawrence on the gridiron, being basted by a man much resembling the late Ben Caunt in face, and other cheerful subjects of pictorial art, I give the anti-vivisection party credit for the most painful pictures, and they ought to be suppressed altogether, like many other pictures and books which are issued for 'a moral purpose!'

If the road authorities were to give any Company notice that they intended to remove their advertisements, I do not believe that the Company would try the question; and if the Company did try it, I do not believe they would get a verdict, as the implied contract undoubtedly is, that *vice* a road with the old fences, there should be a road with a wall on each side and nothing more, and the public have a right to the whole of the road 'in the clear' between the walls, and anything put on any wall is an encroachment.

One thing is certain, which is, that owners of estates must keep their eyes very wide open, or at any time they may find their rivers drained, their mills deprived of their water-supply, their streams poisoned by sewage farms, or their roads needlessly cut up by railways for the sake of saving a few minutes perhaps in a long run.

They may rely upon it that a large number of Members of Parliament, of all creeds and politics, are ready to give them their warmest sympathy, as is exemplified in the long debate on the second reading of the Manchester Corporation scheme, and they cannot do better than by supporting the Commons and Open Spaces Preservation Society,\* whose work is constant and earnest; and, the most prominent of that body being Sir Henry Peek, Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Lefevre, there is pretty good proof that this is no party question.

There is one thing for all country gentlemen to remember, which is, to reserve the absolute right of sporting along the railways or other public works. There is no place better than a railway cutting for finding partridges in wild windy weather, or a better place for their breeding, as they are so little interrupted by passers-by; in instance whereof Mr. Bonham Carter, the late Member for Winchester, told me, that so little do partridges care for the noise of a railway, that on his property, where a railway cutting intersected the estate, a partridge made her nest in a sheltered place, underneath the end of a decayed sleeper, and sat there and hatched her eggs, with the trains running over her head.

Mitcham.

F. G.

\* College Street, Westminster.

## GOSSIP FROM GRASS LANDS.

TURNING to the sport with Mr. Tailby, we find that he commenced at Gumley Hall on Monday, November 5th, with a very fair day, and after running one to ground near Debdale Wharf, they found again in the Laughton Hills a fox which took them towards Gumley, whence he turned for John Ball, hounds hunting well, and taking a line which sorely tried some of Leicestershire's boldest and best. The weather was piping hot, and the bottoms of the awkwardest description, so that, Mr. Logan, we believe, managed to get a lead, and was for a time very bad to catch. They hung about a bit in John Ball, and thence back to Gumley *via* Mowsley and the Reservoir, in which journey Mr. Featherstonhaugh had an awkward and damaging cropper. So ended a fair opening day. People looked at the new huntsman, and pronounced him good, though his horse would not at all times jump as a huntsman's horse should do. On the 7th they met at Rolleston, had a quick fifteen minutes from Glooston to ground, bolted and ran two big rings, then beat them at Glooston Wood. Many out from Melton this day. On the 17th, from Allextan, they had a good hour and forty minutes, going fast to Launde Wood, then on at a hunting pace by Prior's Coppice to Belton, and killed him in the open near Launde Wood. The country was simply splendid. On the 19th they met at Theddingworth, on a bad, cold, uncomfortable day, and after a long draw and a dispute with an ill-natured old farmer, who, Osman Pasha-like, arrested their progress, had a good forty minutes from Bosworth Covert, by Walton Holt and Mowsley, along the Vale to Fleckney, and killed in the open near Saddington, a very fine fox, and bold withal, for he passed both Walton Holt and John Ball unnoticed. The country was grand, but the line might have been straighter at last with advantage.

On Friday, the 30th, they met at Blaiston, and literally raced into the first fox in twenty-five minutes, and ran another to Rockingham from Holt, where he beat them. On Monday, the 10th, they had a capital day, first from Gumley to the Laughton Hills, on to John Ball, and lost at Little Peatling; found again near Glen, and had a brilliant thirty-five minutes by Fleckney and Arnesby to Shearsby, and stopped them, as it was late.

December 10th, Saddington. Found in Bosworth Covert, and ran fast to Bosworth village, thence to the Laughton Hills, on to a halloo to Gumley, and left him. Took another from the Laughton Hills towards Theddingworth and Mowsley to Walton Holt, forward for Bruntingthorpe, and between Arnesby and Shearsby to Saddington, and stopped the hounds between that place and Saddington—pace slow, but plenty of fencing. We must pass over a fair day on the 20th, at Staunton Wyville, which no one could see on account of the fog, and come to the 7th of January at Burton Overy, which was quite one of their red-letter days.

To begin with, the Empress of Austria for the first time honoured the Billesdon Hunt with her presence, which caused such a gathering as is seldom seen, even in Leicestershire, and Major Bethune's well-known hospitality (for who ever met hounds at Burton Overy and was sent empty away?) was tried more highly than ever. Very great was the crush of those who came to hunt and those who came to see, not a reed shaken by the wind, but a real Empress on horseback, a sight well worth looking at too, by-the-way, but of that more anon. Luckily her Majesty came early, and thus relieved the pressure, which would have grown heavier every minute no doubt. They found a brace of foxes in Wistow Spinnies, and after a little twisting over the canal and railway, one was killed. Glen Gorse, for a wonder, did not hold a fox, as liberties had been taken with it shortly before in the rabbiting line, but Mr. Packe's covert can well afford to miss one chance (albeit for his sake we wish it had not been on this particular day), so good a covert is it, and so true to its traditions. In Norton Gorse, however, they found a fox literally worthy of an Empress, who put his head over the fine country which surrounds it, taking especial care to bring the brook into the line, and for twenty minutes they had the cream of what Leicestershire can show up to Captain Baillie's house at Ilston Grange. There they checked, but Summers was equal to the occasion, and Dick Burton or old Will Goodall himself could not have hit off his fox in a more workmanlike manner. Another good burst over the strongly-fenced grass line to the earths near Carlton Brook, which the slight puff made perchance all the pleasanter, was the result. However, he did not stay, but, having crossed this Rubicon, led them on over a country equally grand to those well mounted, and equally distressing to the cravens and puddlers, between Mr. Fetherstonhaugh's house and Kibworth, where, as if it was too much for this gallant fox to have it all to himself, another joined in, and they ran about thirty yards apart from each other. Some say they changed here. We venture no opinion either way. The hounds ran on by Carlton Clump, passed Shankton Holt, then turned by Mr. Foster's land to the right of Glen Oaks, over the Leicester road to Newton Harcourt, and killed at Wistow. As fine a gallop as man need wish to see, of about one hour and a half. Captain Middleton piloted the Empress, who went in her usual fine form, and many wished that if such sport attended her she may be oftener out. The Empress was so pleased with her day's sport that she gave Summers a handsome present.

On the 10th they met at Slawston, in a hardish frost, although not enough to stop hunting, and found a fine old dog-fox in Glooston Wood, who broke over the Keythorpe Road and down to the Nosely Brook, which four men jumped, and the rest crossed by a bridge, ran up the valley for Ilston, the hounds going, heads up sterns down, and nothing but a racehorse able to live with them. They bore to the right beyond Rolleston Covert, where the only check occurred at the end of five miles, after such a quick thing as many

said they had never seen before. Away again in a moment, up Skeffington Vale, across the Uppingham Road for Skeffington Wood, where the hounds threw up, and it was all over—the cause being, as we have before said, the Quorn had just crossed the line. Of course both thought it was *their* fox that was killed, but the Quorn—and at any rate they had the best of it, for they ate him, and possession is nine-tenths of the law, they say.

On the 19th they met at Ilston-on-the-Hill, weather lovely and a large field out. A gallop from Sheephorns to ground at Kibworth inaugurated the proceedings, and they were finished by a fine run of one hour and ten minutes from the faggot pile near Captain Baillie's house by Burton Overy and Glen, and on to Glen Gorse, where, after hanging a bit, they took him to Thornby, where he beat them, owing to the number of hares. Lord Aberdour's groom had a bad fall this day, and was taken to the Leicester Infirmary, where he did well, but the best of the joke is that some of the sporting press at once killed him, though the man is alive now to vouch for their veracity.

On the 28th Mousley was the meet, and they got on a travelling fox near Bosworth village, just held the line to where Mr. John Bennett formerly lived, got on better terms, and ran to the Laughton Hills, crossed the canal, railway and Theddingworth road, and lost him on Mr. John Paulett's land. A second essay from Walton Holt led them past Bosworth Gorse and the Laughton Hills, exactly the line they had gone in the morning. Summers was the only one who got over the brook. They checked by the Marston Road, but ran on between Marston and Kelmarsh, where scent failed, and Summers' horse had not powder enough left at the end to enable him to recover his fox, or many thought he was doomed.

February 14th. Met at Langton Hall, and found in Langton Caudle; ran very fast by Glooston Wood, and lost near Sheephorns. Found again in the latter covert, and ran a rattling pace by Shankton Holt towards Staunton, over the brook, into which five bold spirits dropped short, to Staunton Wood, on to Glooston Wood, and lost near Keythorpe. Found again at Moors Hill, and ran fast to Medbourne, the fox being drowned in the Welland. A very good day, and the horses all quite satisfied, whatever their riders may have been.

I now come to what I believe all will designate as quite the run of the season, and such a one as even Leicestershire itself does not often show. In fact, we have heard it classed with the great Waterloo run, by one who saw both, and he was even inclined to give this the preference. The meet was at Major Bethune's, at Burton Overy, where a large crowd assembled, not only of horsemen, but of carriage people, and the usual hot soup and general hospitality was dispensed and appreciated, a good many being there from both the Quorn and Pytchley countries. They found at Wistow (Sir Henry Halford's covert), ran him to Burton Overy Lane, and killed near the Carlton Brook. Glen Gorse was then called on, and finding in it, away

they went to the left of Staughton Grange, and on nearly to Leicester racecourse at a good hunting pace. From here he headed by Knighton village, and hunted slowly past Oadby to Glen Gorse again. From here a fresh fox broke over the road almost to Wistow, back towards the Leicester Road, through Glen Oaks, crossed the Burton Overy and Carlton brooks, and on fast between Kibworth and Carlton Clump, by Church Langton and on to Welham, finally losing him by the Welland, which the hounds crossed, but the pace had told out all the horses in this second burst from Glen Gorse. Extreme points eighteen miles.

On February 21st they had a good day from Hallaton, going first from Slawston to Medbourne village with a kill, and then from Stanton Wood by Nosely and Keythorpe, to within a mile of Hallaton, came round to Keythorpe, and lost; a trying line for men and horses.

On March the 18th they had another good hunting run from Wistow by Fleckney, Saddington—where the bottom was a sad teaser—Gumley, Laughton, and Theddingworth to Sibbertoft, where he beat them; though had they not been delayed at the railway by a passing train, most probably they would have brought him to hand. Both huntsmen and hounds worked well; but we are sorry to say Mr. Tailby had to go home in a carriage, as riding brought on the pain in his leg, from which he has suffered since a bad fall he had when hunting with the Quorn. It pains us much to write it, but as this article goes to press the strife concerning the Billesdon and Quorn country is still going on. Much harm, but no good to sport, can result from it, terminate how it may, and speaking as without interest on either side, free from prejudice, and anxious only for the best interests of hunting, we fancy that Mr. Tailby's letter to the 'Sporting Gazette' and the 'Field' of Saturday, April 20th, must settle the matter to unprejudiced minds.

We must now turn to the Pytchley, which on the whole have had a very fair season, the only change in the arrangements being that Lord Spencer did not, as the season before, keep a separate pack to hunt the Woodlands, but Goodall was generally to be found within their precincts on a Monday. His Lordship's absence from the field, owing to the death of the Dowager Lady Spencer, and his retirement to the Continent during the first three months of the regular season, though we had seen him out during cub-hunting, we are sorry to say only foreshadowed his retirement from the Mastership; and by the time this reaches the eye of our readers—or, at any rate, very soon afterwards—the Pytchley country proper will have passed into the hands of Mr. Herbert Langham, who retains Will Goodall as huntsman, while Lord Spencer will hunt the Woodlands with a separate establishment, with Tom Goddard as his first lieutenant, two days a week. There can be no doubt his loss will be severely felt in the open; for since Mr. Musters had the Quorn, we have seen no one who could keep a large and unruly field in order with so much tact and good temper as he has done—and how much

sport depends on that, only those who have hunted in a large thrusting Wednesday crowd with these hounds can tell.

With the new year his Lordship returned, and has since that time been going quite up to his old form; but of course the event of the season here has been the visit to England of the Empress of Austria, who took Cottesbrook Park and came over for the months of January and February, and, we are pleased to say, was exceedingly fortunate in seeing good sport, not only with the Pytchley, but with other hounds she chanced to visit; her day with Mr. Tailby at Burton Overy we have already recorded, and she was equally lucky with the Warwickshire, having a very capital run from Shuckburgh, and not a bad one with the North Warwickshire from Hillmorton. Her presence no doubt very much augmented the crowds with the Pytchley, and on some Wednesdays, we feel sure we are speaking within the mark when we say there must have been six hundred horsemen at the meet, not to mention carriages and foot people, and no doubt a large number of them came as much to see her as for the sake of hunting, but happily she was not mobbed and stared out of countenance, in the vulgar way too often practised by the English people when they have a crowned head amongst them, but allowed, in every instance which came under my notice, to enjoy herself as an ordinary person. There was a little excitement at the first meet she attended at Yelvertoft, and one or two of the suite who preceded her were made to do duty as objects of interest for a time; but when she did arrive, we heard one farmer observe, 'There's no mis-' take this time,' and, beyond all hats being raised, no further notice was taken. The truly elegant way in which she sat her horse and rode—appearing as it were to glide over the most difficult countries without an effort—was, however, the theme of much comment and admiration, and it was pretty unanimously allowed by all that they had never seen so graceful a horsewoman before, and one special correspondent described it as 'the poetry of riding.' It is needless to say she was on the very best of hunters, bought regardless of expense, two of the principal favourites, Merry Andrew and Bravo, for instance, having been selected by Mr. George Darby in Ireland; and as she is exceedingly light—only 8st. 7lbs., saddle and all—of course it is easier to get very perfect horses than for a heavier weight. Captain Middleton, who was at Melton in the early part of the season, was selected as her pilot, in which capacity he acted when she was over two years ago, and all England could not have produced a better one, for no one knows how to make his way across country better than the cheery Captain, who is such a favourite with every one. By the way, it was not only in the hunting-field that the Empress became popular, for we hear that with the farmers, their wives, and all and every one in the neighbourhood of Cottesbrook, her kindly manner made her a universal favourite. Amongst other distinguished visitors that her sojourn in England brought to our shores, we must notice Count and Countess Larisch, who, with their son and daughter, were



at Guilsborough Grange; Prince Liechtenstein, Count Clam Gallas, who had his usual ill-luck in the matter of falls, and was on one occasion, when the hounds met at Harrington, somewhat seriously hurt; and Prince Kinsky, who resided at Brixworth. The Empress's stud was under the superintendence of Mr. Schawel; and Mr. Reynolds was also over, and heartily welcomed by his English friends again.

Amongst those well known with the Pytchley, we are sorry to say that Captain Mildmay Clerk of Spratton Hall, who was formerly well known in Hants before he migrated to Northamptonshire, was lost to us before the season began, and few who knew how regular he was at the covert suspected that he had for a long period suffered from a very painful illness. He was a capital sportsman, and knew all about hunting. Perhaps still more felt on account of its suddenness was the death of Admiral Jones, of Braunston. Going as well and as hard as ever—and no man rode better—apparently in good health and spirits, with a kind and cheery word for every one, he was going, as we may say, amongst us one day, and almost the next it was announced that he was dead. A blunder (not a fall) of his horse at a fence revived an old injury—inflammation set in, and death was speedily the result. No man was more universally liked and respected, and several hunting men went to pay the last tribute of respect at his grave. Strange to say, the North Warwickshire had a capital run and took their field within sight of Braunston churchyard on the day of the funeral. Lord Granville was as usual staying with Lord Spencer at the end of the season, and Lords Tredegar and Downe were often out. Captain Garrett, who also lives at Braunston, has been very regular; and Mr. and Mrs. Craven have seldom missed. Major and Mrs. Tempest, from Ashby St. Ledgers, and their little niece, who promises well as a horsewoman, have not been stopped by distance; Mr. Walker and Mr. Close from Weedon. Sir Rainald and Lady Knightley from Fawsley, and Lord Massy from Badby House; Mr. E. C. Burton and Mr. C. B. Roche of Daventry. Mr. Rhodes of Floore Fields comes quite over to the other side of the country, and, nearer home, his daughter, Miss Rhodes, has been often out; while there is a son at Eton coming on who is likely to be as fond of hunting as his father. Mr. Nethercote of Moulton we have not seen so often as heretofore; and Mr. Naylor has come a good deal on his drag. Captain Soames of Scaldwell and Mr. Mills of Husband Bosworth have been out as usual; also Mr. R. H. Ainsworth of Winwick Warren, who comes from Lancashire late in the season; Captain Woodrop of Welford, Mr. B. Ewens Bennet of Marston Trussel Hall, Mr. George Everett of Hothorpe, Mr. W. A. Block of Clipston, and Mr. Edward Bromley of Thornby, Mr. and Miss Lovell of Winwick, Mr. Percival of Foxhills. Most from the Harborough side were mentioned in our list of those hunting with Mr. Tailby; but we may say that Mr. Langham generally took the command while Lord Spencer was away; and may add

that Colonel Clifton, Colonel Gosling, Captain Davidson, Sir Bache Cunard, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kennard, and Mr. Holford of Papillon Hall have been very regular. We must not forget Mr. Cust of Arthingworth, Lord Henley from Watford, and his son, the Hon. Frederick Henley; Mr. Herman Gebhardt has hunted this year from Highcroft House, Husband Bosworth. Mr. Foster and his grey have also been as conspicuous as ever; Captain Laing of Spratton, and Mr. Drury Wake, the secretary. Then there are Mr. Stephen Soames of Cranford Hall on the Kettering side, Mr. G. F. Watson of Rockingham Castle, and Lord Lyveden from Oundle. Mr. Hazlehurst sticks well to the chase, and was one of those whose house was honoured by a visit of the Empress, who attended one meet at Misterton. Major Pearson evidently believes, with Solomon, in the maxim of training up a child in the way he or she should go, for he has quite a little regiment of ponies out, to initiate the rising generation in the mysteries of the craft. Count and Countess Stockau were again at Catthorpe. Mr. Charles Marriott of Cotesbatch, the new sheriff for Leicestershire, Mr. Gillespie Stainton, and Mr. St. John of Bitteswell are so happily placed as to be close to some of the best meets of the Atherstone and Pytchley, and also pretty handy for the North Warwickshire and Mr. Tailby, of which facilities they make the most, and have all a happy knack of getting to the front quickly when hounds run hard. Miss Davy is still at Newton House, and goes as straight as heretofore, seldom missing a day when hounds are within reach; and on a visit to the Baron's staghounds, towards the end of the season, showed how she could charge brooks and timber without the aid of any pilot. Captain and Lady Evelyn Riddell are at Spring Hill, and there is no need to remind our readers of the way they cross a country. The Captain, indeed, has gone farther afield, and been in some of the best things with the Quorn this season. Of other ladies we have seen Miss Langham from Cottesbrooke Park, the Misses Naylor, Mrs. Soames of Cranford Hall, Mrs. Arthur as regular as usual, and Miss Entwistle of Kilworth House. Then, although more properly belonging to the North Warwickshire, Mr. Muntz of Birdingbury Hall, and Captain Pritchard Rayner of Dunchurch, are so regular that they must also be classed as Pytchley men; as are also Mr. Wedge of Stretton on Dunsmoor, and Mr. Wilkinson of Hill, who both go very straight.

There are a rare good lot of farmers in the country; so we must not forget Harry Sanders of Brampton Hill, John Cooper of East Haddon, E. Glover of Harrington, John Gee of Welford, and George Gee of Elkington, F. Biggs of South Kilworth, that staunch preserver, William Daniels of Misterton, the Gilberts of Swinford, Goodman of Staverton, Mr. Elworthy of Brixworth, the Atterburys of West Haddon, the brothers Elkins of Elkington, who are very hospitable; Hewitt of Draughton, and many others whose names we don't know; while all here missed the sight of Mr. Yeomans of Badby, who, though he never rode, drove miles to hunt in

his four-wheel, and often had two horses out of a day; but, alas, he has also gone from amongst us.

The Pytchley, as far as came to our knowledge, had nothing particular to record during cub-hunting, but began well with a sort of bye day in the regular season at North Kilworth, when they found in the Sticks, went away towards Walton Holt, then swung round by Mr. Mill's house at Bosworth for Welford, where the stiff line run over brought many to grief, they crossed the Leicester and Northampton road, where the hounds hunted beautifully for Sulby, then away by Bosworth Park, and over the hill to Sibbertoft, and at last killed their fox at Hothorpe after a capital run of one hour and five minutes, over a very strong country.

The next run of note took place on November 16th, when they met at Naseby, and had a good nine-mile point with a second fox past Naseby, through Pursers Hill to the left of Cottesbrook Park, Creaton, and Spratton, into Sanders Gorse, where they stuck to the hunted one in the midst of a lot of fresh foxes and marked him to ground; a capital line, good hunting pace, and altogether a very creditable performance.

November 28th gave them a good day's sport, when Swinford was the fixture. Not much was done at Shawell Wood and Misterton, but from Stanford Hall they had a nice half-circle towards Walcot, over a very fine line, then a good cast by Goodall over the Kilworth road, when they got on the ploughs, and some uncommonly pretty hunting through Major Pearson's coverts over the Welford road to North Kilworth, close to which village he was killed in the open. The day was finished with a rattling gallop from Caldecott Spinney by Daniel's covert, and Misterton Old Gorse to Shawell Wood.

December 1st. The meet was at Ashby St. Ledgers, and a fox found in a little spinney in the midst of some heavy ploughs at the back of a farmhouse, who was said to have made free with the poultry, probably on the strength of living in a covert that is seldom drawn. They went away a rattler over Kilsby tunnel as if for Crick covert, but being headed the fox crossed the Watling Street and just skirted Crick village, then on to Watford covert, where he never hung, but away as if for Long Buckby, turned and ran more slowly to Watford village, where a drain secured him from further molestation after a capital forty minutes over an exceedingly big country. There was nothing particular done afterwards.

On December 4th they had a rattling thirty-two minutes from Wilmer Park towards Orlingbury to the left of Hardwicke, past Vivian's covert, on towards Wellingborough, and ran into him one field from Wilby. Another fox took them from Orlingbury towards Isham and Little Harrowden, through Blackberry and Vivian's covert towards Wilby, to the right to Mears Ashby, and into Sywell Wood, where he was left. Mr. Foster was going in rare form on this day.

December 12th. They met at Misterton, and the chief incident of the morning was the ill-behaviour, to give it no stronger name, of

a lot of roughs amongst the pedestrians, who have taken lately to favour this once-popular meet with their presence. On this occasion they absolutely knocked over a fox with a bludgeon and captured him, thinking he was dead; fortunately, being only stunned, he revived and made good his escape. In the afternoon they had a quick twenty-five minutes from Stanford Hall, crossing the railway above Yelvertoft Station, and running the fine grass line below the Hemploe again, crossing river and rail towards North Kilworth; they ran to the sticks on for Walton Holt and lost him near Kimcote.

On December 14th the run of the season so far took place. Kelmarsh was the meet, and a good field out. Found in the Dales, and had a sharp ring through Scotland Wood and Hazlebeach Dales, leaving Hazlebeach close on the left; ran as if for Tallyho, and on through Kelmarsh Dales into Church Spinney, where a brace of foxes were on foot, one of which they took on into Scotland Wood, hung a little, and then away at the top of the hill for Bush Blueberry, then in the direction of Hazlebeach, but turned to Pursers Hill, crossed the valley, and through Cot Hill and Welford road plantations, by Holywell Grange, and ran the valley to the right of Holywell village, on by Holdenby Mills, and crossed the brook to Holdenby brickyard, then through Gulliver's Spinney, past Holdenby House and up the fine vale to Althorp Park, over the hill to New Park plantation, where he slipped them by leaping the park wall when they had nearly grabbed him; caused a check by running the gardens and paddocks, but a halloo put them right, and they ran him to ground at Nobottle Wood.

They commenced 1878 at Buttock's Booth, but the day was principally to be noticed for the appearance again of Lord Spencer at the covert side, though they ran nicely from Sywell Wood to Overstone, and afterwards, having found in Hardwicke Wood and gone through Wilmer Park for Walgrave, had a big half-circle to Sywell Wood again.

The next day, January 2nd, at Yelvertoft, may be left out of the record, beyond stating that it was the first appearance of the Empress of Austria at the meet, and we hope she may never be called on to witness such a bad day again when she revisits England. The only redeeming feature was plenty of jumping.

On the 5th Harrington was the meet; a fair average day, and as many accidents as in a skirmish. Half the field were left at Loatland Wood, from which a good fox went away by Desboro, and then turned over the brook for Rothwell Wood; from here slowly up to the left of Faxton Corner, where the scent failed and the fox beat them. Mr. Foster was again the hero of the day on his grey. Grief commenced at the brook, where the ford was simply a trap into which many fell, as there was a hole in the midst thereof. Then others, wishing to avoid the misfortunes of their friends, made for a bridge, and ere reaching it one lady's horse came down badly on the road, and the rider was left insensible. As Colonel Arthur was known to be out in his brougham, a chair was sent for to Desboro'

to convey her to him, but it was found his ambulance was already engaged, as Count Clam Gallas had come down and suffered concussion of the brain, and the Colonel's carriage took him to Cottesbrooke, with Dr. Moore in attendance, so another carriage was procured for the lady. We fear the disasters did not end here, but space is wanting to give a complete list of the wounded. The day ended with a couple of fair rings, the last slow.

On January 16th, met at Cranford, and found in Finedon Poplars; ran hard for ten minutes to ground near Burton, bolted of his own accord, and ran fast to Finedon, on to Ithingborough; then past Little and Great Addington for Woodford, and down to a small osier hold in the Nene, where fox and hounds jumped into the river together, and he was killed in the water. The Empress was delighted with this run.

On Wednesday, January 23rd, they came to Lilbourne, and Tom Firr was there to have a look at the country where a good deal of his present knowledge of hounds and hunting was gained under Mr. Anstruther Thomson. The covert held a fox, who first made for Mr. Chirnside's Gorse, then over the Clifton road and steeplechase course, crossing the brook, turned over Watling Street before reaching Hillmorton Covert, and ran the beautiful country between Lilborne village and Yelvertoft. Having nearly reached that place, he turned to Crick Covert, where they checked; then took a circle *via* Hillmorton and the turnpike to the back of Crick village, and to ground in a drain. A very fair run, but decidedly not straight. The afternoon gave them a grand forty minutes, over grass, from Vanderplank, by Ravensthorpe, between Coton Osier Bed and Hollowell, turned by Teeton Village up to Spratton, then short back and to ground by Teeton Mill. One man lost his hat, and replaced it at Guilsborough for eighteen pence; another his horse, through a broken back, which has, or will probably, cost him a trifle more to replace, but all were delighted; the run a clipper, the brook a teaser, the second we mean (all know the Clifton one), and the whole day may come into the red-letter category.

Wednesday, January 3rd, Stanford Hall was the meet, and we had probably the biggest crowd that has ever been seen, even on a Pytchley Wednesday. Nothing worth speaking of was done in the morning, but a fair run obtained from the Sticks in the afternoon. They dwelt in covert, and when the fox went away he was headed, made a short ring, and came back again. He then broke towards Kimcote, but gradually bore for Mr. Daniel's house, crossed the Lutterworth road and up to Botany Bay, where they checked, and so far he had gone right in the teeth of a good breeze. He then made a down wind turn for South Kilworth, but kept on to Misterton Old Gorse, and passed it, running at first in the direction of Lutterworth, but came round to the reeds at Misterton, where most thought they changed. If the fox did not the scent did, and the fun of the fair was over. However, they held on to Thornborough Spinney and Bitteswell, where he beat them.

On Feb. 20th South Kilworth was the meet, and the morning had little more to recommend it than Pytchley mornings have as a rule, that is to say, sport a little under the average; but in the evening Cothill sent forth a fox round the Hemploe to the canal, then over the big grass grounds to Welford, back to the Fishpond, through it and the Hemploe, and finally lost him in the big pastures to the west of it.

On the 25th there was a great day from Brigstock; finding in Slings Nook, ran him over the river Nene at Islip Mills, into the Fitzwilliam country as far as Titchmarsh village, where they got on terms with him, and had a nice hunting run to the right of Mariners Gorse, through Hamerton and Gidding Gorse to Santry, where he crept into some farm-buildings and beat them within sight of the Fens. It is believed they did not change, and the time was from a quarter to twelve to half-past three, a fair hunting pace most of the time, and very straight. At one time they were within six miles of Huntingdon.

On February 26th they had one of the best days of the season from Sywell Wood. Found in Hardwicke Wood, and ran through Wilmer Park to Hardwicke, back through Wilmer Park to the right of Orlingbury, and on sharp to the spinnies at Pytchley, where they ran into him near the brook. Found again in Pytchley coppice, and away for Kettering, round Orlingbury Covert, then through Isham village, and along the meadows by the side of the Midland railway, then crossed the line, and accounted for him by Barton Segrave. Lord Spencer hunted the hounds himself, as he often has done on Tuesdays.

On Saturday, March 2nd, they were at Clipston Windmill, and ran a fox from near Alford Thorns, by Marston village to Papillon Gorse, which, as not a hound had been in it since November, was full of foxes; a brace went away, and they hunted one slowly to Alford Thorns, then up to the Marston and Farndon Road. At Farndon Hill the hounds caught view, and ran him sharp to within a few fields of Oxendon, and then turned to Farndon windmill, where he beat them in spite of all Lord Spencer's efforts to recover the line. This was only about twenty minutes; but the country was very strong, grief plentiful, and only about nine people saw it.

Found again in Sulby, and ran fast to Longhold, by Sibbertoft, through Marston Wood, and killed in Papillon Gorse.

On the 4th they had an hour and a half from Weekly Hall Wood, going to the left of Newton, and as if for Geddington Chase, then to Oakley Village, and by King's Wood for Rockingham; came round to Cottage Wood, and ran into him near Carlton. Bad weather and moderate sport now became the order of things, though they had some nice little spins occasionally, as hounds could run on the grass, though the fallows stopped them; and killing a fox who had taken refuge on the top of an inn called 'The Fox,' after a gallop from Snapes, over the brook, through Titchmarsh and Pims Coppice

for Aldwinkle, then over the brook to Islip Mill, across the Nene, and down to Thorpe Village, where he was ousted from his exalted position, and killed close to the station, was by no means a bad performance.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1878.

UNLESS appearances are greatly belied, May-day of this present year of Grace will usher in a season far more eventful than any that has yet been recorded since the game first grew into the shape of a national pastime. Indeed, we are on the eve of a year that will, in all likelihood, have to be marked with a white stone in the cricket calendar. The visits of two elevens, from widely distant portions of our colonial empire, of entirely different races and broadly marked differences of belief and associations, should make the campaign on which cricketers are just entering historical. What the shades of the old heroes of the Hambledon Club, the Smalls, the Aylwards, and the other worthies who first gave to cricket 'a local habitation and a name,' must think of the wonderful advance of the game, since the days when Broad Halfpenny Downs formed the scene of the great contests, and the sport had not then passed beyond the confines of Hampshire and adjoining counties, it would be interesting to know. How the leading spirits of even the last generation would have stared could they have known that a visit from a purely colonial eleven, composed mainly of men who had learned the rudiments of the game thousands of miles away from English shores, was so soon to become an accomplished fact! Already the Australian twelve, who left Sydney on March 29th, are within a fortnight's sail of us, and the 14th of this month, should no accidents occur, will see them at Liverpool. India is also to supply us with a taste of its native talent, and some interest will be attached to the doings of the Parsee cricketers, fourteen of whom will leave Bombay early this month to try the metal of some of the most prominent English clubs. The opinions of those who have had practical experience of the merits of Australian cricketers appear to be a little at variance. Mr. W. G. Grace does not seem to have the same belief in their excellence expressed by some of the twelve who last visited Australia under the captaincy of James Lillywhite the younger. The inference, though, is natural that a comparison between colonial cricket in 1874, when Mr. Grace rode roughshod over fifteens and twenty-twos, and in 1876, when eleven of the colonies proved equal to the task of beating Lillywhite's team on even terms, must be vastly in favour of the more recent date. No doubt the Australians will suffer from the difference of climate, and from the variations of temperature here, as English cricketers have suffered from the excessive heat of the colonies, but it would be

ridiculous to underrate the merits of players who have shown such consistently good form during their recent farewell tour as have the twelve who are so soon to try their strength against the English counties. They will no doubt find a sensible difference in the state of the ground here to what they are accustomed, and it is reasonable to suppose that the wear and tear of six days' cricket in the week, with intermediate travelling, will tend to remove a little of the freshness of their play. Much of their success may depend on the weather, and should it be, in the order of events, that we are to have a wet summer, their chances should be proportionately small, after the hard and lively wickets on which they are used to perform. That they have some very fine cricketers among them is evident, and C. Bannerman, of New South Wales, has already gained for himself a reputation that will direct special interest to his batting in England. In the two Bannermans and Horan they have three good batsmen; in Kendall, Allan, and Stofforth three good bowlers, and in Blackham a wicket-keeper said to be almost, if not quite, as smart as Pooley himself. C. Bannerman is something after the style of Mr. Hornby, both in batting and in the field. His faultless innings of 165 against Lillywhite's eleven at Melbourne cannot have been forgotten, and indeed, taking his generally high scores in the farewell trip of the Australians, and in some cases on bad grounds, he must be a dangerous batsman. His timing of the ball is remarkably accurate; he meets the ball hard with a perfectly straight bat, punishing severely when he chooses, and is a smart and dashing field. Not unlike Thomas Humphrey in build, he is taller than his brother, who is described as a steady batsman, a good leg-hitter, and the best field in the team. Horan lacks Bannerman's style, and is something after Jupp's mould of batting, but he is a difficult wicket to get, and will, no doubt, give trouble. Allan and Spofforth are bowlers of the tearaway class, and the latter is said to be especially deadly with the 'Yorker.' Kendall, the slow bowler of the team, is left-handed, a trifle below medium pace, very straight, with a considerable amount of break, but he is not particularly strong, and it remains to be seen whether the expectations of those who assert him to be as good a bowler as Alfred Shaw will be verified by his success in England. The eleven generally, though some of them have lost the bloom of youth, are sure in the field and excellent throwers, and it is to be hoped that they will receive the hearty welcome they thoroughly deserve among English cricketers, as the pioneers of what may prove to be a series of visits from colonial cricketers. Their fixtures include matches against the Gentlemen and against the Players of England, M.C.C. and Ground, Gloucestershire, Surrey, Yorkshire, Notts, Sussex, Lancashire, Middlesex, and sundry provincial eighteens, some of which might have been replaced to advantage with matches against Kent, Derbyshire, and the Universities. The Parsees are less known to fame, as the cricket fields of India have not been so productive as the richer soil of Australia. That the natives should have taken so kindly to



a sport so thoroughly identified with Englishmen, in the face of so many difficulties, and carried it on with such genuine enthusiasm, under the broiling suns of India, bespeaks for them a good reception, though it is to be feared that enthusiasm alone will hardly enable them to lower the colours of our English clubs. The simultaneous visit of the Australians will, no doubt, place them in the shade, but they have been able to secure a fair number of engagements, including matches on the three principal London grounds, and in most of the chief cricket districts in the north of England.

Turning to purely English cricket, there are comparatively few changes to be noted in the programmes of the several clubs. The lists show rather an increase than a diminution in the number of matches for the four months of the season, and Gloucestershire, Yorkshire, and Nottinghamshire have all amplified their fixtures. Gloucestershire was so unmistakably the champion of 1877, that its readiness to add another to its four old rivals, Surrey, Sussex, Notts, and Yorkshire, is not surprising. Lancashire has for some time been itching for a tussle with the mighty eleven of the West, and the bold front shown by the Lancastrians of late years fully justifies their challenge to Gloucestershire. It is a matter for regret that the eleven to represent England last July at the Oval was by no means so formidable as it might have been; but still the victory of Gloucestershire, though rather a lucky one, was well-earned, and the County eleven has received such a useful acquisition in the person of Midwinter, the Australian player, who proved himself late last season to be valuable both with bat and ball, that it will require England's strength to beat it.

A colt match at Bedminster has already been played, and another is to follow, as last year, at Cirencester, though as the former ground is not in Gloucestershire, the choice of the Committee seems strange, even admitting that Durdham Downs is not the most convenient spot, or that the beautiful wickets belonging to Clifton College are not available. The out matches begin with that at the Oval against Surrey on June 20th, and the returns will all be reserved for August, when Mr. W. G. Grace will be sure of the help of Messrs. Townsend, Moberly, and Fairbanks. An attempt is to be made to galvanise Cheltenham into life with a cricket week commencing on August 19. Balls, concerts, and amateur theatricals are to be provided after the Canterbury model, with the addition of a public dinner to the Gloucestershire eleven; but whether all these attractions will quicken the Anglo-Indian exclusives into any great degree of excitement remains to be seen. Our own recollections of Cheltenham do not inspire us with any great faith in the scheme, and until cricket receives more than the lukewarm support awarded to croquet and archery, we have doubts of the Cheltenham cricket week. If James Lillywhite the elder could infuse a little of his own energy into the town generally, and if the juvenile portion of the spectators could only be roused during the practice hour by Mr. W. G. Grace's example to throw up a ball when its career is checked only a few yards from

them, instead of watching it as if it were a torpedo, we should have some hope. If the evening entertainments develop a taste for the day's cricket itself, they will be of use; if not, it were better for the game to rely on its own attractions. This year Gloucestershire will meet England at the Oval in August instead of July, and as the fixture interfered last season with the annual tour of the Harrow Wanderers and other clubs, the match will probably secure a more representative team on the side of England. The season will conclude on September 5, with the last match of the Australians in this country, so that the eleven will have their hands full during August with their five home engagements and the fixture with England at the Oval for decision.

Surrey, invigorated by its successes in 1877, and with certainly a stronger eleven at its back than it has had for many years, is content with the same number of county matches as last year, and Kent, Sussex, Middlesex, Yorkshire, Notts, and Gloucestershire again form the opponents of the Surrey eleven. The fine fielding of the team, with the excellent management of Mr. George Strachan, and the undeniably strong batting of the amateurs, has brought Surrey once again into the front rank; and as most of the players of last year are available, another successful season should be in store for them. Southerton's bowling, in the natural course of events, will not be of use much longer, but Barratt has proved a useful substitute; and if the Committee could only light upon a fast left-handed bowler of the Griffith stamp, who could bat a little, the eleven would be materially strengthened. The first match will be against Middlesex, at Lord's, on May 30; but as the experiment of a May meeting between Gentlemen of South and Players of North was not successful last year, the season at the Oval will not be opened until the 13th June, when the eleven will play their one match against Cambridge University, the usual contest at Cambridge in May having been given up. The usual match between North and South, which had been apportioned for Southerton's benefit, had to be deferred for a year, owing to the large number of fixtures; so that the only matches other than those between county and county will be Surrey against the Australians, on the three first days of Derby week, Gentlemen against Players, Gloucestershire against England, and the Australians against the Players of England, which last is to take place on September 2, and two following days.

Yorkshire, though much out of luck last year, has not been deterred from making material additions to its programme. The stout backbone of professional players makes the arrangement of fixtures for the Yorkshiremen comparatively easy, and there is not the same difficulty that faces the Southern counties, mainly dependent on amateurs in deciding on out matches. The Yorkshire match list shows the large number of seventeen engagements for 1878, or four more than the previous year. Gloucestershire, Surrey, Notts, Middlesex, Derbyshire, and Lancashire were the opponents of the Yorkshiremen last year, but this season two out matches, at Cam-

bridge against the University, and at Edinburgh against the Gentlemen of Scotland, have been added for May; and a new out and home fixture has been made with Sussex, in addition to a fixture with the Australians at Sheffield, on the three days of the Inter-University match. These, with the annual cricket week at Scarborough promoted by Lord Londesborough, will give the Yorkshire players little leisure during the season. An important change will be made in the arrangement of the eleven by the transfer of the captaincy from Lockwood to Emmett, and as the former was perhaps hardly firm enough for the post, Emmett, who is a thoroughly keen and hardworking player, and, by-the-way, well deserves the benefit he is to have this season, may get the team into better working order. Beaumont, a colt who showed really good all-round cricket against Middlesex last year at Lord's, and ought to have been tried more, is likely to be of use to the eleven, and the help of a few amateurs would freshen the play considerably.

Nottinghamshire, as usual, put its colts through the mill on Easter Monday, but the incessant rains during the month had made the ground very heavy, and as the youngsters had enjoyed few chances of practice, it was not surprising that they should have made small scores against the bowling of Alfred Shaw and Morley, especially when the former had a wicket to help him. Last year, S. Hind, jun., made his mark effectually in this match, but of late years the Nottingham colts have not produced an Oscroft, a Shrewsbury, or a Morley, and their general style has not been up to the old standard. Last year the County eleven was greatly demoralised by the absence of Alfred Shaw from illness, but as he seems to have quite recovered, and, to judge by his display both with bat and ball in the colt's match, is in excellent form, his presence should restore to the eleven much of the confidence that was certainly wanting in 1877. Nottingham will be the first town to welcome the Australian cricketers, and the Colonials are sure of a hearty reception on May 20, when they are to make their *début* on an English cricket ground at Trent Bridge. The match between Nottingham and Yorkshire colts seems to have been unwisely dropped, but the eleven will have a busier season even than last year; and in addition to eight home matches, the good folk of Nottingham are to be furnished with a treat in the shape of a contest between North and South, for the benefit of that once grand cricketer, George Parr, the best leg-hitter that ever lived. Last year Gloucestershire, Surrey, Kent, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Middlesex were the opponents of Notts, but this season the committee, we are glad to see, have revived the contests with their plucky little neighbour of Derbyshire; so that in all, the eleven have before them a lengthy programme of fourteen county matches, one only second in point of quantity to that issued for the Yorkshire team.

Derbyshire, for a county still in its teens, has shown a very commendable spirit of enterprise, and the excellent display of the eleven in 1877 has induced the committee to enlarge their already imposing

programme. Twelve matches must be considered an ambitious card for so young a shire, but as the professional element forms the backbone of the eleven, the number of engagements is of little consequence. Kent, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Notts, and Hampshire are to be the opponents of Derbyshire in 1878, and in addition to the usual match against Marylebone Club and Ground at Lord's, a hybrid contest, in which the eleven are to play eighteen of Uppingham, completes the list of Derbyshire announcements, though the utility of such a fixture seems a little dubious. With William Mycroft, Hickton, Platts, Mr. R. P. Smith, Rigley, and others, Derbyshire has the nucleus of a very strong eleven, and it is just possible that the colts' match in Easter week may have brought to light some promising youngsters, though there was little in the form of the twenty-two on paper to cause any extravagant confidence. Why the committee for two years discarded Hay, who proved himself a useful bowler as well as a very fair bat, has not been explained, but his performance against the colts showed that he ought not to have been omitted from the team except for some very powerful reason.

Lancashire has at last succeeded in arranging matters with Gloucestershire, and the undoubted strength of the Lancastrian eleven at the present time should invest the two matches between these counties with particular interest. Mr. Hornby has never shown a distaste for the bowling of Mr. W. G. Grace, and if Lancashire should be able to collect all its strength, we shall expect to see some high scoring on both sides. It would take all the strength of Gloucestershire to defeat the Lancashire eleven, consisting of Messrs. Hornby, D. Q. Steel, A. G. Steel, Patterson, Rowley, Royle, and Appleby, with Barlow, M'Intyre, Watson, and Pilling, and such a meeting would certainly be one of the attractions of the seasons. The bowling of Watson, McIntyre, Messrs. Appleby and Patterson, the batting of Barlow, Messrs. Hornby, Patterson, Rowley, Royle, the brothers Steel, and a field quite as brilliant as that of any county, would make Lancashire a hard nut to crack, even for the sturdy jaws of Gloucestershire. The committee have discarded Sussex this season, and home-and-home matches with Gloucestershire, Notts, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Kent, the usual fixture at Lord's against M.C.C. and Ground, one match with the Australians, and a novelty in the shape of an engagement at Oxford against the University eleven, constitute the thirteen announcements on the Lancashire list for 1878.

The rescuscitation of Kent has been mainly due to the indomitable perseverance of one man; and as Lord Harris will, as usual, be at the head of affairs, the county is not likely to retrograde. With the exception of an additional fixture at Lord's against M.C.C. and Ground, the county matches are the same as last year, and amount to twelve in all, consisting of out and homes with Notts, Surrey, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Sussex, and Hampshire. The principal match of the Canterbury week is, we believe, to be the same as that

of last year—Kent with two given *v.* England, though for this once we are of opinion that it would neither have been an impolitic nor an ungraceful act had the first three days been utilised to introduce the Australian eleven to the cricketers of Kent. It is like a taste of old times to find Kent once more in state at Town Malling, and the reappearance of the county there cannot fail to revive vivid recollections of Fuller Pilch at the height of his glory. Maidstone, Tunbridge, and Canterbury are also to have their share of Kentish favours, and with one other good professional bowler to aid George Hearne, the eleven would be materially strengthened in one of its few weak points.

If it be true that neither Messrs. Cotterill, Ellis, nor M. P. Lucas will be able to play for Sussex this season, the county is surely under an unlucky star just at present. Mr. Cotterill's batting would alone go far to make the eleven, and both Messrs. Ellis and Lucas, in their one match of 1877, showed form very superior to that of any Sussex colt, amateur or professional, of late years. Mr. Arthur Smith's bowling was undoubtedly much missed last year, but the batting and fielding were both susceptible of very great improvement, and the want of a firm hand to manage the eleven in the field was very apparent. How much can be done by a good captain has been recently proved by the successes of Lancashire, Kent, and Surrey, and the demoralisation of the Sussex eleven last season was in a great measure due to the multitude of counsellors. In spite of reverses Sussex has always maintained such an unselfish policy in carrying out its share of county cricket, that the restoration of its old name would be a source of gratification. The retirement of Lancashire from the match list was judiciously utilised to substitute Yorkshire, so that the eleven have eight purely county engagements, as in 1877; and in addition to home-and-home matches with Gloucestershire, Surrey, and Kent, are included one trial with M.C.C. and Ground at Lord's, and a final encounter at Brighton with the Australians, at the end of August.

Middlesex, with a batting eleven that one would fancy to be equal to combating the best bowling, has of late been the recipient of a very scanty share of successes. That it should have been so may partly be ascribed to a more than fair share of ill-luck, and partly to a combination of weak bowling and slovenly fielding that has neutralised the effects of its batting strength. One good fast bowler would work a revolution in Middlesex cricket if only the fielding of the eleven were equal to what can be remembered of it in the days when V. E. Walker and poor Arthur Daniel were at their best. An eleven that can comprise such batsmen as I. D. Walker, the brothers Webbe, Hon. A. Lyttelton, M. Turner, R. D. Walker, and W. H. Hadow, ought, with only moderate bowling *and a good field*, to win its fair share of matches, but last year the fielding alone was bad enough to lose most of them. The lateness of the Oxford term will prevent the usual match at Lord's against Oxford University, but the Australian eleven will take its place, and Middlesex, Notts,

and Yorkshire will form the only counties to be met, Surrey opening the ball at Lord's on May 30.

Hampshire, it is a matter for regret, shows no sign to encourage those who remember with pride the glorious traditions of the county. Last year Kent and Derbyshire alone entered the field against the Hampshire eleven, and the programme for 1878 is of the same limited scale, as out-and-home matches with Derbyshire and Kent, and the annual fixture at Lord's constitute the five engagements of the county.

The Marylebone Club offers no particular novelty in its extensive programme, and indeed in first-class matches the only new fixture of any interest is the contest with the Australian eleven on the 27th of this month. The rumour that the Public School match would have to be deferred till after the close of the London season proved to be a little premature, as the authorities of the two schools were unable to arrive at any satisfactory solution of the undoubted difficulties that beset the question, and in default of any fitting compromise the fixture was left unchanged, though we hope that something will be done to remedy the defects that are obvious in the present system. The programme of the Club, still incomplete, numbers seventy-nine fixtures, so that those on whom devolves the task of carrying out the different matches will have no easy work.

Prince's, reduced considerably in the area of its space for cricket, has had to abandon its match between Gentlemen and Players, which from a variety of reasons had become distasteful to amateurs, and at last succumbed to the force of public opinion. The annual meeting between North and South during Derby week for the benefit of the 'Cricketers' Fund,' and a match between the Australian eleven and the Gentlemen of England are the only important fixtures announced for decision at Prince's. The latter, if perfectly carried out, should prove a most attractive contest, but it remains to be seen how far the same influences that produced the abandonment of other engagements will affect this case.

At the Universities affairs would appear to be even more promising for Cambridge than they were at the commencement of last season, though the recollections of the entire overthrow of the calculations of the knowing ones in 1877 should make prophets a little cautious. The retirement of F. M. Buckland and H. G. Tylecote will be a serious loss to Oxford, and when it is remembered that in the first innings last year their batting realised 156 of 214 runs, and that their bowling secured sixteen of twenty Cambridge wickets, it will be seen how difficult they will be to replace. Cambridge also loses three of its last year's eleven in three of its five Uppinghamians, W. S. Patterson, S. S. Schultz, and H. T. Luddington, but it has some Freshmen of great promise, among them A. G. Steel, the captain of Marlborough, H. Whitfeld, the Eton captain, and Hon. Ivo Bligh, also of the Eton eleven of 1877. Oxford amongst its Freshmen numbers the Clifton captain of 1877, A. H. Evans, who proved himself to be one of the best all-round School players of the

year, and C. Haynes of the same eleven, of whom Mr. W. G. Grace is said to have a high opinion. Present appearances would seem to be all in favour of Cambridge, but cricket is not a game in the slightest degree influenced by ordinary rules, and it will be enough to state that the Light Blues have the best of the outlook at the opening of the season. Mr. W. G. Grace's retirement from all but county cricket and matches of the highest importance, is apparently after all only an idle rumour. Either this is the case or the announcement which has appeared, that he is engaged to play in eleven-a-side matches every working day from May to September, is incorrect. Perhaps the medium between the two extremes will be the more likely solution of the problem.

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### ATHLETICS AND AQUATICS.

#### THE YACHTING SEASON—UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE AND ATHLETICS—CHAMPION ATHLETICS, ETC.

THE Yacht Clubs of the Thames have issued their programmes for the season, from which we foresee there will be no lack of sport between Erith and the Mouse, while Channel matches, arranged to suit the fixtures of some important coast clubs, are also included. The Royal London is first in the field, the New Thames opening a fortnight later, while the Royal Thames has the first important event of the year, for cutters over 41 tons, on the 27th inst. The New Thames and Royal London fix their cutter matches for the two following days, so the week preceding the Derby will be as interesting to Thames yachtsmen as to big bookmakers. Up to the middle of July nearly all suitable tides are fully occupied, and a new club called the Nore is started, so that, in spite of the counter-charms of the Paris Exhibition, there is small likelihood of a falling off in the yachting attractions of the Thames.

After the ridiculous fiasco of last year, when, although nine-tenths of the visitors present at the winning-post felt satisfied that Oxford were first home, the Judge's verdict of a dead heat had to be received as gospel, and if not with acquiescence, at least uncomplainingly, it was certain that steps would be taken to prevent the recurrence of such an absurdity, and that some amateur of position would be persuaded to undertake the office—a most unthankful one, as its acceptance involves seeing nothing of the race. On this, the thirty-fourth meeting of the representatives of Oxford and Cambridge, the opinion of the Judge was, unfortunately for lovers of a close race, hardly worth asking for; while on the other hand, Mr. Fairrie, an old Cantab who had undertaken the duties, which he has also worthily carried out for many years at Henley Regatta, assuredly had little to regret in being unable to view the race, which, after the first half mile or so, resolved itself into a procession, the Oxonians having thus early shown decided superiority, while their opponents, in spite of a quicker stroke, were already unable to hold their own. At the commencement of the work for the great aquatic event of the University year, Oxford had the advantage of several of last year's men being available, while their opponents wanted almost an entirely fresh crew. During the early times of training, the Isis contingent had less interruptions than usual from floods; and altogether went on favourably until they left the home waters for Maidenhead, where at the house of one of their number,

the crew continued training up to their arrival at Putney. The Cantabs, after a good deal of chopping and changing, especially in the fore-part of the boat, came on the tidal waters several days before the Dark Blue men, and on their first appearance produced rather a favourable opinion than the reverse, though already the bow quartette showed more than average signs of weakness, and one of their worst points was an inability to decide which boat to row in; indeed, up to within a week of the race, they had a sneaking fancy for a Clasper, built very narrow and with extra long outriggers, so that each man was to sit absolutely in the centre of the ship. This, however, proved weak, especially in the riggers, and was generally reckoned unsteady, so that after all they stuck to their Swaddle and Winship, which had carried them to victory in 1876, and undoubtedly suited the men admirably. The Oxonians rowed in a boat by the same builder, after trying craft from Eton and Cambridge. On their arrival at Putney, the accounts of their strength which had preceded them were clearly seen to have been in no way overstated, for they looked and rowed as a very powerful team, but for the first few days they seemed undoubtedly rough, though a good trial over the whole course proved them possessed of the two great necessities, power and pace. Still, the stroke was apt to get short on rather slight provocation, and they did not show to advantage in lumpy water, so that, a week before the race, matters appeared very open. As the day approached, however, they kept on improving, while the Cantabs ceased to make corresponding advances, and, to crown all, their No. 3 became weakened by his training, and rested entirely the day preceding the race, when it was currently reported that he would be unable to row, and that his place was to be filled 'by one of the Closea,' a family who have in succession done good service to Granta, with which their name during the last few years is almost as intimately connected as that of the Weston family with twenty years' steering in the London Rowing Club. On the day Barker made a gallant effort and took his seat, but the *contretemps* served to still further turn the balance in favour of Oxford, for whom the betting fraternity reckoned it a foregone conclusion, odds up to 5 to 1 being laid to considerable amounts. The fateful day opened very foggy, but the mist lifted before long, and as the hour approached, water and sky were alike everything that could be wished. In addition to the authorised four steamers, another with the Prince of Wales on board made its appearance, but owing either to mismanagement, or to the boat being chosen rather for its elegance than its engines, the Prince unfortunately saw little of the race, of which we may well say there was little to see. Oxford won the toss, and contrary to custom took the Surrey station, getting thereby a trifle the best of the stream, and the pull at the Hammersmith and Chiswick bends, though, as events proved, the affair was as good as over before the first of these points was reached. Dark Blue came out first, and the Cantabs, when they did appear, had to return to change an oar, No. 2's being found sprung. On getting into position Cambridge made the best of the start, [doing 41 to Oxford's 38, and, keeping this up, led by two-thirds of a length at the London Club House. By the boathouses this position was pretty much maintained, Oxford now holding their men, whose stroke was beginning to get splashy and uneven, and by Craven Cottage, in spite of a little faulty steerage, the Oxonians were all but level with the Cantabs, who now worked up to their rapid stroke again, but the Dark Blues, without quickening, drew on them, and were clear opposite Rose Bank, and went away so rapidly as to lead by nearly two lengths at the Soap Works, and three at the Bridge. The race was now



practically at an end, Oxford being about ten lengths ahead at Barnes, and passing the flag-post easy winners by the same distance. The bad luck of the Cantabs in one of their men falling ill just before the day, coupled with the vast improvement perceptible in the Oxford men, as compared with their rivals, prepared most people for the result, and we can only wish the gallant Cantabs better luck next time.

The crews were—

#### OXFORD.

	st.	lb.
Bow. W. A. Ellison, University . . . . .	11	0
2. D. J. Cowles, St. John's . . . . .	11	6
3. H. E. Southwell, Pembroke . . . . .	12	9
4. W. H. Grenfell, Balliol . . . . .	12	12
5. H. Pelham, Magdalen . . . . .	12	11
6. G. F. Burgess, Keble . . . . .	13	5
7. T. C. Edwardes-Moss, Brasenose . . . . .	12	4
H. P. Marriott, Brasenose (stroke) . . . . .	12	3
F. M. Beaumont, New (cox) . . . . .	7	5

#### CAMBRIDGE.

	st.	lb.
Bow. H. R. Jones, Jesus . . . . .	10	9
2. J. A. Watson-Taylor, Magdalen . . . . .	11	10
3. T. W. Barker, First Trinity . . . . .	12	6
4. R. J. Spurrell, Trinity Hall . . . . .	11	13½
5. L. G. Pike, Caius . . . . .	13	8½
6. U. Gurdon, Jesus . . . . .	12	10½
7. T. E. Hockin, Jesus . . . . .	12	4½
E. H. Prest, Jesus (stroke) . . . . .	10	13
G. L. Davis, Clare (cox) . . . . .	7	6

The round of athletic attractions which the days immediately before and after the University Boat Race offer to visitors to London, commenced most inauspiciously as far as weather was concerned, the first day, that devoted to boxing and wrestling, being so persistently wet, that the *venue* had to be changed from the usual 24 feet ring on turf in front of the Lillie Bridge pavilion to the shelter of the gymnasium, where, while spectators had the advantage of being nearer the combatants, these, especially in the wrestling contests, were palpably less at home on the thick mats provided than upon orthodox turf, and in the event of a large concourse, some would have had a difficulty in seeing nicely, but as the gathering was more select than numerous, everybody, excepting the wrestlers aforesaid, was perfectly satisfied. The heavy weights entries were but a couple, Frost-Smith and Vize, either of whom might be reasonably described as up to champion form, Vize in especial having a most artistic appearance and style, while Smith, to whom the prize was eventually awarded, showed himself a most determined hitter with both hands, and by his persistently forcing the fighting all round the ring, a very awkward all-round customer. Last year, it may be remembered, he was second to J. Francis of the Twickenham Rowing Club, when opinions were very evenly balanced as to the merits of the pair. The middle weights were as usual largely patronised, and the winner, Garland, is, we think, one of the best that have shown in this competition, as some of his antagonists had considerable advantage in height and reach. The light-weight crack, G. Airey, was a veritable little Tartar, slogging at his men, one after the other, in most determined style, so much so that the judges told him to spar more and fight less; however, he had unquestionably the measure of all his rivals, and the award was inevitably in his favour. In the heavy

weight wrestling Moffatt, though apparently giving away lumps of weight to both his antagonists, disposed of Winthrop after a somewhat protracted struggle, and subsequently did the same service to Allwright, last year's winner, though in this case matters were more evenly balanced, as Allwright's immense weight and power, coupled with no mean skill, stood him in good stead for some time, while Winthrop, if equally muscular, was comparatively unacquainted with this style of wrestling, the catch and catch can, which is, we believe, known as Lancashire fashion.

The Inter-University sports, held as usual at Lillie Bridge the day before the boat-race, attracted, if possible, a more numerous company than ever, and old friends were encountered at every turn, while the weather being simply perfect, a large number of ladies were among the visitors. We are not prepared to assert, that the fact of Cambridge rather unexpectedly winning the odd event at the sports had a reassuring effect upon the downcast supporters of the light blue for the morrow's boat-race; anyhow, the result of the athletic sports was somewhat of a surprise, and possibly visionary enthusiasts flattered themselves with the notion that the aquatic part of the Inter-University Games might result in similar fashion. However that may be, the Cantabs had the best of the opening events; for though E. C. Trepplin, of Brasenose, won the hundred for Oxford pretty much as he liked, the Cambridge had the next three events, G. B. Blaitwayte landing the high jump, Palmer the hurdles, and Bradley the hammer-throwing. Oxford now had a cut in, her representatives spread-eagling their opponents in the mile, all getting home in advance of the Cantabs. The time, for crack runners, was decidedly poor, being 4'31½. Cambridge now scored twice in succession, and secured the odd event; the putting, and the quarter, by the aid of East and Churchill respectively, going to the Light Blue division. The latter race was done in very fair time, just under 52 seconds. The wide jump was won for Oxford by Kemp with 22 ft. 2½ in., Baddeley (Cambridge) being second, about 2 inches less, and this may be considered a lucky win for Oxford, as Baddeley won at the Champion Meeting on the following Monday, doing 22 ft. 8 in. For the final event of the day, the Three Mile race, Oxford was as usual to the fore, the President of the O. U. A. C., A. Goodwin of Jesus, again settling his field in the last lap. Oxford has been uniformly successful in this event since its establishment, the Cantabs having never landed it, though once, if we remember rightly, they shared the honour with Oxford, when Long and Lang ran a dead-heat a few years ago. As we have stated, Cambridge secured the odd event of the 1878 sport; but taking the character of the events won by each university, in the opinion of most athletes the three mile, one mile, hundred yards, and wide jump, may be considered equal to the quarter, hurdles, high jump, hammer, and putting. That is for partisans of these various forms of athletics to decide for themselves. Meanwhile, in leaving inter-university athletics for another twelve-month, we may make a few parting comments, and firstly regret that Trepplin, who has proved himself so magnificent a sprinter, did not compete in the Champion hundred, and try conclusions with Junker, a meeting the issue of which would have been very interesting. Clarke, judging by subsequent running, was lucky in getting home in front of Hills, who won the Champion Mile in better time, beating Gibb on the post, while in the 'Varsity sports it was Clarke who beat Hills on the post, so the couple are probably much of a muchness, though the clocks make Hills the better man. For the three-mile race Cambridge was, we may presume, very nearly breaking the spell, as Goodwin, the Oxford crack, was so unwell that his starting was quite doubtful, and

in his preliminary trot he ran palpably lame. Had he not been well enough to run, we may assume that Evans, of Trinity, who finished 20 yards behind Goodwin, and rather more than that ahead of Wills, the next Oxford representative, would have won the three-mile race for Cambridge for the first time.

Contrasted with the bustle and crowd of the University sports, the Championship day at Lillie Bridge for the Challenge Cups, presented by members of the Amateur Athletic Club, had quite an air of stately calm and dignified quiet worthy of the crack performers of the country. In one of the most important events, the mile race, there was a great surprise—as Gibb is now looked upon as *facile princeps* at a mile and upwards, but on this occasion, saving himself for the four-mile race, he had not got far enough away from A. F. Hills, of O. U. A. C., who, having the turn of speed, came with a rush near home, and landed himself a clever winner in the fair time of 4 min. 28½ secs. In the four-mile race, which closed the day's programme, Gibb had a solitary opponent in A. P. Smith, who, though a promising runner, had no chance with the crack, and retired about half-way, leaving Gibb master of the situation. It had been rather hoped than expected that A. Goodwin of Oxford—who won as he liked in the Inter-Varsity three miles—would have shown for this race, but he did not appear, though the Universities were rather better represented than usual, the half-mile producing a dead heat between H. A. Whateley (Oxford) and L. Knowles (Cambridge); and in the Hurdle Race, 120 yards over ten hurdles, S. Palmer (Cambridge) landed the final in good style from C. F. Jackson (Oxford) and C. L. Lockton of the L.A.C., who were bracketed as dead-heaters for second place. The Seven Miles Walking lay between H. Venn (L.A.C.) and H. Webster of Liverpool, last year's winner, who, however, did not repeat his victory, being settled, after a gallant struggle of over four miles, by the Londoner, who, keeping up steam, managed to beat all previous amateur records by doing the distance in 52 min. 25 secs. The Hundred Yards fell to L. Junker, a gentleman of Russian descent, whom, whatever be our political bias, we cannot but welcome as an acquisition to the sprint-runners of the day, and to the ranks of the London Athletic Club, as he won by a good three yards in what was said to be 10½ secs., and even if the clocker unconsciously flattered him a trifle, there is no question as to the extent by which he distanced his opponents. In the Quarter, the brothers Shearman had the finish to themselves. Of course there were the customary jumps, puts, and hammer-throwing, to which we must plead guilty to paying but the mildest attention; and it would surely be welcomed as an agreeable variety in the arrangement of the card if some of these contests, which are certainly of limited interest, could take place quite early in the day, or concurrently with such an event as the walking. As it was, the spectators had to wait through two uninteresting walks over, viz., Winthrop putting the weight and Strachan pole-jumping, in order to see the Half Mile and Four Miles, both events of general interest. Of course it may be said that Gibb, being doubly engaged, required rest, but had the mile opened the proceedings, his second event could well have come earlier, or, as another solution of the problem, the commencement of the day's sport might be somewhat postponed. In other respects the meeting was most agreeable, and though, with the exception of the Walking and Hundred Yards, none of the performances were remarkable, the number of entries shows that the annual fixture increases in importance, as indeed, with the present rapid development of athletics, it ought fairly to do. Considering that within the limits of the Lillie Bridge grounds there are special facilities for

almost every variety of muscular exercise, from the gymnasium, with all modern variations of horizontal bar and trapeze, to the various paths laid down for running, walking, bicycling, trotting horses, as well as wrestling, jumping, and throwing every variety of clumsy instruments, and cognate sports, of which we have spoken somewhat disrespectfully, it is not much to be wondered at that the list of the Amateur Athletic Club, no longer confined to life memberships, should be continually increasing.

An Assault of Arms is growing an almost indispensable finale to the dull season of most rowing, cricket, and athletic clubs, and the Twickenham Rowing Club were fortunate in securing at once a good programme and a numerous attendance for their meeting at the Castle Hotel, Richmond. The boxing displays included bouts between Angle, of the Thames Rowing Club, and Frost-Smith (heavy-weight champion), who had a lively spar, both giving and taking a good deal of punishment; Macalpine (Kingston R. C.) and Todd, L. A. C.; Sowerby, L. A. C., and Douglas (middle-weight champion, 1875-7), in which the latter showed to great advantage; and lastly, Haynes (Twickenham R.C.) and Ned Donnelly, who created great applause and diversion by his quickness in ducking and dodging to avoid, while the amateur made the most use of his unwonted length and reach, and stood up manfully against the superior skill of the professional. Cudby, L. A. C., displayed great adroitness and power in the use of the Indian clubs. Corporal Blackburn (2nd Life Guards) and Waite showed off their powers at singletick, and some bouts with foils were much appreciated, though in these, as in some other contests, the amateurs neglected to cry 'hit,' or touch themselves to indicate that their antagonist had landed. Moffatt, the present champion wrestler, scored two falls out of three, with Neil McGlashan, who, however, managed to win the first, and G. P. Rogers, L. A. C., exhibited quarter-staff practice with Trooper Otterway (late 2nd Life Guards). This, with some performances on the parallel bars by members of the club, and bayonet exercise by the Richmond Volunteers, made up a very good evening's sport, and the success of the meeting will no doubt induce the club to repeat it at an early date.

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### 'OUR VAN.'

#### THE INVOICE—Spring Sports and Pastimes.

APRIL—that first flower of spring—dawned, as far as we ourselves were concerned, in a very peaceful and quiet fashion. March had roared itself out on Aintree in real winter weather, which we shall not easily forget, and the change both of scene and climate which the next two days brought with them was a welcome change indeed. On the fair slopes of Malvern, where patches of snow still lingered as reminders of the bitter past, under a bright sky and warm sunshine, we renewed some memories of our youth, when the now fashionable spa was innocent of shops, and the village had not become a town—preparing ourselves, in fact, by judicious idleness, for the cares and worries of the Grand National Hunt, held this year at Hereford. It had been almost with a feeling of relief that we heard the hotel accommodation of that city had all been bespoke for some time, because that gave us an excuse for pitching our tent at Malvern, barely

forty minutes distant by rail. The weather, as we have hinted, was really spring; the east wind had departed for a time, and we sunned ourselves on the Beacon and took our ease in our inn. And here, among the many improvements to which Malvern has been subjected—improvements, however, which have not marred, because it would be impossible to do so, its natural beauties—let us enumerate one which is an improvement indeed. In the days of our youth above referred to, that halcyon time

‘When all the world was young, lad,  
And all the trees were green;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen,’

the Belle Vue Hotel was an old-fashioned and moderately comfortable hostelry, more frequented for the sake of the fair daughters of the house than for its cakes and ale. But the last eight or ten years has changed the Belle Vue into a very excellent hotel, well furnished and well provided, and where comfort reigns supreme. A place to emphatically take one's ease in, and as such we strongly recommend it to those weary ones afflicted by the weariness of work or pleasure. The manageress, Miss Bone, will see to their well-doing, and they may rest and be thankful.

Herefordshire we had somehow regarded as so purely a land of fat oxen and fruitful orchards, that we had lost sight of its sporting proclivities. Sooth to say, we did not know very much about the county, beyond what we had seen of it from Malvern's lovely height, and perhaps, therefore, were inclined to ignore its sporting pretensions, and rather wonder why the Committee of the G. N. H. had selected it for their meeting. We owe Hereford and Herefordshire every apology, and own that we were entirely mistaken in our opinion. A much nicer cross-country course than the one provided within a mile of the city we have rarely seen, nor a better set of good fellows and good sportsmen to superintend and assist at the sport prepared for us. Neither were good and influential neighbours wanting. Lord Bateman takes a warm interest in the sporting doings of the county, and from the other side of the Malvern range comes Lord Coventry—and, moreover, brings the brown jacket and the blue cap with him. Great was the excitement when it was known that he whom racing reporters loved to call ‘the Lord of Croom’ was going to run a horse at the meeting. By the way, it is some time since we have heard that once familiar phrase. The lord of that fair heritage has betaken himself to other paths and pursuits than the somewhat perilous ones where the brown and blue were once prominent. He is now the Master of Hounds, the owner of the soil, living among his own people, and discharging the duties of a country gentleman, with no wish, apparently, to re-visit the glimpses of the racing moon. We wish he did, for some reasons. We should like to see him at Newmarket once more, where a man at the helm seems much wanted. Our Turf legislature, no doubt, contains among its members many very capable administrators and excellent judges of racing; but the leader—the coming man—does not come.

This, however, is a digression, for which we apologise. Sufficient to say that Lord Coventry came to Hereford, and brought a son of his old favourite, Umpire, with him; not a very grand hunter perhaps, but one good enough to run in the company he found there; and many were the congratulations his Lordship came in for, and much good-humoured chaff from his intimates on the supposed antiquity of the cap and jacket sported by Mr. J. Goodwin; some maintaining that they were relics of Emblem and

Emblematic days, or even of older date than that. Lord Coventry declared he would have a new one if he won; but, as we have just said, we fear we shall not see the once familiar colours often, and perhaps his best friends would not wish it otherwise. We do not see many good horses at Hereford. We have been, as our readers will find if they read these pages, at a succession of Grand Nationals about which there was very little that was good. First we were at Aintree, that Grand National *par excellence*, and it is now a matter of history what a moderate field ran for it, and how a 'crack' like Shifnal and a commoner like Martha got first and second. Now we are at the Grand National Hunt, supposed to show us real hunters (when they are not cast off from the flat), the pick of our pastures in fact, and worthy of the reputation of the country. Well, there is no doubt that we did see in Filbert, the winner of the chief race of the meeting, a hunter of the right stamp. A son of Nutbourne, bred to stay, with powerful quarters, back like a billiard table, and shoulders with which a mistake seemed impossible, he was the picture of an old-fashioned hunter; and though he beat nothing, he could not have won easier than he did. He probably is a first-class hunter, as clever as he is good-looking; but whether he has the speed requisite to win a big steeplechase we doubt. However, if he gets favourably in for the Liverpool event next year he is sure to be fancied, though with the example of The Bear, over whom we rejoiced at Cottenham at the previous celebration of the G. N. H. in '76, before our eyes we should be chary of recommending him. Still we are bound to say he is a horse of a very different stamp from the Duke of Hamilton's failure. With Filbert, however, began and ended our experience of good horses at Hereford: but then Hereford must not complain, she is no worse off than other places where Grand Nationals are run, as we have shown and propose to show.

There is a lovely tract of country lying between the Malvern Hills and Chester, which was our next halting-place, a tract chalked out by the engineers of the Great Western Railway, solely for the delectation of travellers we should imagine, for we fear, judging from the passenger traffic, it does not greatly delight the shareholders. Through coombs that reminded us one moment of Devonshire and the rest of the Peak, past sleepy old-world towns such as Leominster and Ludlow, in and out of narrow valleys surrounded by wooded and grassy hills, and in and on which the signs of human habitation were few, until we find ourselves under some lofty slopes not unlike the Cumberland Fells in miniature, and know that we are passing through the country of the Cley Hills, with Church Stretton snugly embosomed at their feet. Grandeur than the Malvern range, snow-topped and cloud-covered, there was a wild beauty about them that made the roofs and chimney-tops of Shrewsbury—the next transformation scene—look very prosaic. And yet the capital of 'proud Salopia' is anything but commonplace, only it brought us down just then from the picturesque surroundings of our journey to a level of Battlefield Handicaps and Anglesey nurseries, of symposia, in which John Jamieson and Co. figured to some extent, and of theatrical displays of a rather curious nature. All of these, the Battlefields and the Angleseys, the five-year-old John Jamieson and the theatrical displays, of which we may mention, parenthetically, that they were extensive, are part and parcel of Shrewsbury race time, and only now brought on to the scene from circumstances over which we have no control. Then through Sir Watkin's country we pass on to Chester, another racing centre, in which there is also suspicion of that everlasting John Jamieson mixed with Dee salmon, early gooseberries, and recollections of perpetual backing of some horse that was beaten at the

Grosvenor turn. But a walk round the walls dispels these idle fancies, and a quiet little dinner at the Queen's soothes us to slumber, rudely broken by the advent of a bold freebooter, well known on Altcar Plains and Berkshire Downs, one 'Robin Hood,' who is bound on the same Punchestown pilgrimage as ourselves. But we must begin another paragraph.

Brightly dawned the morning of that movable feast the Sunday before Punchestown. We had been looking forward with much pleasant anticipation to meeting at Chester that well-known band of freebooters, 'The Forty Thieves,' whose intention it originally had been, after carrying on their nefarious operations at Manchester and Liverpool, to cross to Dublin and plunder the confiding inhabitants of that city during the Punchestown week. We had strongly recommended the Sunday boat to their notice, and if circumstances had not changed plans, a very jovial band would the *Leinster* have conveyed, much perhaps to the amusement and enjoyment of every one on board. As it was, our freight was small indeed, barely half a dozen all told enjoyed the splendid passage, a gentle breeze helping us on our way, and the clear atmosphere permitting a grand view of the Carnarvonshire Alps, their white summits glittering in the sun. We felt quite humiliated as we came alongside Kingstown Pier and saw a group of ladies, soldiers, and civilians assembled to receive such a Punchestown contingent, and not a warrior among us. Where were all the well-known faces the Sunday boat had been accustomed to bring? and we really could only shake our heads in response. Some were impecunious, others could not get leave, some had married wives, and some had bolted with the wives of other men. Punchestown perhaps looked dull therefore, and the aspect of the city on the Monday encouraged that idea rather than not. Flatness at Morrison's and Maple's, no one at the Shelburne, the Gresham not full to overflow, as is generally the case, and only the Bilton appearing to be largely patronised. An excellent character, by the way, was given to the house now as being the best hotel in Dublin, which it was too some eight or ten years, when Sir Watkin, Lord Combermere, the brothers Behrens, Mr. Corbett, &c., were regular finds there, and many a pleasant dinner used we to enjoy there. But that party is broken up and has sought other pastures, so the Bilton, to ourselves, looks desolate.

There were few good horses at Sewell's, or, at all events, they were not sold while we were there. Many of the useful class no doubt, and we did see a grey go cheap for 60 guineas, and there was a cob which we coveted, but beyond that they seemed to be a lot of screws. Sir George Wombwell found nothing to tempt him; neither, we think, did Mr. Corbet, but perhaps the latter was reserving himself for the Friday. Nothing doing in town, and the only dissipation religious meetings, which, by the way, always seem to crop up in the Punchestown week. Great complaints of bad times, to which we fear, as we hear so much of them, we are getting callous. People seem to eat and drink, marry and be given in marriage, as much as ever, still the cry is that there is no money; we live and that is all. Some of our friends appear to be very happy and live very well, but it is all on the surface we are told, and there are dismal forebodings of what this year will see. But we heard something of this last year, and yet here we are. So away with fears of evil, and here is 'Mitchell's.' Clearly *nunc est bibendum*.

The weather was fine, and that was a great point. Cold and rather dusty, but still nothing to complain of. The attendance of the Dublin citizens was rather interfered with by its being Passion Week and the last fortnight of the forty days' fast, which all good Catholics keep, but the upper crust of Irish society was never better represented, both in the ranks of fair women

and brave men. The Viceregal turn-out was in the way of horseflesh hardly up, we thought, to Lord Spencer's mark, but it made up in the stateliness and grand manner of the chief personages. That beauty was there goes without saying; also that military hospitality was now, as it ever has been, and will be, one of the great features of Punchestown. We have, however, seen better sport; not but that there were plenty of horses and good fields, but there was a lack of quality. One or two good-looking four-year-olds, and the rest moderate at best. Some people said there were no good horses in Ireland, but that was too sweeping an allegation. The good horses were, as they are in the same line of business in England, few, but were to be found for the seeking, only we are bound to say we could not find them at Punchestown. There was not the same class of steeplechaser as in the days of *Heraut d'Armes*, *Wild Fox*, *Garde Civique*, &c., nor was there a Juggler or even a Grand National, who after he won the race from which he took his name at Fairyhouse, we were told was the best horse Ireland had seen for many a day, and as he then beat a good horse in *The Speaker*, it might have been true. But there was nothing of that class at Punchestown this year, unless *Downpatrick*, a four-year-old son of *Master Bagot*, who won the *Drogheda Stakes* the first day, shapes into something. He could not have won much easier than he did, and as he is well bred he may turn out something superior. As a two-year-old he was the property of Captain *Gilbert Stirling*, but he never distinguished himself at that age, nor do we believe he ran last year. *Apleton*, who won the *Bishopcourt Plate*, was an old acquaintance, but his party did not back him for the race as they did last year when he fell. Now *Counsellor* was the favourite, a horse who was done with three-quarters of a mile from home, and *Apleton* beat *The Rake* easily. We had no such exciting finish, by-the-way, during the two days as that between *Grey Plover* and *Apleton* last year in the *Downshire Plate*, when the odds of 6 to 4 against *Apleton* were upset by *Grey Plover* getting his head in first, thanks to Mr. T. Beesley. The field for the *Conyngham Cup*, though numerically strong, was not of the quality we have been accustomed to see. *Cataract* was the favourite, a good-looking mare, but hardly big enough for Punchestown, and more likely to do over *Baldoyle*. The new *Conyngham* course, or rather the new portion of it, requires jumping, and great was the scattering among the favourites, *Sir Bertram* and *Lady Fanny* soon coming to grief, *Cataract* fell, and the race was left at the finish to *Foreman* and *Cigarette*, the latter retiring at the last fence and giving *Foreman* a very easy victory. The latter was second in this race last year, and it is odd he was not more fancied on that account. He showed an aptitude for the course, and though the rider of *Cigarette* declared the mare was winning in a canter when she fell, it struck more than one or two on the stand that she fell because she was beaten. A horse called *Ned* got second place, and so very moderate a performer is he that we must perforce consider the *Conyngham* candidates this year as being much below the mark. One thing we must not forget to mention, that Mr. W. H. Johnstone, whose *début* at Punchestown it was, rode the winner, and of course came in for many warm congratulations. To ride the winner of the *Conyngham* the first time of asking is a feather, we take it, in any man's cap, and we feel sure Mr. Johnstone is only honestly proud of his. The Irish Grand Military did not show us anything better than a weight-carrying hunter in *The Swine*, a horse who with 13 st. 3 lbs. on him, took up the running after they had gone about half a mile and won very easily. This, we think, tells its own tale without any further comment from us.



There was, as usual, a considerable falling off in the attendance of the general public on the second day, which was cold and disagreeable, though dry. The dust made itself felt more than on Tuesday, and Punchestown dust is very penetrating. There was the usual stocktaking in the paddock of the horses for the Farmers' Race; but the show was moderate there too. We much fear that that word 'moderate' has cropped up very frequently already in our history of Punchestown, but our readers will please to remember that we prepared them for a series of Grand Nationals, about which we had very little in the way of good to say. From Liverpool to Hereford and from Hereford to Punchestown the burden of our song has been moderation. Our Irish friends must not think that they stand alone in the matter. We have, now that Chandos, Regal, Austerlitz, and Woodcock are *bors de combat*, or next to it, no good horses here, and it is evidently a day of small things with them. When things get to the worst they generally mend, says the old proverb, and so we will hope that days of better horse-flesh will dawn for both England and Ireland. And now to return to the paddock, where we find Sir George Wombwell a certain buyer if he can only find something to carry him with the York and Ainsty next season; but he tells us that nothing takes his fancy. There is a horse showing some quality there, Spider, but hardly one of Sir George's stamp. There was a good-looking chestnut, Woodcock, and a black Cyclops, a good-shaped one also, and there might have been more among the others only we did not see them. The favourites were Shadow, a winner at some steeplechases got up by the 5th D. G. in the previous week; Spider, and The Swindler, and the two latter making the whole of the running, had reduced the race to a match, when one of those *contretemps* that happen in steeplechasing put them both out of the hunt. Spider, who held the lead, bolted out of the course directly he had jumped the last fence, taking The Swindler with him, and Shadow, who had been hopelessly out of it some lengths behind the two, was enabled to canter home an easy winner. It was a very unsatisfactory issue except to the backers of Shadow; for there is no doubt that but for the bolting of one of the two, Spider for choice, would have won; and a true sportsman hates a fluke, which Shadow's victory was. Mr. Moses Taylor gave 140 guineas for Spider after the race, and showed his judgment in so doing we think, and we shall hope to see Spider again. The Grand Military Hunters' was not favourable to backers, as the winner, Kathleen, the property of and ridden by the Duke of Connaught's equerry, Captain Fitzgerald, was not mentioned, we believe, in the market, the money being on Newbridge, New System, and Absolution; but none of them could stay, and Kathleen won with great ease, to the evident delight of the Duke of Connaught, who was first in the paddock to congratulate Captain Fitzgerald. Mr. Jervis of the 7th Hussars, who was riding Cæsar, came down a very nasty-looking cropper at the wall, and caused much uneasiness for some time among his many friends, but we are glad to say he escaped with a severe shaking.

Time was when there used to be betting on the Prince of Wales's Plate a week beforehand, but the most diligent inquiry failed to find out there had been any now. Turf clubs and other resorts are not wanting in Dublin for the purpose of speculation—it was the spirit that was lacking. Of course there were quotations supplied by the Dublin papers and tips galore, but as to real business there was none, except at the post. There Assurance, who had done something good enough for Captain Gubbins to fancy him very much, was the favourite, and the Deer (a tip on everybody's tongue) and Pride of Kildare next in demand. It was asking the latter to do what she had never

done yet, stay home under a lot of weight, but it was thought the hard ground would suit her. The Deer looked like business, but lamentably failed in the execution. She fenced badly, losing ground at every obstacle, and was hopelessly out of it before she came to the double. The same may be said of Assurance, who appeared to be in difficulties before he had gone half a mile, and Bob Ridley, kept well in front by Gavin the whole way, had the race in hand by the time half the distance was accomplished. There were only four in it from the wall, and Sweet Meadow, whom we had last seen at Sandown, made a vigorous effort to overhaul the leader, but the grey had a lot in hand and won as he liked. Anything but a good field for the Downshire, either in numbers or quality, and one of the competitors, Marsh Boy, with such an evil reputation that no one would ride him until Captain Smith came to the rescue, and hard as Marsh Boy pulled, and unpleasant horse as he was to ride, he found his master this journey, and when the latter allowed him to go to the front it was evident he had the feet of the favourite, Victor II., and he ultimately won with great ease. Her Ladyship, after her running the first day, was a real good thing—one of the very few of the meeting—for the Railway Plate; and when we mention that such a bitter bad one as Lulu won the Veteran Race in a canter, the less said about the two she beat the better. So ended Punchestown. That it lacked the good horses of former years there can be no doubt, but, as we have said before, that is a complaint which we in this country suffer from as well. There will be a turn in the tide, we suppose, soon, and we shall see a second Lamb, and perhaps a Colonel. It is high time we did. For the rest, the gathering was quite up to the mark—the same excellent arrangements, the same hearty welcome, and the same unbounded hospitality. It will take more bad horses than are yet foaled to destroy the pleasant meeting in the wilds of Kildare.

The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds have had the best sport this April that has ever been witnessed. Three times have they been to the Cirencester Woods, and three times have they had good sport. The last time they had a first-class hunting run from Overleigh Wood to Cowley Manor, Mr. Richardson Gardener's place, within six miles of Cheltenham. We have heard that the scene at the death of this good old dog-fox was one of great excitement, as such a grand run had not been seen in the memory of man. Those in at the death quite cheered Lord Worcester for his masterly way of hunting the hounds, and we heard also of one noted old sportsman throwing his hat in the air and then nearly kicking the crown out in his excitement. They have given the Lower Woods a regular dusting all through April, and have already killed ten old Lower Woods veterans, and have not finished with them yet. On Saturday they ran all about the Lower Woods out to Bishop's Hill and Mapleridge, and at last he crept into a drain under the Wickwar road, out of which Vexer (a noted hound) drew him without help. They then got hold of another fox in the Lower Woods, and at five o'clock the hounds were put into Lance Coppice, where they found immediately, and ran up for the hills, and along under the Monument to Nut Brake and Hawksbury Warren, then back to the Lower Woods and through them. Thirteen couple got away by Sturt Brake, with Lord Worcester and Alfred Grace in attendance, and they had a rare good hunt out by Kingswood on to Charfield, and back by the Lower Woods to Withey Moor. It was now getting dark, so the hounds had to be stopped. The rest of the pack ran hard in the woods for one hour and twenty minutes, as the Duke timed them by his watch, when they unfortunately changed, as the Duke saw the hunted fox crossing a ride hardly able to crawl. Monday, April 22nd.—They quickly got away from the Lower

Woods, and ran over the grass towards Rangeworthy, and killed their fox handsomely in the open in fifty minutes. Went back to the woods and ran hard for one hour and a half, and rolled him over. Five minutes before the fox was run into there were four different view holloas. Wednesday, the 24th.—They ran smartly up to the hills, then hunted along to Chalkley and to Horton Hill. Lord Worcester made a big all-round cast and hit off a line below Horton Hill, and the hounds, after a very pretty bit of hunting, got up to the fox in a hedgerow; they now ran to Lye Grove, scent very bad. After running about the verge Lord Worcester got on terms with his fox outside Bodkin Wood, and they ran at a good pace by Chalkley down into the Lower Woods to ground; the hounds soon had him out, Vexer being in the drain. There was a good deal of rough fencing towards the end of this run, and Harry Baker, with Lord Willoughby de Broke (who, knowing how late the Duke hunts, had ordered their dinner at 10 o'clock) and Lord Worcester, were in the thick of the fun.

We made a short reference in our last number to the Vale of Aylesbury Hunt Steeplechases, and the chief trophy, the Mentmore Cup, presented by the Earl and Countess of Rosebery. In addition to this, Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild presented a cup for non-commissioned officers and privates of the F. Troop of Royal Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry, the Honourable Rupert Carington a 40*l.* cup for Buckinghamshire farmers, whilst S. G. Smith, Esq., M.P., gave a plate of 30*l.* In addition to this the 'Fund' gave 22*5**l.* in 'added money,' and paid the whole of the expenses of the undertaking, and this Fund was raised solely by subscriptions given by gentlemen hunting with the Baron's, Selby Lowndes, and Bicester Hounds. Pedestrians were admitted free, and every subscriber had a 'carriage entrance ticket' gratis. There were no fees exacted at all, either for entry or weighing, and we are gratified to learn that the stewards have worthily wound up their accounts (after having settled with all interests on a most liberal basis) by presenting the unexpended balance of the Fund left in their hands, amounting to 41*l.*, to the Royal Bucks County Hospital at Aylesbury.

The Bramham Moor Hounds finished a remarkable season on the 11th of April, rolling over an old dog-fox at Hazlewood in the open, in a broiling sun. Throughout the winter scent has been very moderate, and it is to the credit of the hounds and the huntsman that these hounds almost constantly killed or accounted for their fox.

Mr. Lane Fox was fortunate in selecting young Tom Smith to make a huntsman. He is so well bred. Grandson of the celebrated Will Smith, so many years the huntsman at Brocklesby, son of Will Smith, also huntsman at Brocklesby, and his mother a daughter of Lord Lonsdale's Will Lambert, breeding will tell. Smith is a man who is truly fond of his profession, and will, with a little more experience, be a first-class man, or A 1.

We have not seen seventy minutes straight without a check—the crack rider first, the rest nowhere. But to those who like to see foxhounds hunt their fox and make the best of a cold scent, the huntsman never for a moment taking his attention off his hounds, listening to no noises or information, but keeping his hounds on one fox, where several are on foot, getting nearer to him, rattling him a long top pace for the last fifteen or twenty minutes, rolling him over in the open—to those who like that style of thing it has indeed been an enjoyable season; tired horses and tired men have been very common, and we cannot hear of a short day. These hounds were out one hundred and thirteen days and killed one hundred and forty-one foxes, running to ground above sixty. Plenty of foxes left, except where there is carelessness,

or wilful ignorance, on the part of the owners of the coverts, or their agents, and few have been found during the past season.

It is sad to hear that in Yorkshire the charming Bedale country is without a Master. Also the Holderness, that piece of England that always holds a scent. That lively Tailbyite, Alan Pennington, soon tired of his job. 'Grasshoppers' will not settle down to be 'ploughmen' until most of the 'go' is out of them.

The York and Ainsty have done well of late. Colonel Fairfax has given his hounds more work, consequently they are fit to go and drive along. And we suspect that one or two of those sportsmen, who pretended to sneer at short days, turn their backs on the gallant Colonel when he draws for a four-o'clock fox.

Alfred Thatcher's first season as huntsman to the Brockslesby, *vice* Nimrod Long, has given great satisfaction both in the field and kennel; his management of the latter department (writes a correspondent) leaving nothing to be desired. His hounds have been in wonderful condition all through the season, which terminated amidst a perfect 'blaze of triumph' on the 9th April, with a first-rate and very fast run, at the end of which they ran into their fox, in the open. A good show is left for next season. This year's entry is very good, especially the bitches, and luckily they have nearly all got over the distemper wonderfully well, only losing two couple, which would not have been put forward. Several new good gorse coverts have been planted in the best parts of the country, thanks to the liberality of several landowners, so that the prospects of good sport for some years are most promising, and, at the same time, must be gratifying to the Countess of Yarborough, who maintains the pack at an annual cost of 3,000*l.*, without the slightest subscription from the country. Her ladyship has been going wonderfully well, as heretofore, all the season; and I never saw a youngster enter more keenly to hounds than her son, the present earl, who comes of age in July, 1880—quite 'a chip of the old block.' Our first whip goes to the Quorn next season.

The Hon. Alan Pennington is succeeded in the Mastership of the Holderness by Mr. Arthur Wilson of Hull, the great shipowner.

Sir Reginald Graham has resigned the New Forest Hounds, and sold his bitch pack by private contract to his successor, Mr. Meyrick. His dog pack are going to Ireland.

Will Freeman, who has just completed his tenth season in Kildare is in want of another situation as huntsman. He was for six seasons second and first whip to Sir Edward Kennedy, and on Mr. Mansfield taking the hounds in 1874, he promoted him to be huntsman, a post he has held ever since. Freeman is a perfect riding weight.

Apropos of the hunting dispute in Leicestershire, we heard of an old farmer who had attended one or two meetings of the Committee, and had been examined by them, who said he had had enough of it, and he would be hanged if he would pay a sovereign to go up to Boodle's. Let us hope that after Mr. Tailby's letter there will be no cause for referring the case to that august assembly. By-the-way, another Leicestershire farmer, when asked how the dispute was going on and how he thought it would be settled, said, 'It never would be at all, and that he had heard it was going to be referred to 'Mudie's.' This is a fact.

Hitherto the reports from the various stud-farms have been of a most tantalising and vexatious character, for this season, as last, the number of filly foals has largely preponderated over the number of colts, and we may therefore direct the attention of breeders to a communication which Dr.

Shorthouse made to a contemporary a couple of seasons ago. The doctor, whose experience in all matters relating to breeding is probably unexampled, says that he was told by an old Yorkshire breeder some thirty years ago, that if a mare be put to the stallion, or a cow to the bull, just as they are coming into use, the offspring will, in nine cases out of ten, be of the female sex; if, on the contrary, congress takes place just as the cow or mare are going off, the offspring will in all probability be a male. The doctor said he had paid especial attention to the matter since it was first brought under his notice, and the result is that he can fully corroborate the shrewd Yorkshireman's views. Breeders therefore have, to a certain extent, the matter under their own control.

Dr. Shorthouse has been waging war in the columns of 'Bell's Life' against early foals, and says that the month of May is quite early enough for foals to see the light, and that the January and February foals are invariably delicate and almost invariably worthless. He therefore advises a recurrence to the old rule by which horses took their ages from the 1st of May instead of the 1st of January. But will the Jockey Club consent to this? It would no doubt be for the benefit of breeders that their foals should not see the light until there is grass for their mothers and themselves to eat. Perhaps a compromise would be the best: let foals take their age from Lady-day, the time when flat racing now commences according to law.

There was a melancholy gathering on the 1st of the month at the beautiful old church of Stoke d'Abernon, when all that was mortal of William Henry Cooper was laid to rest in the churchyard in the presence of sorrowing and sympathising friends. The concourse was a large one, including the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Fitzhardinge, Sir Edward Sullivan, Hon. J. Scott, Mr. Hankey, Mr. T. Drake, Mr. Gordon Clark, Mr. A. G. Scott, and many others. The farmers in the neighbourhood, among whom he was much beloved, had wished to walk in procession from the house, but as his widow intended being present it was felt that the trial would be too great, and out of regard to her feelings the idea was abandoned. The coffin was covered with a wealth of flowers, the contributions of loving hearts and hands, and the sun shone brightly as his body was committed to the ground. We are pleased to think that some enduring record of one whose memory will be long cherished is prepared to be erected at Stoke d'Abernon in the shape of a memorial window. The idea has received the cordial approval of all his friends to whom it has been mentioned, and we are requested to state that Mr. A. G. Scott is acting as treasurer, and will be happy to furnish any information if applied to at the Union Club, Trafalgar Square. The late Mr. Cooper had so many friends scattered far and wide, with whom it is nearly impossible to communicate, that we are glad to be privileged to announce this. That every one who knew and loved him will like to contribute we have not the least doubt.

Of all the exhibitions of *genre* pictures which late years have witnessed, that offered to us now by Messrs. Dickinson and Foster of New Bond Street is, without doubt, the most interesting. The old days of coaching which, thanks to these gentlemen, the present generation were enabled to make acquaintance with last year in the same galleries, appealed, interesting as was the collection, to the taste of the comparative few, but 'Two Centuries of 'Hunting' commands a much larger circle, and the originators of the idea may be congratulated on a happy thought indeed. 'Two Centuries' may be a little exaggerated now, but perhaps before the exhibition closes the term will be a reality, for pictures are, we believe, being added to it every week. There must be a wealth of old hunting pictures in old houses in England,

probably little thought of by their possessors, relegated to back rooms, it may be to lumber rooms, which Messrs. Dickinson would only be too glad to rescue from oblivion. We could not help feeling, however, that there is one drawback to the pleasure of the exhibition, and that is the doubt whether all we see is true. Can we depend on the artists who have handed down to us on canvas the wonderful horses and hounds of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago? The same doubt has always beset us when looking at some racing picture—the B. C. starting-post perhaps in the days of the second George—as to whether these terribly high on the leg high-mettled ones were truthful portraits. In the Bond Street Gallery one of the oldest paintings is 'Stag Hunting,' by Wyck, a Dutch artist who flourished towards the middle and latter end of the seventeenth century, and the difficulty of believing that the queer-looking horses and hounds here depicted are what our forefathers hunted with, meets us at the start. The horses are wooden, the hounds coarse-looking, yet with a character about them which forbids us to entirely distrust the painter. We are reminded as we look at the canvas of the heredity of tastes and pursuits by the most prominent figure in the picture, Henry, first Duke of Beaufort, who, it is evident, was either the Master of the pack (were there Royal 'staggers' at that time?) or has something to say to its management. The Somersets are well represented, for there is a very interesting picture sent from Badminton, 'Treeing the Fox in Wychwood Forest with the fifth Duke of Beaufort's Hounds, 1756,' painted, the horses and hounds, by Sartorius, the figures by Mr. Estcourt, himself a Gloucestershire worthy, and all portraits. There is the whole house of Estcourt of the period, there is a Mr. Holloway, who, we fancy, has descendants in the county still, and of course, there is a Marquis of Worcester, and there is also a Long. When were Badminton kennels without a Long? There is an older picture than this last, sent by Mr. Lane Fox, but who it is by and where the scene, the catalogue is silent about. A lot of more or less jovial squires have been hare-hunting, and here, again, are wonderful-looking horses, though the harriers are more true to our own day. A greyhound is introduced into the picture. Did our great-grandfathers do hunting and coursing together? There are some hounds from the Bramham Moor, painted by Schwanfelder (1800), which show that the Bramham squire of that day was particular as to breeding as his descendant. There is a striking picture of John Ward, another of Tom Hodgson; but probably most people will think a meet of the Quorn in 1825 the most interesting picture in the collection, because there are some portraits of men in their extreme youth and prime who are now among us; notably, Lord Elcho, and Captain Ross, the latter better known as the great rifle-shot now, but a very hard man with hounds at that time. Lord Elcho, Debrett tells us, could only have been seven years old; and then there is Sir Francis Burdett, who thought a gallop from Ashby Pasture 'worth a dozen Reform Bills,' Mr. John Moore, Frank Holyoake, Val Maher, John White, and, last though not least, the Squire. Sir Harry Goodricke is there too we think, and so ought Lord Alvanley to be; and among others are Sir James Musgrave, Billy Coke, Tom Sebright, and many more whom we can only guess at from reading our 'Nimrod.' A very interesting picture indeed; and we strongly recommend all our readers to go forthwith to Messrs. Dickinson and Foster's galleries.

The coaching season began in the middle of the month with the Guildford and the West Wickham, the former horsed by Mr. Walter Shoolbred, Mr. Luxmoor, and Sir Henry de Bathe, the last-named gentleman taking the place on the coach vacant by the lamented death of Mr. W. H. Cooper.

The West Wickham is a new venture of Lord Arthur Somerset and Mr. Charles Hoare, starting from West Wickham in the morning and arriving at Hatchett's at eleven, returning to West Wickham at four o'clock. We can only speak from personal experience at present of the Guildford, which is better horsed now than ever it was, and to those who know what the coach has been the two last years, this means that it cannot be better done. Mr. Shoolbred has spared no trouble or expense, and his team of three browns and a bay on the first stage, the opening day, Monday the 15th, was as nearly perfect as it could be. There were a grey and a chestnut at wheel from Kingston Vale that could not be beaten, and a grey near leader into Guildford, of whom the same may be said. But really where all are so good, we are not called on to particularise. The road now so well known is the very prettiest one out of London, of that we think there cannot be a doubt. Not one stage alone noted for picturesque scenery, but the whole journey from the pretty suburbs of Brompton and Fulham to the last mile into Guildford. A succession of magnificent views, heathery commons, the silver Thames, Surrey hills, big pools of water, and big pine woods, and all in five and twenty miles. Two hours for luncheon and a stroll through the old-world town of Guildford, and on the stroke of seven you are again in Piccadilly, a day well spent indeed.

The Orleans Club will have a coach of its own this season for the use of members and their friends only. It will probably have commenced running by the time these pages meet our readers' eyes, and the proprietors will be Sir John Astley, Captain Wombwell, and Mr. Stanley Boulter. The Road Club coach will soon too be on the road, and, by-the-way, a very neat club coat of dark green, with the club crest on the button, has just been approved of by the Committee.

We learn that the capital of the British Empire Horse Supply Association is being rapidly subscribed, and that the scheme will very shortly be in working order. We hear that a very extensive contract with the War Office is on the *tapis*, and agents have been despatched to the United States and Canada to arrange for the supply of remounts and horses and mules for the transport service in vast numbers, to be delivered, should necessity require, at the seat of war. The Association has come to the front in the very nick of time, and is deserving of national support. As a financial undertaking it promises well, and the already powerful council is to have a still further accession of strength.

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A tip for the City and Suburban reaches us by means of a little bird who left Stanton yesterday morning. He says that he prefers the Colonel's *Manœuvres* to his *Wisdom*.







W W Beach

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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MR. W. W. B. BEACH, M.P.

HAMPSHIRE—that country of big woodlands and broad downs, wide hedgerows and flints—has always been famous for its breed of sportsmen, and from the days of Mr. Villebois and the H.H., and before them, its broad-acred squires have, in addition to being good landlords, been mighty hunters over that country which ‘Nimrod’ fifty years ago pronounced to be the most difficult to kill a good fox in he had ever seen. But difficulties make generals and sportsmen, and many a good fox has yielded up his brush since then to the descendants (for the blood surely has been preserved in the county) of Pontiff and Voucher, of Vestal and Vengeance. Whether the Vine existed as a separate country in Mr. Villebois’ time we know not, and probably Colonel Beach, the father of the gentleman whose counterfeit presentment is on the other page, was a member of the H.H., and wore the blue coat and the white kerseymeres. But his only son is now the Master of the Vine, and as such we introduce him to our readers.

William Wither Bramston Beach was born in 1826, and after Eton proceeded to Christ Church, where, in 1849, he was joint Master of Ch. Ch. Drag-hounds with the present Lord Cork. Mr. Beach had been early entered in his native country and hunted with the Vine from boyhood. That he took to it eagerly an anecdote will prove. He had been to a meet one day intrusted to the guardianship of the family coachman by his father. The late Lord George Bentinck happened to be out that day, and at a check he was accosted by the coachman, who knew him, with anxious inquiries as to whether he had seen anything of ‘Master William,’ as he had had strict injunctions from the Colonel to take every care of him. ‘Yes,’ said Lord George, ‘I have seen the young gentleman, and you may tell your master that I never saw anyone more ‘calculated to take care of himself than he is.’ That Mr. Beach hunted while at Oxford goes without saying, and he took part in the steeplechases that used to be held near Ailesbury, and was nearly killed there in 1852 from a bad fall while riding in one. He was a good sprint runner, about the best of his day, at the University; but

for racing or shooting he had little taste. In 1857 he entered the House of Commons as member for North Hants, and has sat for that constituency ever since. The same year, too, he married the daughter of Colonel Cleveland of Tapley Park, Devonshire, and between London duties and Hampshire country life he passed his time, until in 1868, on Sir Bruce Chichester giving up the Vine, of which he had been Master for two years, Mr. Beach took his place. Since then he has hunted the country to the entire satisfaction of everyone, and from his position, his fondness for the sport, and his popularity, he is eminently fitted for the post. He has a good huntsman in John West, and this season has been one of the best ever seen with the Vine.

Mr. Beach sits on the Conservative benches; though a rare speaker, he is one of the good business men of the House. Quiet and retiring in manner, he requires to be known to be appreciated, and there are few men who in their own immediate circle are more loved and respected than the Master of the Vine.

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### MARDEN DEER-PARK.

IN spite of bad times and bad seasons, tightness in the money market and scarcity of yearling purchasers, the ranks of British breeders continue to show a bold front and a cheerful countenance, each bent upon breeding a Maximilian, if not a Derby winner. No sooner does death, or want of patience, or desire of change, leave a gap to be filled up in the long line of more or less distinguished names, than some one is found to step forward and fill it up, and 'others succeed 'to the game,' in which so many have tried and failed, merely because they imagined that the production of great winners was easy as shelling peas, and that by a superficial study of the 'Stud Book,' a mere dip into random theories of breeding, and a perfunctory initiation into the mysteries of the veterinary art, they could purchase experience cheap at second hand, instead of having to hark back, and finally to pay for it dearly and through the nose. We forget how many years Mr. Cookson has bred for public sale, but he must have seen many brethren of the craft come and go in his time, and in the last decade how many big concerns can we not remember being 'sold up,' and others founded upon their ruins? Dewhurst Lodge and Sheffield Lane have been the latest dispersions of the kind, and though there has sprung up nothing in the north to take the place of the latter establishment, stud-farms have increased and multiplied in the south, where Sandgate has succeeded to Dewhurst, and now again we find fresh ground broken in Surrey, as if the home country boasted not sufficient equine resources in Cobham, and the minor dependencies which send up their annual contingents to the hammer. If the antlered monarch and his dainty consorts ever really disported themselves in the park at Marden in the Caterham valley, all we can say is that undulating tract of country has been dedicated to 'more

'useful purposes' by its conversion into a nursery of thoroughbreds—a playground for future kings and queens of the Turf.

Every bush seemed to hold a nightingale, every cloud a lark, and every bowery hollow a chorus of wood-notes wild, as we followed the windings of the road to the white house with its clustering dependencies of stabling and homestead in the mellow distance. The black Tragedy, a queen indeed, but sportive withal, and waking no 'dagger or bowl' recollections, trots whinnying up to the fence of the paddock, knee-deep in the juiciest of clovers, foal at side; while the massive Agnes de Mansfeldt grazes more sedately farther afield, showing the type and colour of the black-brown son of Sheet Anchor, and boasting the far-famed Agnes strain, so dear to northern hearts, and placed by its worshippers on a level with the Queen Mary's blood, or the 'slice of old Alice,' on which the Druid was wont so fondly to dilate. Patriarchal beeches, gracefully grouped here and there, break the monotony of rolling downland, while breezy ridges are crowned with coverts, sacred to fox and pheasant alike, having their undergrowth of bright green relieved here and there by solitary pines, dark sentinels of the hills, disdaining alike to smile in the summer sunlight or to flinch from wintry storms. On yonder uplands stray the mothers of the flock, each in her spring sheen of chestnut or bay, brown or black, grey or roan, while in the back-grounds a swarthy herd of black-polled Scots never rest from their labours, steadily munching away at the coarse fare rejected by dainty lips of mare and foal, and bent on eliminating all that is rank, or coarse, or sour, from enclosure hereafter to harbour the weanlings of a nobler race. There are 'good names' amongst the matrons so picturesquely gathered in the foreground, and reputations never to be blasted by scandalous tongues in the retirement of after-life: and a Grand National winner looks up for a caress in passing, unmindful of the wild March day six years ago, when a cry went up on Aintree plain that 'Teddy Brayley wins, and the blaze face of Casse Tete was first to catch the judge's eye.

Seeing that men's minds are continually set upon novelties, and that foreign successes on the English Turf have rather induced the hearts of our countrymen to dip into long-lost sources of blood, once exclusively our own, it was surely a happy thought on Mr. Hume Webster's part to rescue from comparative obscurity abroad Soapstone, one of the very last of the Touchstones, whose offspring have paid us flying, aye and winning visits, from time to time, and whose yearlings caused purchasers to harden their hearts and open their purse-strings at Cobham and Doncaster last year. There is but little of the famous old Eaton brown about the last of his progeny, save in the square, massive quarters which make Soapstone so 'good to follow,' while an 'exaggerated lengthiness,' so to speak, instantaneously sets us thinking from whence such characteristics are derived, and we search in vain for a trace of Melbourne in his pedigree-table to account for the unmistakable 'cut' of that celebrity in the horse before us. Breeders in search of 'conformation' to correct undue compactness and lack of liberty in their mares may here find an antidote for such

shortcomings; but let the consorts of Soapstone show depth of girth galore—a point in which the white-legged bay is palpably deficient. The Malcolm blood on his dam's side will be acceptable for its stoutness no less than for its rarity, especially when combined with that of Rowena, who owned for her dam Rebecca of immortal memory. That Soapstone should have filled his subscription, and that in a year when so many well-tried sires are still open, speaks more for his merits than any words of ours, and he has stamped an image of himself on his chestnut colt from Amalie von Edelreich, quite one of the yearling cracks, and likely enough to set the head of more than one good judge nodding, when he 'stands up to be knocked down' under the beechen shade in the prime of the leafy month.

See Saw stands next door to the *exul redur*, and his resemblance to Wild Oats about the head and neck has struck more observant eyes than our own; but in other respects no two horses could be more dissimilar, and it is easy enough to divine, as the Buccaneer brown 'comes over' sharp at the word, the secret of his liking for the heart-breaking inclines to be collared on Ascot's New Mile and the old Criterion Hill. Back and couplings are in unison with muscular quarters; and See Saw proved himself one of the best 'getters up stairs' ever foaled in spite of hocks not quite so clean and shapely as they might be. No money would purchase the 'hireling' from Lord Wilton, who, true to a good and trusty horse, gave See Saw his first lift in life with the pick of his brood mares, and got Footstep and others for his loyalty in standing by a well-tried servant. For a season or so he hung fire a trifle, but no sire has more worthily won his spurs, and he may look to further promotion early in stud life. Latterly the value of the Ion blood has asserted itself more markedly than ever; and seeing what The Rake and Wild Oats have achieved with comparatively meagre chances, we should not be slow to take the hint. Roaming on breezy ridge or in sheltered valley are many mares, in point both of blood and shape, admirably suited to 'nick' with the great miler of his day, and breeders have not been slow in according their patronage to a horse all of whose stock can race a bit, and have made their mark early in life. See Saw is unrepresented in the score of yearlings still to be interviewed, but 'the family' can boast of a right useful and highly connected member in the bonny bay daughter of Tragedy—an own sister to the Brocklesby winner, the star of the two-year-old *grande compagnie*. And we fancy that Mr. Tattersall will not have to dwell long over this charming lot when she comes sidling into the ring on our opening day of 1878.

There are but few 'duplicates' as regards sireship among the score of yearlings luxuriating in roomy boxes round the sheltered quadrangle; but there is surely something to please every taste, and fashion is well represented in both home and foreign produce. The dark dappled chestnut Wenlock filly from Blanchette, with her fine substance and quality will fill the eye more readily than the Leger hero's Primula colt, quite the most backward of the bunch, and hardly likely to ripen so early as most of his playmates. Then there is

one of the old-fashioned sort by Lecturer from a Skirmisher mare, with a dash of Melbourne in her composition, which stamps her granddaughter unmistakably; and Viola, another mare with a pedigree savouring strongly of Rufford, shows a sprightly filly by D'Estournel, with a strongly marked Stockwell head, but symmetrically turned, and likely to pick up her crumbs early in life. A very natty son of The Palmer and Lady Augusta (bred much like Forerunner) is unfortunately a trifle out of sorts, and fails to show at his best; but another Dewhurst bred one, by Adventurer out of Miss Grimston, is quite a gem in her way, and one of the thick-set, useful sort, good to follow, and shorter in the leg than many of her sire's stock. A black filly by John Davis out of Terre de Feu boasts a strain of the rare Nabob blood, which has strengthened French hands so remarkably, and a chestnut colt by the same sire from Aster is a marvel of strength, built square and strong as a castle, but with plenty of light free action, and a marvel for bone and muscle. The Prince Charlie colt is rapidly making up his lee way since the day when he figured in Lord Ailesbury's sale list; another selection from which we recognise in the elegant chestnut by Blair Athol, Aventurière's first produce, and eminently worthy the parentage of so distinguished a pair. There is something of Placida's style, both in shape and colour, about Lord Lyon's Cornelia filly, which has a strongly marked Beadsman forehead, and shows a deal of wiry Weatherbit character throughout, but she has only latterly begun to 'come on,' and for blooming condition is not a patch upon the comely but rather light produce of Cardinal York and Breakwater, one of the sweetest demoiselles about the place, only we could wish there was more of her. Nothing, however, in the string pleased so much as a roan Cremorne colt from the grey Eakring, with a head full of character, if not moulded in the line of beauty, and a hardy, honest look about him thoroughly in keeping with the stout blood he inherits through Skirmisher and Melbourne, while we have long ceased to trouble our heads about the 'h-b' stain now that Hesper and others have effectually wiped out any reproach attaching to these spots upon the thoroughbred scutcheon. Passing on to those of foreign extraction, we find a bay Buccaneer filly from Vestalin (by Lozenge out of Vespasian's dam), and note certain peculiarities inherited from both sides of the family which will not fail to strike a practised eye at once; and we may venture to predict a hot fight over this young lady, which may be renewed with double energy when John Griffith leads into the ring a charming Lanaret filly (out of Marinette by Stockwell), with the dash of silver hairs on her flank indicating her Venison descent. We linger fondly over this handsome scion of one of Newminster's handsomest sires; and next his rival, old Stockwell, challenges us with a *par nobile* of young Grimstons, cast in the massive mould of their sire (from whom Adonis sprang), and capital specimens of the thick-set, bony, muscular sort, with which the 'intelligent foreigner' so frequently astonishes our weak minds, and sets us longing to learn the secret of his success with our own weapons turned so skilfully against us.

Many sportsmen, so called, undoubtedly exist, who are fain to confess, nay, who even make their boast, that they recognise in the variously shaped and differently bred creatures which minister to their pleasures only so many counters for marking at the great game of Turf speculation—only so many automata running at the will of their owners, and playing their parts as he directs. We confess we do not envy the individuals who have no feeling for, nor interest in, the noble animals they own beyond their capabilities to carry certain weights over certain distances with certain results. The blatant bookmaker may carry on his calling without having occasion to know anything of the horses he is betting against beyond their names, and can afford to regard them as no higher in the scale of creation than the coloured marbles which the dusky vagabond releases from their box to make winning or losing tracks down the inclined plane studded with pin-wire obstacles. Happily most Englishmen are fond of a good horse for his own sake; hence the interest evinced by so many not immediately connected with the Turf in the rising talent destined to fill up vacancies in the roll call of our cracks, as one by one they exchange the post for the paddock, and become fixed stars of the Stud Book instead of comets of the Racing Calendar. Anyhow we shall have ministered, by this our description of ‘pastures new,’ to the mood of many, who, like ourselves, feel deeper interest in these nurseries of the thoroughbred than in the battle-fields in which they may be fated subsequently to engage. The scene is peaceful instead of warlike, and we may indulge a harmless fancy in picking out a Derby winner as the colts come sweeping past in response to the Bentinckian hat-rattle; or select a queen of her sex from the ‘rosebud garden of girls’ assembled in grave conclave under the greenwood tree.

AMPHION.

## MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.

### CHAPTER XII.

‘Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!  
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight!  
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,  
Wafting up his own mountains the far-beaming head;  
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale!  
Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful—hail!

\* \* \* \* \*

In the wide raging torrent that lends thee its roar—  
In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more—  
Thy trust, ‘mid the dangers that threaten thy reign:  
But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?  
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,  
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day.’—JOHN WILSON.

UNDER the immediate auspices of Russell himself, backed up as he was by the energetic support of Mr. Trelawny and Sir Walter Carew, the meetings at South Molton continued to flourish, season

after season, with unqualified success; the stout foxes, the undeniable hounds, and the rough heathery wastes, over which the chase from day to day swept like a hurricane, giving a wild character to the sport and establishing its popularity throughout the western counties. Consequently, from all quarters between the Quantock Hills and the Bodmin Moors, between the South Hams and Hartland Point, every man who possessed a horse and loved hunting found himself, sooner or later, partaking as a guest, if not as a member, of the attractive and varied *menu* provided by that club.

Of course, a considerable amount of rivalry was exhibited, ever and anon, among sundry of the partisans attached to the three hunts, not only as to the merits of the respective packs and the style in which their work was done, but with reference to the staying powers of the horses and feats of audacious horsemanship performed by their riders. One gentleman, for instance, a member of Russell's hunt, was so determined not to be beaten or outdone by any competitor, native or stranger, that he rode in the most reckless manner, charging without a scruple of fear the most impracticable fences, and shouting to his horse as he did so, '*L'un ou l'autre*'; meaning that his own neck, or that of his steed, must be risked at such a time. It was his watchword, like that of a Knight Templar entering the lists; and so fiercely did he use the portentous motto, when the fence was an ugly one, that long after his own name had been forgotten by the members of Mr. Trelawny's hunt, he was always spoken of and readily remembered as that daring rider '*L'un ou l'autre*.'

From the southern side of the county by none, perhaps, was this rivalry in riding carried to a higher pitch than, much against his wish, by Mr. Trelawny's servants. Limpetty, the huntsman, on a wonderful little animal called Jack Sheppard, was utterly uncontrollable on such occasions; go he would, if hounds were running hard, at a castle wall or over the mouth of a coal-pit; while poor Jack Cumming, the whip, who afterwards broke his neck with the Grafton Hounds, if not under the immediate eye of his master, was equally fearless and equally headstrong.

On one occasion, Russell had intimated to Mr. Trelawny that, if he met at Cuzzicombe Post and drew an acre of gorse hard by, he would probably find a flyer. Accordingly, meeting there, a trimming run after Trelawny's own heart—one of forty minutes—proved to be the happy result. The fox was in view, the hounds running into him, and Limpetty 'home to their sterns,' when a barrier interposed, which no man with a heart less intrepid than his own would have dared to encounter. It was a flood-hatch, broad, deep, and dangerous; and a thrilling sight it was to see him on Jack Sheppard flying over it, like a dragon on wings, looking back, as he did so, over his shoulder, and singing out to Jack Cumming, 'Where be 'they Knights to, now, I should like to know?' alluding to Mr. Frederick and Lewis Knight of Simonsbath; two well-known brilliant performers over any country; but, with the united blood



of Dongola and Pandarus between their knees, especially hard to catch over Exmoor.

Paradoxical though it may appear, never were the prospects of fox-hunting brighter in the north of Devon than when those happy and successful meetings at South Molton were at length brought to a close. For the flame that had first kindled them, and the fuel on which they had fed, had neither burned out, nor smouldered away; but, on the contrary, had spread with a vitality that laid hold of the heart of the country and continued to gain fresh vigour in every succeeding year.

After the expiration of that club it is not a little remarkable that, within a circuit of thirty miles, taking Russell's country as a centre, two or three packs, whose fame had hitherto been little known beyond the limits of the western counties, should have rapidly acquired a prominence which, in point of blood, looks, and efficiency, would have borne a comparison with the most renowned packs of the present age.

In the Chumleigh country, for example, the hounds of the present Earl of Portsmouth, soon after his accession to the title, speedily assumed a very different aspect from that of former days; insomuch that the pack has since been pronounced, by no mean judge, to be 'infinitely superior to anything that has ever been seen in the west of England; their hunting attributes being on a par with their other merits.'

Living within twenty miles of Eggesford, and hunting with that pack on every available occasion, Russell must have known the history and character of every individual hound in it almost as well as the huntsman himself; moreover, being on the most friendly terms with Lord Portsmouth, even from his earliest youth, who so competent, who so ready as Russell, if consulted by him, to aid the young Master with all the judgment and experience of his riper years?

That his lordship did so consult him in the first days of his hunting career is quite certain; although from his early association with a kennel, his hereditary love of hounds, and the power of close observation he has since shown with respect to the breeding and selection of puppies, Lord Portsmouth's judgment must very soon have developed into maturity and needed little help from any man, not even from Russell himself. And as to his knowledge of hunting, it is not very long since that, at a large breakfast-party given by Mr. Trelawny, Russell was asked by a gentleman present which of the two he considered the better sportsman, the Duke of Beaufort or Lord Portsmouth? His reply was, 'They are the two best in England—you cannot give a wrinkle to either; and if I place the Duke of Beaufort first, it is only in deference to his rank.'

Again, in West Devon the Honourable Mark Rolle, on the retirement of Mr. John Moore Stevens in 1858, took possession of the Torrington country; and, with the help of some valuable hounds

from the Cleveland and Rufford kennels, established by degrees the noble pack which has since attained so much celebrity.

Then, about the same time, there arose a third pack, which, started by Lord Poltimore, with Russell as his chief counsellor, acquired so wide-spread a fame during the short time they hunted the country that, when they were sold, the price they fetched astonished even 'Tom Pain' himself. His lordship, in reference to the subject of this memoir, thus speaks of him: 'When I first began keeping hounds in 1857 he taught me much, and was of the greatest possible assistance to me; but, on removing into Dorsetshire and taking my hounds with me, I then saw less of him, except when he came on his annual visits, than in former days. His intuitive knowledge of the run of a fox, even in a country strange to Russell, was marvellous. I remember well that, on one occasion in Dorset, after a fast and straight run from Thresher's Gorse in the Buckland Vale, over the Monument country, the fox was headed and the hounds brought to a slight check. At that moment a fresh fox was halloed ahead; while some of the field who viewed him did their best to get the hounds on to his line. Russell never moved; and some one remarking that he was taking matters very coolly (being so well placed in so good a run up to that point), he quietly answered, "The hunted fox is behind; that is a fresh fox." My huntsman was of the same opinion; and while he was making his cast, I viewed the hunted fox, which had laid down; we got on him again, and in a sharp burst of ten minutes more, rolled him over in the open. Many of the field—a large one—had galloped off to the halloa of the fresh fox, and being on those downs where hounds can race, were thrown out, nor did they make their appearance till many minutes after the fox was killed. One man on coming up remarked to my huntsman, "Where have you been? why didn't you come to my halloa?" "Eating my fox," was the answer. Russell, who was close by, adding to the man, "I told you, sir, it was a fresh fox you halloed; the hunted fox was headed, and had laid down behind us." Many similar anecdotes of Russell I could relate, but fear they would be of little use to you.'

That the extra impetus thus given to fox-hunting in the north of Devon may be attributed in no small degree to Russell's example, energy, and never-failing advocacy in its favour, no one conversant with its past and present history can for a moment doubt. Among all classes now, from the peer to the peasant in that country, the one feeling is to respect a fox; whereas, in the early days of Russell's career, as already shown, the very church-bells were used not only to announce public worship, or the passing away of a Christian's soul, but the death-knell of a fox.

It is on record, that Mr. Mervyn Marshall, while attending divine service at Welcome Church, near Clovelly, a fall of snow having occurred during the night, was not a little startled by a man putting his head twice inside the church door, and shouting aloud each time,

'I've a got un;' on which almost every man of the congregation, knowing a fox had been traced to ground, seized his hat and quitted the church.

No such barbarisms exist in the north of Devon at present; bells do no more than the legitimate work for which their pious donors intended them—no more than the most devoted campanologist could wish; and as for foxes, they have fair play shown them, and if they can only beat hounds, they live in no danger of worse enemies.

Fox-hunting, therefore, being now established on a sound and satisfactory footing throughout the north of Devon, Russell, in 1871, parted with his last pack, as the reader is already aware, to that distinguished sportsman, Mr. H. Villebois of Marham Hall, Norfolk; and thenceforth, '*multa gemens*,' he ceased to be a Master of Hounds. It was a wrench, however, which told upon him painfully at the time, and it could hardly have been otherwise; he had kept hounds, lived with them, and hunted them himself for half a century; and the '*veteris vestigia flammæ*' would not be blotted out, like a boy's love; nor cease, for many a day afterwards, to assert its long and strong hold on Russell's heart.

Still, there were not a few among his old friends who refused to believe that life, apart from the company of his hounds, could be longer enjoyed by him; and who consequently urged him, though in the seventy-sixth year of his age, to take to them again. But this time, much as he missed them under the old tree at Tordown, he remained firm:

'Mens immota manet; lacrymæ voluntur inane.'

As a scientific master of woodcraft, his great points may be thus summarised. A thorough knowledge of the wild animal and its habits; his mode of drawing covers and finding his fox, working him in big woodlands incessantly, so that he was a beaten fox before he went away; letting his hounds alone at a check, and when they failed, making a grand cast on the line far ahead, his intuition as to the run of a fox guiding him aright in almost every case. His command over hounds—two or three of which he always had near him—so that with a tricky fox in a deep woodland, the moment he caught a view he could clap them on instantly. By this method he often drove a fox away from his old haunts and country, and so forced a run on a strange line—a grand point in favour of hounds. Then, his feeding—he knew the constitution of every hound in his kennel.

So far, then, as to Russell's life with his own hounds; but, there is another and a no less remarkable phase of it—his long devotion to the '*Ancient Sport of Kings*'—a phase which, before we part with him, claims to be seen and described, however imperfectly, through the medium of this memoir.

With the exception of that memorable day, the 30th of September, 1814, when with Lord Fortescue's hounds Russell saw his first red deer found at Padwells; and then, after a thrilling chase, helped to

collar the noble beast in the depths of the roaring Barle, no allusion has been as yet made to his love of stag-hunting, a sport he has followed from that day to this with an ardour worthy of a boy—always fresh but never sated, and with an untiring consistency positively unparalleled. Mr. Charles Palk Collyns of Dulverton, long looked upon as the Nestor of the moor, hunted, he tells us, 'with the stag-hounds for forty-six years;' while the experience of Mr. Boyse of Withypoole, his predecessor as a chronicler of that sport, does not appear to have extended beyond forty years, that is, from 1776 to 1816, when Mr. Collyns took up the running and 'regularly noted the chases' down to 1860.

Russell, then, dating his entry from 1814, with constant attention, season after season, from that day to this (1878), a period of sixty-four years, can claim a far longer experience with that noble and unique sport than either of those gentlemen; nay, like the cypress among the wayfaring shrubs, he towers above them all and stands alone—

*'Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.'*

Accordingly, down to the present time, Russell, it appears, has followed the chase of the wild red-deer under no less than a dozen different dynasties; the following being a recorded list of the Masters and the dates of their succession during that period:—

In 1812 the late Lord Fortescue became Master of the Stag-hounds for the second time; but resigned them again in 1818, during which period of six years, as before stated, they killed ninety deer—forty-two stags and forty-eight hinds.

Mr. Stucley Lucas of Baron's Down next took the command; his tenure of office being also brought to a close at the end of six years, when, in 1825, to Russell's great regret, the old-fashioned stag-hounds—a grand pack, that stood nearly twenty-seven inches high, and for more than a century had been bred expressly for that sport—were sold at Tattersall's, and for ever lost to the country.

With all Russell's love for the dash of a fox-hound, he regarded those magnificent hounds with the most unbounded admiration, declaring them to have been, as they certainly were, peculiarly adapted for the chase of the wild red deer; so perfect were they in water, so driving on scent, and so sonorous in tongue—the latter, indeed, reminding him of a tenor-bell,

*'Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar.'*

Mr. Collyns, too, was in despair at their loss, and speaks of it with almost tearful regret: 'A nobler pack of hounds,' he says, 'no man ever saw—alas, that they should now be consigned to the kennel of a German baron—for courage, strength, speed, and tongue they were unrivalled. Like the game they pursued, they never appeared to be putting forth all their powers of speed, and yet few horses could live with them on the open. Their rarest

‘quality, perhaps, was their sagacity in hunting in the water—every pebble, every overhanging bush or twig which the deer might have touched, was quested as they passed up or down the stream, and the crash with which the scent, if detected, was acknowledged and announced, made the whole country echo again.

‘Nor must I forget to notice the staunchness with which they pursued their game, even when the scent had been stained by the deer passing through a herd of his own species, or through fallow-deer in a park. Wonderful, indeed, was the unerring instinct they displayed in carrying on the scent, disregarding the lines, which, spreading right and left around the track of the hunted deer, would, it might well be supposed, have been fatal to their power of keeping on the foot of their quarry.’

Again, ‘The importance of the two qualifications of stag-hounds above mentioned, viz., sagacity in hunting in the water, and staunchness in pursuing a hunted deer through the herd and upon stained ground, is well known to every man accustomed to the sport. They are important, nay, indispensable, in consequence of the habits of the deer; for a stag is seldom, I might almost say never, roused without “taking soil” in the course of the run; and he rarely neglects the opportunity of seeking for safety by joining the herd, if he has the good fortune to be able to do so.’

After two years of mourning the spirit of the country again revived; when, in 1827, the late Sir Arthur Chichester of Youldstone brought a pack of fox-hounds into the field, and once more restored the ancient sport, no less to Russell’s delight than to that of the whole country.

On Sir Arthur’s resignation in 1833, the ‘sport of kings’ again fell into abeyance, and but for the exertion of Mr. Collyns would probably then have disappeared for ever. He, however, established a committee, of which Russell, who lived fifty miles from Dulverton, was not a member, although doing all in his power to promote the object it had in view; and under its management the country was hunted from 1837 to 1842.

The Hon. Newton Fellowes then came forward and gave most efficient aid ‘in the hour of need;’ the hounds being under his able management till 1847, when the present Sir Arthur Chichester became the Master for one season only.

In 1849 Mr. Theobald, and after him Mr. George Luxton of Winkleigh took the helm for a season each; when Captain West succeeded to that honourable post, and was followed by Mr. Tom Carew of Collipriest, with John Beale for his huntsman; he, however, resigned the command in 1853, to the general regret of all classes. Captain West then came forward a second time, but only to stop a gap, which, happily, was destined soon to be long and most efficiently filled by Mr. Fenwick Bisset, who, taking the command in 1855, has held it to the entire satisfaction of the whole country from that year to the present time.

Russell cannot speak too highly in praise either of his management

or of the sport he has shown; the latter he considers equal to anything he can remember in the palmy days of old, when 'the halls of Castle-Hill rang merrily with the wassail of the hunters;' and as to the former, he declares that no man ever handled the farmers with more consummate tact, nor did more to establish the noble sport on a sure and permanent footing than Mr. Fenwick Bisset.

Mr. Collyns, to whose able and graphic work on 'The Chase of the Wild Red Deer' the writer is beholden for so much information on that subject, thus alludes to Mr. Bisset: 'The sport has now the countenance and support of the landlords and the enthusiastic good wishes of the farmers. Mr. Bisset knows how to take the command of a pack and of a country; and hunting as he does on the most approved principles; observing the rules from which in days of yore no sportsman ever deviated; having his deer carefully harboured; drawing with tustlers and not with the pack, and so avoiding the danger of destroying deer out of season or unwarrantable, I have no doubt he will find the owners of coverts continue to rally round him as they have done; and that, if it should be our good fortune to keep him amongst us, he will again re-establish the sport and place it on such a footing as to make it vie with that which our forefathers witnessed, and the history of which they recounted and handed down to their sons and sons' sons with pride. Woe betide the stag which the present pack pursue! Well may he tremble when he hears the twang of John Babbage's horn, and catches the sound of his able coadjutor's, Arthur Heal's, shrill "hark together," as he cheers the eager hounds on their quarry. Not all his wiles, his fleetness, or his cunning can save him from his well-trained foes.'

It is to Russell, no doubt, and probably to Mr. Jekyll, the rector of Hawkridge, that Mr. Collyns alludes, when, observing that the recreation of the chase is deemed incompatible with the duties of clerical life, he thus adds: 'For myself I will say that, without wishing to see the dignitaries of the Church again maintaining their kennels of hounds, I should feel regret if I were to miss from the field the familiar faces of some of those members of the clergy who now join in the sport of our country, and whose presence is always welcomed at the covert side.'

Without records of any kind to refer to, beyond those dependent on memory and oral tradition alone, the attempt to give anything like a detailed account of Russell's sport and doings with the stag-hounds would be at once a difficult and most thankless task. Local descriptions, however wild and grand the scenery may be, do not suit the general reader, and are too often followed with difficulty, even by those to whom the landmarks of the country are well known.

The 'sport of kings,' however, has formed so considerable a portion of Russell's hunting life that, to make no reference to it in this memoir would be an omission which not only modern Actæons, but many a fair follower of the buskined queen, would look upon as unpardonable. For has not he, from time beyond their ken, been

one of the prominent features, and to many the guiding star, of that gay and brilliant meeting which, year after year, inaugurates the opening-day on Cloutsham Ball? Nay, with his knowledge of the forest, extending as it does to every bridle-path and sheep-track; to every ford, clam, and safe crossing-place during the stormiest state of the moorland floods; to the readiest inlets and outlets of every woodland combe from the Quantock hills to Mole's Chamber, has he not scores of times picked up the waifs and strays of the hunting-field; and then, as 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' led them in their sorest need into safer and happier grounds?

Yes! countless are the heroes and fair women, too, who have been thrown out in that wild chase, and who, but for his pilotage, knowledge of the moor, and, above all, the experience he has had in the running and wiles of the hunted deer, would never have seen a hound again. It is not very long since that a gentleman, better versed in the intricate ways of the law than in those of Exmoor, came down for a month's hunting to Porlock. The first meet was at Brendon Barton; and the harbourer having reported a 'warrantable deer' in Parsonage Wood, the tufters were trotted off to that point, and no sooner laid on than up jumped the grand beast, breaking away in view by Fairleigh and putting his head straight for the distant Chains of Exmoor.

The rouse was magnificent; and the hounds being clapped on at once, away they went at best pace for the wild waste on Exehead; crossing the brook above Cornham, they raced thence up to Acland's Allotment and Fivebarrows, through the deep ground of which none but the stoutest horses and most experienced men could now hold their own and live with the hounds. Among these, however, was our friend the barrister, well mounted and well forward on a thoroughbred grey, but riding a little wide of the pack and following a well-known member of the hunt, on whom he had been told to keep his eye. Never was a field in greater discomfiture; some scattered for miles over the dusky moor, some floundering in the bogs like flies in treacle; others brought to a dead standstill, as the chase swept on to Yard-down, Bray, Challacombe, Showlesborough Castle, and thence to Woodbarrow; where the gallant grey and his rider, having left their pilot miles behind, came to grief, and bid fair, in the absence of all human aid, to pass the night amid the swamps and jack-o'-lanterns of that solitary waste.

The man had, of course, quitted his saddle; and, with bridle in hand, was doing his utmost to help the horse forward, as he now struggled hock-deep through the spongy soil. With a few more plunges in the same direction the brave beast must have come to his girths in another half minute; when a ringing shout, such as no one but Russell could have given, reached the rider's ears: 'Back, for your life, man; back, I tell you!'

Instantly obeying the mandate, he managed with a mighty effort to get the grey's head fairly round; then, with a few frantic plunges, the gallant animal stood once more on sound ground.

'Now then,' said Russell, who had lingered near him to see if he needed further help, 'the deer's going to Woolhanger; and if you stick to me, we shall probably catch them again.'

He *did* stick to him, like his shadow, and caught the pack in the covers below; when the deer, hard pressed, broke away and took to sea: but being blanched by a boat, soon landed again, and after a short chevy was finally run into amid the surf and shingle of that loud-sounding shore.

The habits of a deer by night and at early dawn were perhaps never better understood by any man than by Jem Blackmore, harbourer to the stag-hounds for so many years; but it may well be doubted if by day even he knew half so much as Russell does of the shifts and running of a deer when once roused and away. The former, indeed, had details to study, the perfect knowledge of which could only be acquired by long experience and the keenest and nicest observation. With the perceptive faculty of a prairie-hunter, he had to note carefully every trace, slot, or sign of the wary game, whose haunts and ambush it was his object to discover. How difficult the lesson, but how well it may be learned, may be gathered from the picture of a harbourer so artistically painted by Mr. Whyte-Melville in 'Katerfelto.' 'The ground,' he writes, 'must indeed be hard, and the "slot," or print of the animal's feet, many hours old to baffle Red Rube, who, stooping to the line like a bloodhound, reads off, as from a book, the size, sex, weight, and age of the passing deer, the pace at which it was travelling, its distance ahead, and the probability of its affording a run.'

Russell's pursuit, however, of the noble animal commences only with the uncoupling of the tufters—the point at which the other has brought his labours to a close. But from that moment, although simply a looker-on like the rest of the field, yet owing to his intimate knowledge of the dodges which, before breaking cover, an old deer will adopt to save his haunches, many a needless sacrifice has been averted and many a glorious run obtained. An old stag, for instance, rarely if ever goes to lair, without having a brocket, or young stag, within reach of him, which, when he is pressed by hounds, he turns out and instantly lies down in his bed—a sight once witnessed by Russell himself. The substitute then, till the trick is discovered, is compelled to do penance for his noble friend, the monarch of the glen. Thus the changes, which are constantly occurring before the right animal can be driven to face the open and exhibit his beam and branches to the gaze of a crowd, are so frequent and so puzzling that, in the absence of a view, it often requires judgment of the most acute order to discriminate whether the tufters are flinging their tongues so merrily on the right or the wrong game; on a hind, a brocket, or a warrantable deer.

Not once, nor twice, but a hundred times and more has Russell done good service in that way. To him again, beyond all doubt, does Mr. Collyns allude when he describes the tufters at work, and the 'hark back,' to which so frequently they are compelled to submit:



"Shiner," he says, is close upon them (two hinds and a calf), and the rest of the tufters following him. A little rating and a few cracks of the whip, and their heads are up: they know that they are not on the "real animal"; and as soon as Sam's horn summons them, back they go, and resume their labour. Again they open, and again we are on the alert. The cry increases—they run merrily, and we are high in hope. "Ware fox!" says a M.F.H., the best sportsman in the west, as he views Charley slinking along towards the gap on the hedgerow. Then, with his stentorian voice, he calls out to Sam, "Your hounds are on a fox, Sam." Sam does not hear, but rides up within a hundred yards of us. "What, sir?" "Your hounds are on a fox, Sam," repeats the M.F.H. "Think not, sir," says Sam. "My hounds won't hunt fox!" "I tell you they are on a fox, Sam; call them off," says the foxhunter. Sam looks vicious, but he obeys, saying, in a voice which could be heard by the Master of fox-hounds, but certainly not by the tufters, "Get away, hounds, get away; ain't you ashamed of hunting of a stinking little warmint, not half the size of yourselves? Get away!" Sam still maintains his creed that his tufters were not on the fox, and two minutes afterwards a yell announced that a different sort of animal was afoot. Another tally; Tom Webber's voice; a guarantee that it is the right thing, for the good yeoman is the best and truest stag-hunter that ever cheered a hound. Every one is on the alert; we ride forward, and presently, in the distance, view, not a stag, alas! but a hind breaking towards the moor. "How is this, Tom? You were wrong for once." "No, sir; not I. I'll swear it was a stag, and a good one, but you see he has pushed up the hind and gone down, and we must have him up again." So the tufters are stopped again, and sent back on heel; and by-and-by that unmistakable "yell" which announces a view is heard, and this time the antlered monarch reveals himself to the whole of the assembled multitude.'

Then again, on the water, which almost invariably is the last refuge of a deer in distress, the countless wiles he will adopt to elude his pursuers have been so often witnessed by Russell, that it is no figure of speech to say he is familiar with them all. Sixty years of experience, the keenest observation, and a thorough acquaintance with the habits of the animal, at least in chase, have given him a power which, when appealed to, has generally proved more than a match for the craftiest stratagem practised by a deer.

Quaintly, but most accurately, has the Author of the 'Art of Venerie' described how critical is that point of the chase when the deer, no longer trusting to his speed, resorts to this his last chance of escape—the refuge of a river. "Understande then that if a harte be sore runne, and come to a ryver of water, he will commonly take it, and swymme in the verie midst thereof, for he will take as good heede as he can to touch no boughs or twygges that grow upon the sides of the river, for feare lest the hounds should thereby

'take sent of him. And he will swymme along the ryver long time before he come out, unless he light upon some blocke or other such thing which stop him in the streame, and then he is forced to come out.'

And again: 'The huntsmen themselves should kepe alwayes neare to the ryver, for sometimes the hart will lye under the water all but his very nose, as I have before rehearsed; or may percase lye in some bed of bulrushes, or in some tuft of sallowes, so that they might leave him behinde them; and then assone as they were past, he might goe counter backe againe the same way that he came. For commonly a harte hath that craftie pollicie to suffer the boundes to overshoot him, and the huntsmen to passe by him. And assone as they be past, he will steale back and go counter right-wardes in ye same track or path yt he came.'

All this knowledge, and far more, too, than any precepts could teach him, has the book of nature bestowed on Russell with a lavish hand. In early days, when he kept his otter-hounds at South Molton, and earned the gratitude of all fly-fishermen in that country by ridding the rivers of five-and-thirty otters in a couple of seasons, he must have learned many a useful lesson in studying the watery ways of those mysterious animals. The subtlety of their habits, when closely pressed by hounds, must have shown him how marvellous is the power of instinct to elude pursuit, if life be at stake, and water at hand—that almost natural element to which, for refuge, they are wont to fly.

It was a rare apprenticeship for him, that time with the otter-hounds; every kill developing fresh dodges, and qualifying him in after years to solve those most puzzling of all problems in the Art of Venerie—the wiles of a deer when he comes to 'soil.' It is a fact known to all followers of that noble sport, that, short of diving, a deer will take as much advantage of water as an otter does; wading and swimming for a mile or two, sinking himself to his nostrils, with the topmost tine of his antlers effectually submerged, and often quitting the stream at one point to return to it at another. 'It not unfrequently happens,' says Mr. Collins, 'that the cunning animal has merely "soiled" when he entered the stream and then backed it on his foil, and laid fast in the covert.'

Mr. Whyte-Melville, too, in 'Katerfelto,' describes the famous harbourer, Red Rube, as being utterly perplexed by what a deer may do when forced to its last move at the end of a chase: 'Who shall say that all this calculation, this strategy, this reflection, is so far below reason as to be called instinct? Even Red Rube, many a mile behind on his pony, taxing his resources of intellect and cunning, backed by the observation of fifty years, that he may arrive somehow at the finish in time to hear the "bay," confesses he is but a fool when his wits are pitted against those of a deer driven to its last shifts.'

But, however marvellous may be the shifts of a deer to save its own life, the animal is equally adroit in saving that of its young.

‘I have heard Russell relate,’ writes an old friend, ‘that on one occasion he witnessed a curious manœuvre on the part of a hind, which, with true maternal care, successfully managed to conceal and protect her calf, when pursued by hounds. But let him tell his own tale. “We had been driving,” said he, “for some time in cover what all supposed to be a barren hind; when, just in front of me, at the head of the combe, out came a hind and her little calf breaking away together over the open moor. After travelling for some distance side by side, I observed their pace slacken, as the young one appeared to be flagging and unable to hold on with her dam. The hounds were now gaining rapidly on them, when I said to Stucley Lucas, ‘They’ll kill that poor calf to a certainty.’ ‘No, they won’t,’ he replied, ‘she’ll kick it down.’ In another instant, on passing over some furzy ground, I distinctly saw the hind give the calf a sharp kick with her heel; and down went the little one as if she were shot with a gun. It was the signal for her to keep close—a signal no sooner given than at once instinctively obeyed. There she lay, crouched up like a hare in her form; while the hounds, pressing on and keeping the hind in view, swept over the spot without indicating the slightest suspicion of the trick they had been so artfully played. We ran that hind over the moor for twenty miles, by North Molton to Nadrid Ford, where Tout, the huntsman, and myself being the only two men up, he turned and said, ‘Mr. Russell, what had we better do; we are close to ‘Brembridge Wood; hadn’t we better stop them?’ ‘Certainly,’ I replied, ‘stop them at once; for if you get them in there, every hound will have his deer, and you’ll never get them out again. Go back on the same line and you’ll pick up the stragglers.’

“This happened on a Tuesday, very early in the season, and before the regular hunting had commenced. Two days afterwards, on my way to Porlock, I was hailed by a turf-cutter, who said, ‘The hind you hunted on Tuesday last has only just gone back; not an hour ago.’ ‘How do you know it is the same hind?’ I inquired, doubtingly. ‘Because, sir,’ she was a light-coloured one, and had a very big udder.’ The next day (Friday) the hounds were no sooner thrown into cover than, to our utter surprise, out came the same hind and calf again. The latter quickly disappeared, but the former took precisely the same line over the moor which she had taken on the previous Tuesday, gave us a glorious run, and at length fairly beat us by gaining Brembridge Wood and joining the herd; and I doubt not,” Russell added, “that in a day or two afterwards the loving pair were together again.”

## GOSSIP FROM GRASS LANDS.

*(Concluded.)*

HAVING alluded to the districts round Melton and Harborough, we must now conclude the circle, by turning to the Rugby side, to which the North Warwickshire can perhaps lay the principal claim, as, unless we are mistaken, the neat little town, which is so much indebted to Lawrence Sherriff, and which exercises a warm feeling of remembrance in the love of all old Rugbeians, stands within the boundaries of that hunt, while the Atherstone come almost into its outskirts. We may begin by saying that a fresh attraction will in future be held out to those who resort to Rugby by the restoration of what is known as Cooke's covert, well situated on the edge of the fine grass vale between Bilton Grange and Barby, a covert that in years gone by was scarcely ever known to be drawn blank, but which has of late years been allowed to fall into decay. However, there was a chance of once more obtaining it for the hunt, and those who hunt from Rugby and its neighbourhood instantly came forward with liberal subscriptions to obtain the end desired, so that we may now look on its resuscitation as well-nigh an accomplished fact. Turning to the town of Rugby, we must pause for a moment to lament the death of Mr. Atty, which, however, those who had seen him the season before, were not unprepared for, as his health had been visibly giving way. No man could be more regretted, either in the hunting-field or elsewhere. Having resided at Penley Hall and held the Mastership of the Carden country in Cheshire, which was given up to Sir Watkin Wynn in 1848, it may be inferred that he knew all about hunting, and many a time have we heard him giving those who did not know a quiet hint (not by shouting 'hold hard' at the top of his voice, as would-be important persons are wont to do) to let a fox get well away, or give hounds a little room when they were working on a cold line. It is a great pity his hints were not more attended to by those who only come out to ride against each other, for sport would certainly often have been better. Colonel Fitzroy still comes out, and likes as well as ever to see a piece of real hunting, though perhaps he cuts the days a little shorter; still there is the same kind smile and cheery word or joke for all he knows. The Misses Fitzroy have been much less regular than heretofore. Mr. Bolden gets himself into condition with wild stag-hunting in Devonshire in the autumn, and then comes back to the grass, and rides, as people say, 'like a boy' still. Mr. Augustus De Trafford had a bad accident early in the season, which kept him some time out of the saddle. Captain Sapte was generally to be seen at the covert side; but Mr. Pennington has not been so often out as heretofore. Mr. Anthony Benn still comes out, Mr. Arthur Mather has moved from Hillmorton to Rugby, and Mr. W. N. Heysham has been at his old quarters from October to April, and with him Mr. James Sheil, who always goes as if he had a

reserve neck in his pocket in case of accident. Captain W. D. Hunter of Burnside, in Forfarshire, has passed the season there, and came out on some very neat horses—a snaffle-bridle chestnut in particular. Captain Frank Osborne and his brother, Mr. Hamilton Osborne, with Mr. Spilling and Mr. Walmisley, also made the George their headquarters. Colonel Rattray arrived late from Scotland, according to his usual custom. Mr. Shoolbred has been pretty regularly, but hunted a good deal with the Colline Dale Staghounds, at the beginning of the season, and his companion, Mr. Cameron, has often held his own well on his wonderful pony Tommy Dodd, that one would imagine might be lost for ever in a Dunchurch ditch. Mr. John Darby at times sees a good deal of the fun in his carriage, and his son, Mr. Sam Darby, generally is to be seen out; and from Holbrook Grange, Colonel and Miss Caldecott, the former of whom had a bad fall. Nor must we forget Mr. Wedge of Stretton on Dunsmoor, who, cheery as ever, is always in front when hounds run hard, and, moreover, knows when to stop and turn so as to give them room.

During the season 1877-8 no pack in the Midlands has shown better sport than the North Warwickshire; foxes throughout the country have proved themselves both plentiful and wild—thus from the commencement to the close of this wonderfully good scenting season, runs have been rather the rule than the exception. Amongst the most regular attendants with these hounds, besides the worthy Master and his brother, Mr. John Lant, we find Lords Leigh and Mountgarret, the former having found an able successor to his old favourite in the rat-tail brown, on which we have so often seen him this season. The Hon. Chandos Leigh came out occasionally, and went as well as ever. Mr. John Arkwright, of Hatton House, whose absence from the field during the latter part of the season has been a matter of sincere regret to one and all—an unusually bad sprain, the result of a fall, having compelled him temporarily to relinquish the saddle—a feat which many an ambitious sportsman has succeeded in accomplishing when essaying to follow his pilotage. Mr. John Greaves of Bericote House, looking and going as well as ever, also his son and the Misses Greaves. Whilst from Leamington and its outskirts we hailed the popular secretary Colonel Machen, Mr. and Miss Harter of the Cedars, Major Edlmann, Mr. Rennie, who was laid up the latter part of the season by an accident, Mrs. Garnet (who goes exceptionally well) and her sister Miss Singleton, Miss Barker of Chorlton House, Mr. Lane, Generals Bloomfield, Jones, and Cureton, the Messrs. Hobson, Mr. Webb, Mr. Hayhurst, Colonel and Mrs. Greenway (of Warwick), Messrs. Crane, Perry, Raymond, Wayte, Ford, Rose, Mann, Boddington, Colonel Blackburne, Major Bond, Captain Holyoake, and Captain Jennings. From Offchurch-Bury, we reckon on Mr. Murray; from Wolston, Messrs. C. W. Wilcox and Robert Lancaster. From Dunchurch Hall, Captain and Mrs. Pritchard Rayner (though we are sorry to say illness kept Mrs. Pritchard

Rayner out of the saddle for a good part of the season), and occasionally Mr. Harrison; from Whitley Abbey, Mr. Edward Petre, whilst the soldiers were well represented from Budbrook by Colonel Dunn and Captain Mansergh, than the latter of whom few men take more catching. Kenilworth yields us Mr. Robbins, Mr. Smith, a regular and good man, Mr. George Turner, Mr. Jepson, and Captain Bath, who can hold his own anywhere; and the honour of the R.A. at Coventry is well maintained by such workmen as Messrs. Maclaine, Ind, and Healy. From the Birmingham side of the country we welcomed Captain and Mrs. Boulton from Springfield, Messrs. James Darlington of Meriden Hall, George Beard of Hillfield Hall, George Graham of Yardley, &c., while from the town itself came Messrs. Jones, Charles Millward, the well-known Joe Sankey, and many others.

Our staunchest supporters amongst the farmers are Messrs. Bodington of Cubbington, T. W. Bulling of Toft Hill, Henry Holmes and Dick Cooke of Thurlaston, Simpson of Stoneleigh Grange, Grimes of Bubbenhall, Jannaway, Swinnerton of Stivehall, three Kings from Rowington, Tibbits of Balsall, Riley of Great Packington, Henry Major of Hillmorton, Manning of Onley Grounds, near Dunchurch, John Hicken of Dunchurch, Hough of Earls-don, Dunn of Tile Hill (though we have too seldom seen him out with us latterly), Gibbs of Ansty, Wollaston of Meriden, Kench of Warwick, the veteran Harry Bromfield, who hunted with Mr. Osbaldeston, and Joe Laurance of Cawston, Richard Bassett of Whitley, Hands of Baginton, and W. H. Townsend of King's Newnham, who goes as well as anybody in the country, and if you are either nervous or badly mounted, do not of the above select Mr. Joseph Jannaway as your pilot or you will err.

We must now briefly scan the sources of our pleasure, if we may so term the coverts—and of all we unhesitatingly place Hillmorton Covert first—for indeed as a fox-covert we consider it almost unequalled. This season its few acres have never been found tenantless, and on two consecutive occasions it disgorged no less than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  brace of foxes, and the foxes it yields us are always of the right sort. Bilton Grange has not been found wanting this season, yet the material it has supplied us with has not been of the best, and we have to credit it with no run of moment, save on the last day it was drawn. It is sad also to record that the once famous Bunker's Hill has somewhat lost its former reputation, though we are glad to hear of some cubs being there now. Cawston has done well for us, and Lines Spinney has not lost its good name. At Lesters's Piece we have found foxes, but although under the good protection of Mr. Cooke, it has not lately been so certain a find as we could wish.

Of the rising generation of coverts, if one may so speak, Wilcox's Gorse bears the palm; it has become an excellent covert, and is well situated, lying as it does between Fulham the foxless and the never-failing Frankton. In the rough field on which Cooke's covert is

destined to be revived, we once found this year, and when it has been replanted it will be a great boon to the Hunt, and save them in time a great deal of the road work, which is too often, but at present unavoidably, a part of our Thursday's programme.

We must now turn our backs on the more open side of the country and glance at other coverts no less worthy of honourable mention if less happily situated. None either bears or deserves a higher reputation than Chantry Heath; and Lord Leigh is justly proud of his prolific little gorse.

Bordells is another small covert much favoured by the vulpine race, and Newlands, so well looked after by Mr. John Arkwright, never fails us.

The larger woods have generally done their duty, perhaps none more so than Thickthorn, which rarely is found wanting, and no covert is more often called upon.

The Tile Hill coverts have not afforded us so many runs this season as in former ones, but foxes are plentiful in their proximity, Park Wood being notably popular with them and a most reliable covert. Let us now shortly note down a few of the numerous good gallops we have enjoyed, and though we may omit many we will record none unworthy of remembrance.

Thursday, Nov. 22nd, Hillmorton.—A good gallop from the gorse in the morning—the first twenty minutes up to Kilsby being very good—our fox retraced his steps *viâ* Ashby St. Ledgers towards Hillmorton, before reaching which he ran us out of scent. Lines Spinney, where there were at least three foxes, provided us with one who also gave us a good gallop, nearly to Church Lawford, and on to the right as far as Cawston, where he also escaped us.

Nov. 27th, Princethorpe.—A good hunting run from Frankton Wood to Wainbody (where we changed foxes) *viâ* Bull and Butcher, Wappenbury Woods, and Chantry Heath.

Dec. 6th, Dunchurch.—Had a good, though anything but straight, run of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hour from Leicester's Piece, commencing with a ring towards Bunker's Hill, Kites Hardwick, &c., and, on returning to within a few fields of his old haunts, ran past them, and on between Dunchurch Station and Lines Spinney to Church Lawford, where scent failed us.

Dec. 18th, Stoneleigh Abbey.—A clipping run from Whitefield Coppice, our fox taking us *viâ* Tosil Wood and Gibbet Hill to Kenilworth Common, thence through Crackley, whence he ran a ring through Bordells, and bore away nearly up to Kenilworth, and through Glasshouse across Stoneleigh Home Park to the Grove, thence back through Thickthorn to Wainbody, &c., the hounds eventually killing him handsomely in the open near Styvechale, after a very severe and excellent hunting run.

Jan. 1st, Hatton House.—A capital gallop from Newlands through Hazely Coppice and Haywood, whence our fox ran a ring and yielded up his brush at the end thereof after a first-rate hour and a quarter over a rough sporting country.

Jan. 10th, Stoneleigh Abbey.—A good hunting run from Chantry Heath, *via* Stoneleigh deer park, Waverley, and Cubbington Woods, to Hunningham Coppice, killing our fox within a field of Print Hill.

Jan. 17th, Hillmorton.—Found five foxes in the covert. Settled down to a good one, who gave us one of the best runs we ever witnessed. Breaking on the Clifton side, he took us over the brook to the bridge of the London and North-Western railway, which crosses the road between Clifton and Hillmorton villages, where the first check ensued after seventeen minutes, as fast as hounds could race; thence on over Mr. John Darby's model farm, the Bilton road, and Rain's Brook, to Kilsby village, where he was pulled down in Mr. Cowley's garden after a first-rate run of, as nearly as may be, an hour's duration. In the afternoon we had a run from Bilton Grange; but after the first ten minutes it became slow hunting, Wheatley marking his fox to ground at Ashby St. Ledgers.

Feb. 7th, Hillmorton.—Hillmorton Gorse again held two and a half brace of foxes, but scent was not first-rate, and consequently the run was not fast, although our fox took us over a beautiful line, *via* Lilbourne Gorse, nearly to Coton House, where he went to ground. Later in the day we had a quicker thing from Cawston, alongside the Rugby and Leamington railway to New Bilton, thence to the right, losing near Mr. Pennington's house at Rugby: twenty-five minutes or so.

Feb. 12th, Budbrook Barracks.—Found in one of the Grove Park coverts, and had a very good fifty-seven minutes into the Warwickshire country, killing our fox in the open between Hampton Wood and Snitterfield. A second fox was found at Ganaway, but scent failed and we could do but little with him.

Feb. 18th, Stone Bridge.—Had a capital forty-five minutes without a check, from a covert by the Whitacre and Hampton railway to within a field of Corley Wood, where he was killed in the open in the Atherstone country.

Feb. 19th, Ryton Village.—After a pleasant gallop from Wilcox's Gorse over Lawford Heath in the morning, a long trot to Chantry Heath ensued. Here a fox was found, who took us *via* Stoneleigh deer park and Baginton Spinnies, over the river Avon, to within half a mile of our fixture; leaving that village on his right, he again crossed the river into the Atherstone country, and, going straight through Brandon Wood, took us past the Fish Pools at Coombe once more to the open; but after hunting him more slowly on to Hill Park, Wheatley, was beyond that point (Coombe Fields) obliged to give him up.

Feb. 21st, Dunchurch.—Bilton was first drawn blank, so the welcome order, Hillmorton, was given. Here a good fox was soon on foot, who gave us a clinker, passing near Kilsby, Ashby St. Ledgers, and Braunston Cleves to the village of that name, where a long check ensued after as good a forty-five minutes as one need desire to witness. Here the run virtually ended, although the pack picked



out the cold line of their fox patiently back beyond Braunston Cleves, &c., until his pursuit was abandoned.

March 5th, Stoneleigh Abbey.—After a morning spent in the woodlands, we adjourned to Chantry Heath, and probably got on our friend of Feb. 19th—or, in any case, a very able substitute, who was quickly away, going across the lower part of the deer park to Waverley Wood, thence without dwelling through Bubbenthal and Ryton Woods, beyond which a short check ensued. His line was, however, soon recovered, and on we rattled between Bull and Butcher Wood and Ryton Coppice, to within a few fields of Wilcox's Gorse, where we lost after a very good run, the first forty-five minutes of which was without any check of moment. Thus ended a good day's sport.

They finished the season on the Rugby side on March 31st, when Hillmorton was the fixture, and this grand covert gave us another good fox, although there was only scent enough to show us how well the hounds could hunt across dry fallows; and after an excursion by Lilbourne covert and Catthorpe Towers, past Swinford to Mr. Tom Gilbert's house, he had to be given up. However, there was a run in the afternoon that amply compensated those who found the cold hunting slow in the morning, for they found a brace in Bilton Grange, and for a time the pack divided, but at length getting together they swept like a whirlwind across the fine but decidedly strong country below Bilton Grange, over the turnpike and the Kites Hardwick road for Lesters's Piece, and at the end of what one of the best of North Warwickshire sportsmen termed a rapturous sixteen minutes, threw up within two fields of that covert. The check was scarcely long enough for the sobbing horses to turn their wind, for after ringing twice round the covert, away they went again nearly to Thurlaston village, then turned to the right through some gardens at Dunchurch, and over the Rugby road to Bilton once more, where he took refuge in an ice-house. Most fortunately the pack could not follow him, for in it there proved to be a litter of six cubs, of which no doubt he was the father, for it seems incredible that a vixen could have stood before hounds for the time at the pace they went, as it was thirty-five minutes altogether. Before taking leave of the North Warwickshire, we must say the lease of the old kennels at Milverton, which are as bad and inconvenient as they can be, is so nearly expired that steps have been taken to build new ones. About four thousand pounds have been paid and promised for this desirable object, but there is great difficulty in obtaining ground on which to build them. The old ones are quite inadequate for their purpose, and we are sure Wheatley and Press will be delighted at the prospect of better quarters and more commodious surroundings.

We must now commence a short account of the Atherstone, and are happy to say that, owing to the poultry fund set on foot by Mr. Watson of Lutterworth being warmly supported, things have gone smooth on the Rugby side during the past season as regards foxes,

and the scarcity of which complaint was before made has been remedied. Of the coverts, Bosworth has served them well, and they have had some good gallops; so has Kirkby; and from Ashton Firs and Burbage Wood two or three nice gallops have been obtained. Horley Wood has been a good find on more than one occasion. Twelve Acres had shown them a brace, but not of the old straight-backed sort that used to inhabit it a few years ago, and we are sorry to hear that a vixen was killed near it by a greyhound with half a dozen cubs in her. There are foxes at Newnham Paddox, but they are a bad twisting, short-running lot, and would do better if they knew the country. From Birchley Hays about Christmas time, in the Coombe Woodlands, they have had some hard days, but did nothing worthy of record in an article of this sort. Findley Old Wood has done them good service, and from the small coverts at Clifton good sport has been shown; on the whole, considering what an open season it has been, we may say that the country at its close is fairly off for foxes, though they are rather a corkscrew twisting lot, so that it would be difficult to find many runs worthy of passing into history, though the sport has been enjoyable enough to those who were with hounds at the time. Many strangers came to hunt with the Atherstone from the Meynell and the South Staffordshire, but of those who are known in the country we may name a few, notably Lord de Clifford from Hinks, between Lichfield and Tamworth, an estate his father bought just before he died; Mr. Gerard Leigh and his brother from Amington Hall—they have lost Mr. R. Millington-Knowles, who was at Bosworth Park last season, as he has gone to Colston Bassett, in what was Mr. Muster's country; Sir George Chetwynd comes out now and then on a pony, but his brother hunts frequently; Mr. Duncombe Perkins of Orton-on-the-Hill, Captain and Miss Townshend of Caldecott Hall, Captain the Hon. Frederick Curzon of Twycross, who occasionally acted as Master during Mr. Oakeley's absence; Mr. Pole-Shawe of Weddington Hall, who also acted as Master; Captain and Mrs. Henniker of Weddington Grove; Mr. Herbert Wood did not leave Scotland until the middle of February, but has been out since; Rev. Mr. Inge of Thorpe has entertained the hunt-servants as usual, but is in great trouble that he cannot get foxes at Thorpe, though he does all he knows to have them there; Mr. Hans Blackwood of Sheepy, the kind, genial secretary, and his brother, who has been staying with him, a capital sportsman; Captain Robertson of Nether Seal, and Captain and Mrs. Paget Mosley from the same place, the latter drives any distance to meet the hounds; Lord Denbigh has been out now and then, and his son, Lord Fielden; Colonel Maddox, who used to be a regular man here, has been staying with Mr. Oakeley, and hunted several times; Mr. George Moore of Appleby, and his brother the Rev. Charles Moore, have looked well after Birdshill Gorse; Mr. Thomas H. Watson of Lutterworth, a very useful man, and always well mounted; Mr. Alfred Cox of Osbaston Hall, and Mr. Thomas Brooks of Ansty Hall, Mr. E. St. John of Bitteswell, who came

into the country when Mr. Tailby took the Billesdon in 1856, has now given up, and will, we hear, return to his native Vine, Mr. R. Gillespie-Stainton, Mr. Edward Petre of Whitley Abbey, Mr. Dyson Moore of Sketchley Hall, Mr. Arkwright of Broughton, Mr. Charles Marriott of Cotesbatch, the Rev. Morgan Payler of Willy, Captain Barwell of High Cross, Mr. Healy and Mr. Frederick Twist from Coventry, Mr. Percy Garnett from Lichfield; Mr. Hacket of Pailton has only been out a few times, Mr. C. G. Greaves of Newbold Grange, and Mr. Nuttall of Sharnford; Mr. Muntz is generally out with them when on the Rugby side, and goes here, as elsewhere, in front; and Mr. Wedge of Stretton, on Dunsmoor, has so far earned the good opinion of Castleman that he told us, 'He is always there, and never in the way, which is more than can be said of a good many.'

Amongst the ladies hunting with the Atherstone we must first allude to the Hon. Mrs. Oakeley, who rides not for effect, as some do, but to hounds, and knows what they are doing, which a great many ladies do not, and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Colville, who is always out on a Wednesday, also her niece, the Hon. Miss Russell, a sister of Lord de Clifford; Mrs. Stanbridge, of Aston Flamville, is very plucky, and would hunt in spite of a sprained ankle; then there are two Miss Leighs of Amington Hall, the elder of whom has not hunted so much this season; Miss Brooks of Ansty, and Miss Dixie, who hails from Camp Hill, must not be forgotten. Amongst the farmers are many good and true men; Mr. Wood of Grendon, and Mr. Halkin from the same place, Mr. Dester of Seckington, who can describe a run in print as well as he rides it; Mr. Wood of Clifton, who looks after the covert there, though he does not hunt much himself, and, with the right of shooting in his hands, unlike some of the dog-in-the-manger sort, always has a fox for them; Mr. Cooper, the brewer at Cricket's Inn; Mr. Creswell of Ravingstone, near Leicester; Mr. Catton of Binley, Mr. Low of Smockington, Mr. Ashby of Copston, Mr. Staines of Barton-in-the-Beans, Mr. David Ward of Nailstone, Mr. Barrs of Hodson Hall, Mr. Drackley of Osbaston, Mr. Pilgrim of the Outwoods, Hinckley, who looks after Burbage Wood—he is a great breeder of Leicesters, and has an annual sale of them; and Mr. Blastwick of Normanton—we may say that all these walk puppies. Then there is Mr. Harrison of Pailton Fields, a rare good sportsman, and Mr. Burton of the Elms, Coventry.

The unfortunate event with the Atherstone was Mr. Oakeley's accident, in which he broke his leg, and was in consequence kept out of the saddle during the best part of the season.

On November the 28th they met at Shuttington Gate, and had a very good day, disastrous as its results proved. There was a large field, a good many men coming from the Meynell and South Staffordshire. They found in Amington Gorse and ran across the Tamworth and Statfold road to Statfold new covert, and on by Statfold Hall, where he was headed, and turned short back to Amington Decoy, across the water, and on at a rattling pace till he turned over

the London and North-Western Railway and up to the canal, thence to Tamworth Street and back over the railway, and sent him best pace into the gorse, drove him from there to the decoy, and, just as it seemed that they must have him every minute, he slipped into a rabbit burrow. He was got out, turned down, and very soon killed.

Another was found in Bramcote new covert, and away over the brook, which Castleman negotiated in safety, and one gentleman took soundings in; hounds running very hard to Newton, and thence over the small inclosures to Austrey, crossing the road near the brick-kiln, where they had their first check after racing for seventeen minutes. He then led them to the left of Orton Hall, and on at a nice pace to Sheepy Wood, which he just touched the end of, and then going to the left of Twycross they came to slow hunting, and at Sharpe's covert were run out of scent. They found again, but Castleman, soon hearing of Mr. Oakeley's accident, took the hounds home. It appears that in taking a fence near Austrey his horse either landed into or slipped into on landing a drinking-place for cattle, which had been bricked up, and unfortunately broke Mr. Oakeley's leg. Mr. Oakeley took things very calmly, and remained up to his middle in water until he could be laid on a gate and made as comfortable as possible; he was then hoisted into a break, and with Jack Cadman, the runner in attendance, taken to Cliff House, quietly smoking a cigar, which John Pye managed to get for him. Dr. Bird was quickly in attendance, and we are pleased to say that in a much shorter time than could have been anticipated the respected Master of the Atherstone was able to be out on wheels; from that he got to a cob, and before the season was quite over was seen on a steady hunter once more at the covert side. As we have said above, the runs with the Atherstone, though enjoyable enough, have not been of the straightforward kind, that will bear description long after date, so we will not inflict them on our readers. We may say, however, that nothing but straight running foxes was needed, for to our mind the hounds improve every season, and are now such a driving, close-hunting lot as is very rarely seen; while to hear them is literally a treat. And as we have heard a very good judge say, where there is plenty of music it is a sure sign that every hound is doing his share of the work. Castleman is as much liked and respected as ever (we are sorry to say he got one rather nasty fall, but it did not keep him long out of the saddle), and leaves nothing to be desired either in the kennel or the field, and he is well backed up by Sam Hayes. By the way, let us observe, in conclusion, that a likeness of Castleman, mounted on the grand chestnut horse Carlist, which he rides in the Friday country, and surrounded by some of the favourites of the pack, has been painted for Mr. Oakeley by Mr. Lucas Lucas, who has taken a residence in Clifton Road at Rugby. Castleman is in the act of clearing a rail and brook in the rear of Traitor, Purser, and the Yorkshire prize-winner, Somerset. The grouping is capital, and the whole picture most effective.

## THE EXPENSES OF COACHING.

A SHORT time ago we published a paper entitled 'Coaching for the Million,' showing the advantages that accrued to the public from the revival of the taste for the Road, a paper which, we are pleased to say, has received commendation in quarters where driving matters are understood and appreciated. We now propose to take the other side of the question, and, looking at the sport from a proprietor's point of view, give the public some insight into the trouble and expenditure of capital which must take place before a coach can be started for their accommodation, and we hope to show, in the course of our remarks, how worthy of liberal support on their part are all such undertakings, for we can assure them that but too often the proprietor has only his love of the sport and the enjoyment of driving to set against it, and, if his coach has not brought him some pecuniary loss at the end of the season, he may think himself wonderfully lucky, though, as we have said before, with common prudence, no one with the means to warrant such an undertaking need materially injure his fortune in the venture. We admit that in some instances, where coaches are exceedingly popular, and very judiciously managed, some money return has been reaped for the capital employed; but even then there is always the chance of losses amongst the horses to set against it, and the man who puts on a coach richly merits all that can be made by it for his endeavours to place an innocent pleasure within the reach of the public.

Of course in estimating the disbursements in connection with Coaching, the first thing to be taken into consideration is the number and cost of horses. We said in our last that formerly a coach running both ways, or to and from any place, in the day, allowed a horse to the double mile, and that is still found to be the most reliable and satisfactory standard. As an example, we may adduce Dorking, which is twenty-five miles, and here twenty-five horses would work the coach to and fro daily, Sundays of course excepted. Where a coach works only one way, returning the following day, as, for example, the Brighton, the proprietors must be guided by circumstances, as some roads are more hilly whilst some are woolly, and consequently pull horses about much more than others. Experience proves that it is true economy to be over rather than under horsed; this we quoted from a passage in Nimrod's works in 'Coaching for the Million' to prove, and in his day there was no greater authority on road matters, nor indeed do we know any work to which the novice wishing for information in these days could turn for sound advice save his, though of course his data must now be considerably modified by circumstances. It may be taken as an acknowledged fact that no stage to be worked double should exceed eight miles, and, if a galloping one, it should be limited to four. Galloping in this present day, however, is decidedly not in vogue, for proprietors know that it is the pace that kills on the road as well

as across country; moreover, passengers as a rule do not like it, especially ladies, as it makes them nervous; neither is there any reason for it now, as coaching is patronised for the sake of the drive and fresh air, and no one pressed for time would think of resorting to this means of locomotion.

We now come to the cost of Horseflesh, and here our ancestors had a decided advantage over us. 'Nimrod' wrote:—'The average price of horses for fast coaches may be about twenty-five pounds. Fancy teams, and those working out of London, may be rated higher, say thirty pounds; but taking a hundred miles of ground, well horsed, the former is about the mark.' He also says, 'Considerable judgment is necessary to the selection of horses for fast work in harness, for if they have not action which will command the pace they are timed at, they soon destroy themselves. For a wheel-horse he should have sound forelegs, or he cannot be depended upon downhill. Good hind legs and well-spread gaskins are also essential points in a coach-horse, the weight or force applied proceeding from the fulcrum formed by the hinder feet. The price we have named as the average one for such animals may appear a very low one, but we must remember that to be a hunter or good roadster a horse must have length of shoulder, length of frame, peculiarly placed hinder legs, and a well-bitted mouth; whereas, without any of these qualities, he may make an excellent coach-horse.' In the present day we must quite double this estimate, as horses fit for coach work cannot be purchased for a less average than fifty pounds a-piece, and for that price good teamers ought to be procured, fit to take a coach out of London or to work the ends anywhere. Of course a man may go to any figure for a show team over the stones, and we do not for a moment mean to suggest that such teams as those with which Mr. Shoolbred occasionally takes the Guildford its first stage could be got for that price; but certainly such horses as Colonel Stracey-Clitherow put in front of the Brighton in 1870, to work to Streatham, and which were quite in keeping and character with a public coach, could be so procured. Recent experience would perhaps suggest to us that as it is now so generally the custom to sell off the horses at the end of the season, this amount may be exceeded with advantage where sufficient judgment is exercised in purchasing horses that have had some experience in the hunting field, or have promise enough about them for that purpose.

After purchasing the right stamp of horse at the right price comes the question of Keep, and perhaps we shall not be wrong in saying it is the most essential particular in working a coach. For this we must again refer to what was said in 'Coaching for the Million,' and may repeat it here. 'Three bushels of old oats, three gallons of old white peas, one truss of old first cut clover, 12 lbs. cut straw per week. The contract (in the country) is 17s. 6d. per horse per week. Some big horses will eat seven feeds of corn per day. Half a bushel of oats per day is not too much for a coach horse.' It

has been found on this allowance that horses have usually looked well and been fit for work. The food should always be mixed before being sent in, and everything given in the manger. Long hay is very wasteful.

Next to keep Stabling is one of the most important things to be attended to ; and first of all the length of stages must be taken into consideration and arranged, and this can only be done with reference to the condition of the roads. Having settled upon their length, it is necessary to ascertain if places can be found suitable to change at, so that the ideas may be carried out. A farmhouse is always the most desirable if you can get the accommodation, and you may have the good fortune to find a liberal-minded farmer, even in these degenerate days, who will give you the stabling and straw free in exchange for the manure, and in return you of course would purchase your oats, and if possible hay, from him. In one thing a farmhouse has great advantage over a public, which is, that your passengers cannot get down and drink there, and those who contemplate coaching may take it as an acknowledged and well-known fact that there is more time lost 'changing' in the present day than by any other fault. You will find the professionals invited to drink when they ought to be engaged helping to expedite the change, and then, just as you fancy you can make a fresh start, one of your passengers is waiting to get silver for a sovereign, or in some other way causing delay, which the horses have to make up for if you mean to keep time ; and you cannot in the present day afford to go away and leave the loiterers behind, which would only serve them right, and teach them to be more expeditious in future. It is of consequence also to ascertain the character and disposition of the owner of the house you change at, whether he will be disposed to keep an eye upon your interests, will take care that you are not robbed by others, nor rob you himself. If you are lucky enough to find a good man, and, with a little trouble, happily you may, the best thing is to make the helper *his servant*, and let him look to him for his wages. There is a very good reason for this, as the following instance, for the truth of which we can vouch, will prove. A gentleman who had the management of all matters connected with one of the coaches first on the road since the revival, had to speak a second time, on one of his weekly visitations, about something he did not like, and the landlord (a good fellow) explained that he had given instructions to have it altered after the first complaint, but that the helper, whose business it was, had answered him rather shortly, and insinuated that he was not his master, and it was no business of his. 'Not his master,' replied the gentleman ; 'well, from henceforth you shall be,' and from that day he took care that all the helpers were paid by the landlords, and not as before by the professional coachman, a practice we strongly recommend. The same gentleman has told us that twice he had known corn stolen, and in both cases he had to thank the landlords for the prompt discovery, enabling him to take immediate steps to stop it before matters became serious. A fair

price for stabling, considering the increased price of straw, is 2s. 6d. per stall per week, the landlord to have the manure. This, of course, is in the country. Where the coach stops to lunch or dine stabling is, with the straw, provided for nothing.

We now come to the Coach, which is usually 'miled' at a price to be agreed on with the builder. The Brighton, in the late Mr. Chandos Pole's day, was undertaken by Holland and Holland at 1½d. With a new coach the average price now is 2d., but for short coaches and short seasons we imagine, and fairly too, the price is special, to be agreed upon between the proprietor and coach-builder. Messrs. Holland and Holland, really Wyburn and Co. (they purchased the business on the retirement of Messrs. Wm. and George Holland), and Messrs. Shanks and Co. supply as a rule all the coaches for public work. Gower supplied the Dorking in 1874-5, and also the Westerham, the two seasons it ran. Ventham, of Leatherhead, is likely to prove a serious rival, from the excellence of his work and the moderate prices charged, together with the patronage of the good judges he has already received; one of his build is or will be at work this season. As to colour, it is of course a matter of taste, but for old-fashioned workmanlike appearance the white and red under-carriage of the Tunbridge Wells, and the primrose and red of Cooper's coach could not be surpassed; the red Windsor (the old mail red) is also good. The appearance of a coach is much improved by seating only three on the hind seat, *i.e.*, two with the guard, and under no circumstances whatever should passengers be allowed on the roof, which is intended for luggage, and luggage only; the less, however, of this the better, as it is dead weight, and you want your coach as light as possible. The great mistake in modern coach-building is the quantity of metal used, hence the term 'iron coaches.' No passenger coach need, or should be turned out by its maker weighing more than 20½ cwt. Each coach should be provided with two sets of wheels, and it should be *daily* overhauled. A wheel catching fire causes great delay and inconvenience, and it has happened within our knowledge both on the Brighton and Tunbridge Wells roads. Two coaches, were it not for the expense, would be desirable in every case, and a coach should always be clean when starting, both on its out and home journey. When in 1875 Cooper's coach ran an autumn season, leaving Hatchett's at 11 A.M. and returning from Boxhill at 3 P.M., the coach was always washed twice, although its stay at Burford Bridge was barely one hour and a half. A dirty coach is not a nice thing to start with, and in this case it would have been more convenient to have had a second, still, to start clean was considered a necessity, and a way was found to have it done. The proprietors of the Tunbridge Wells kept two coaches in use.

The next consideration is Harness; and as everything within the last few years has risen in price, harness is no exception. When the Oatlands Park coach was put on the road (about 1870) the harness was supplied by a man in Oxfordshire at 16 guineas the set—we have



known very good at 20 guineas and 22 guineas the set, with 25 guineas for end sets; now we fancy the ordinary price has risen to 25*l.* per set; it can, however, always be hired, and Fillingham, of White-chapel Road, has a large stock to select from, having laid himself out for four-horse work, either to sell new or second-hand, or let for hire, and sets may frequently be met with at Tattersall's—we know one proprietor always sells everything at the end of the season. Collars, as a rule, in the present day, are not made large enough; look at one of Henderson's pictures, and compare his collars with those now in use, and remember he did not exaggerate, but fairly and with magic brush reproduced what he witnessed and loved to linger on. The best collars we ever saw in road work were in use on the Afternoon Dorking, and they were especially made for Mr. Cooper by a man living at Cobham. He had tried elsewhere in vain to get the right article; the art of making seemed, with the Cobham exception, to have been forgotten. It is especially urgent that there should be no possibility of a mistake as to every horse having on his own collar, or sore shoulders will be the result, and that is a fearful visitation in any coaching stable; all collars should be marked, and then error is impossible without the grossest negligence. A double set of harness should be kept at both ends, so that the man in charge can occupy his spare time during the day in cleaning the dirty one—when the coach comes in his time will be too much taken up to allow of his turning out the one set properly. Some like chain ends to the traces, and it should always be remembered they tell tales when the wheelers are doing no work.

Shoeing can be contracted for at (in the country) 1*s.* 1*½d.* per horse per week—it used to be 1*s.*; but the best plan is to pay for what you have, and have what you want, and when necessary: this is a matter wherein the landlord can be your friend, and he should keep a book and compare it with the bills sent in. These bills should be settled, at the longest, monthly, to avoid error and misunderstanding, often the results of forgetfulness. The art of shoeing is still certainly very imperfectly understood in many places, and the smiths want well looking after. There is no reason why your professional should not take up each horse's feet (of the clean team) when changing, and see for himself what is wanted and how the work is done.

With regard to Helpers, we may say that these gentlemen and the shoeing manage to cause the greatest troubles connected with modern coaching. When the revival commenced, 18*s.* per week was considered a good wage; then 1*l.*; now 1*l.* 5*s.* is demanded. It is sometimes possible to retain the services of a good man by finding him work in a hunting stable during the winter; another plan to insure good service is to engage for 1*l.* per week, paid weekly, and 5*s.* more per week to be paid at the end of the season only, should the man's services have been retained so long, and he had not been discharged for incompetence or misbehaviour. When, in the year 1867, the Light of Other Days coach was put on the Brighton road, of which the proprietors were the Duke of Beaufort

and the late Messrs. Chandos Pole and B. J. Angell, the coaches (it was a double one) met, lunched, and changed at the Chequers, Horley, then kept by one Williams. The stables were full of horses (more were really kept than were wanted), and the helpers, it was afterwards discovered, had actually managed to get some hunting, feeling secure from discovery, with the coaches yet on their way. It is also believed that a pair of horses working last season at Goodwood were recognised by their owner as two of those he was then using in one of the road coaches—another illustration of the necessity for making the landlord master and friend. Still, it is possible to get good men; and when such are found, and they see that their work is appreciated and understood, it generally encourages them to continue and persevere. You have only to take a ride on some of the coaches during the season, to witness illustrations of the different ways in which horses are ‘turned out,’ and very middling is, we are sorry to say, too often the true report.

Stable Utensils come next in order; and whilst pails, forks, leathers, and sponges are necessities, horse-brushes are not, and a man understanding his business can make a dandriff (dandy) brush do all that is necessary. A corn-bin will of course be wanted, where one is not supplied; and if the stabling is situated in a yard where other horses are kept, it is almost needless to add the necessity for a lock and key. Basket measures will be found the most convenient where food is mixed as we recommend. Head-stalls or collars are to be purchased at 8s. apiece. Clothing may be dismissed, unless you go in for winter work, as none is really needed in summer. A whip should be kept at every stage; in wet weather it is a positive luxury; they can be bought by the dozen at the average rate of about 4s. 6d. apiece.

The choice of a Road is a matter of much consideration, one for instance like the Dorking not being to be met with every day; and when chosen it wants developing—working, as it were—beforehand by enlisting the sympathies and securing the support of those near whose habitations the coach passes, for as little fish are sweet, so too are short fares. They helped to pay the tolls when gates existed, and agreeably add to the way-bill at all times; so, too, are the trifles (is not the world made up of trifles?) the parcels represent. The great thing is to secure for your coach-support from the first hour it starts, and not let it earn nothing for a month or more of its season, simply contenting yourself with waiting ‘until it’s known.’ As an illustration, we may say that when Mr. A. G. Scott discovered the merits of the Dorking road he determined they should not be lost for want of development, and for six weeks at least before the opening day was hard at work. Not only was the advent of the coach looked forward to, but he had arranged that every house passed should expect it at a certain time. That coach never once had a clean way-bill, from the first day of its season to the last was wonderfully supported, and results proved the working of the summer of 1871 a pecuniary, as well as a very pleasurable, success.

With regard to Fares, the standard should be 3*d.* per mile. In 1869, with the Brighton, it was 2½*d.* per mile outside and 3*d.* in, and with this coach, and perhaps such a one as the Portsmouth, we would still recommend the old practice of charging more for the inside than the outside places. The Brighton coach had certainly an inside trade. We remember, for example, in 1870, during one week on the days it left town, on the Tuesday and Thursday, it was full inside, and on the Saturday had three. On the two first-named days people applied for inside places, and had to be refused because they were already taken. On other roads, if the charge is not a uniform one, we recommend making it higher for the outside places, as they are more in demand. Of late, fares have been raised, consequent upon the increased cost of working a coach, corn and labour being dearer; still we think 3*d.* or 3½*d.* about the standard. It is a mistake to pitch it too high, and we know from experience that the 2½*d.* and 3*d.* rates proved in every way satisfactory on both the Brighton and Dorking roads.

**Keeping Time.**—Every coaching man must, or ought to, keep time. It is the great bugbear, the test which few can stand, and wherein experience is the greatest teacher. In old days one mile per hour was, we believe, allowed for changing. This cannot, however, be any guide now, as it is impossible to imitate, or hope to imitate, such rapidity. About the best illustration of time allowance is the Brighton of Mr. Chandos Pole's day, the proprietors being men who had lived and learnt before railways made their appearance, and in days when time-keeping and time allowance were considered matters of vital importance. This coach covered a distance measured to be a few yards over fifty-four miles in six hours, allowing in that time half an hour for luncheon and six changes, representing, when they were travelling, a rate of ten and a half miles an hour all through.

The Professionals are of course the coachman and guard, and the latter we may dismiss with few remarks, as he is only a necessity where the hills are such as to require some one to skid and unskid, the handbreak being all that is necessary elsewhere. He should be young and active, able to get all round a coach when in motion, civil and obliging, and should, moreover, understand that the horn is given him for use and not abuse. A musician on a coach is a positive nuisance. Under no circumstances should a coachman be allowed to travel alone, and if there are no passengers on a coach where no guard is kept, the London helper (failing any other companion) should be despatched to do duty behind for the day. The reasons for this are so obvious that we need scarcely point them out; it is sufficient to say that in case of harness breaking, a horse falling and getting entangled, or any similar mishap, one man alone in charge of four horses would be, practically speaking, helpless.

The professional coachman's is one of the most difficult and responsible positions which a man can be called upon to fill. Not only must he be able to drive four horses, but he should also be able to instruct in an inoffensive way. Where no guard is kept, it is neces-

sary that he should be active when doing duty behind, and his manner and behaviour should be such as becomes a gentleman's servant. On one coach we knew, smoking on the part of the professional, whilst on duty, was strictly prohibited by the proprietor, and very properly so, considering that he himself refrained, lest it might inconvenience his passengers, so that it could not be called a hardship for his servant to do the same. Again, the professional coachman should be able to resist the frequent invitations of thoughtless, though perhaps good-natured, passengers, to 'come in and have something.' His time, when changing, should be occupied in looking after his horses, seeing that they are properly put-to, expediting the change by all means in his power, and giving instructions how, when there are rest horses, the team should next be put together. Such a man in these days is very difficult to find, for, to sum up his qualifications, he must be a good whip, a good horse-master, active, sober, civil, and obliging, knowing his place, and knowing, too, how to keep it. It would be invidious to particularise, but men with the qualifications are yet to be found by looking for them, and we could name some still on the road, and one who has left it for private service. With regard to fees, many good coachmasters have had an understanding that they may be taken if offered, but that on no account was anything to be asked for. We have said nothing concerning wages; two guineas per week is about the usual thing for a coachman, except in cases like the Brighton or Portsmouth coaches, which, running on alternate days, necessitates his keeping up two homes, when, we believe, another guinea is generally added. The guard's may be reckoned at a guinea a week.

Another consideration we would urge on all who contemplate going into coaching is to work only on lawful days. Let them set their faces firmly against Sunday work, and, if the temptation to run a coach on that day is a pecuniary one, abandon their road at once. Looked at from a mercenary point of view, Sunday labour is false economy for man and horse. The day of rest is a Divine institution, and the laws of the Creator cannot be broken with impunity. Whenever attempted in these days of revival, coaches running on Sundays have always proved a failure, and unpopular alike with proprietors and the public.

It is difficult to say what sort of men should compose the Proprietary of a coach. One taken up simply from whim, vanity, or because it is a fashion, is sure to have but a brief existence, and probably will result in disappointment and disgust, as would anything else taken up from such motives. But to him to whom the Road appeals as a sport, and as one of the most unselfish recreations which can be indulged in, we would say, Strive to imitate a good example, and shape your course in conformity with some man's of deserved reputation; and as we write these lines such a model is painfully and visibly before us, in one who has so lately passed from our midst; one of the best sportsmen, kindest friends, and most accomplished whips who ever mounted a box—the late Mr. William Henry Cooper; and although few can hope to equal his skill on 'the

'bench,' it is open to all to strive to emulate his virtues, and to shun all that is unsportsmanlike, mean, and vulgar, ever remembering that an amateur whip in the present day must be a gentleman, and conduct himself as such. If any young man will imitate, as closely as he can, the model we have pointed out, he may rest assured (provided only his heart is in it) that his connection with the Road will rank in life's retrospect amongst his most sunny memories.

In conclusion, we must add that success depends very much on close personal supervision. If the proprietor drives much himself, as probably he will do, he should have an Honorary Secretary, who will be up and down the road at all times and all hours, in the early dawn of morning and the dark hours of night; and to him should all complaints or suggestions be made. We knew one who fulfilled this post most successfully, and he has had as many as eleven letters put into his hand at one time of a morning at Hatchett's. In all arrangements for stabling, forage, professionals, helpers, &c., it should be clearly understood that the accounts are to be sent in to *him*, and that although gentlemen undertake the venture, it is a business one, and will be carried out in a business-like manner; that there will be no royalties, the prices to be agreed upon to be reasonable and proper, with the understanding that payment would be made without any deductions whatever; all accounts should be keenly and closely scrutinised before payment. Close personal supervision, untiring watchfulness and unsleeping vigilance, are the real essentials to the successful working of a coach; and if the proprietors can secure the services of such a friend, whose heart is ever in his work, they are especially fortunate, as few have the necessary qualifications, even if they have the willingness, to undertake the onerous duties; more particularly are these needed to develop a new road and secure its coach's success. We have said nothing about receipts, but it may be set down that an average of eight passengers per day is a good and paying one.

N.

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## CRICKET.

WAS cricket season ever yet opened under a combination of circumstances so consistently and thoroughly depressing? If the object has been to inure us to every conceivable atmospherical variation, the scheme has been, it must be admitted, a complete success from every point of view. The four weeks and a half of almost incessant rain that marked last month have no doubt served some beneficent purpose, but continuous rainfall is not altogether an unmixed blessing for the cricketer, and a mackintosh and pair of goloshes are hardly the articles of attire for which he expects frequent use at even the commencement of the season. The enjoyment of watching cricket day after day under the shelter of an umbrella is at best a poor one, but the experiment had to be made during the whole of May, and a more gloomy and uncongenial month for outdoor sports it would

be impossible to conceive. The annual general meeting of the Marylebone Club was held at Lord's on May 1st, and was noteworthy if only for one reason, the change in the method of electing new members of the Committee. Hitherto the governing body of the Club for the time being had practically been self-chosen, or at least the new members of committee had been the nominees of those in office. That this system of election should at last have found opponents was not surprising, and a powerful and well-organised opposition succeeded in carrying a resolution that the places of those members of the Committee retiring annually by rotation should be filled by candidates nominated by the Club and chosen by ballot. On the policy of this alteration little requires to be said, and it is only on the ground that the Committee of the Marylebone Club practically is in possession of a power absolutely unlimited in cricket matters that notice of what might appear to be a trivial reform is taken here. The Committee of the M.C.C. holds in its own hands the entire government of the cricket world, and it is therefore incumbent on it to a certain extent to show that there is a liberal as well as discriminative spirit in its councils, as well as on the members of the Club to see that those whom they appoint to legislate for the whole body of cricketers should be chosen, not merely because they deserve well for good conduct at Lord's, but on account either of position, influence, or ability calculated to be of service to all the different societies who rightly look up to the Marylebone Club as the recognised tribunal of cricket law.

What with the continuous rains, and grounds heavy and slow, the active pursuit of cricket has been little better than a mudlark. The opening match of the season at Lord's was Marylebone Club and Ground *v.* Twenty-two Colts of England, but it was not so successful as it might have been, for reasons which we have entered into before. Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire between them claimed almost one-half of the young players engaged, and three at least of the counties whom one would have expected to be represented did not furnish one of their Colts. While Notts in its Easter Monday match had failed to give birth to a youngster of average pretensions, Derbyshire had certainly produced more than one very close on county form, and yet neither Derbyshire, Surrey, nor Hampshire had a place on the card. The bowling of Alfred Shaw, Mr. W. G. Grace, and Mycroft was a pretty good trial for the Twenty-Two, but generally the batting was very poor, and there was certainly not more than two youngsters who showed any real promise. In the second innings, Tester of Sussex, who subsequently came out well in the Colts' match at Brighton, displayed good defence as well as occasional powers of hitting, and H. Wood of Kent batted steadily and well, but otherwise the style was far from taking, and the desire to pull a straight ball was the cause of bringing many to grief. The fielding was at times slovenly, and the wicket-keeping below mediocrity, though it may be cited as an instance of the peculiar management of this kind of matches that Ingram of Kent, who is really very promising in this department, was never allowed

a turn with the gloves during either innings of the Club. The best bowler proved to be Brown of Bedfordshire, a likely looking youngster with a rather laboured action, but nasty delivery, who was successful in each innings, and who knew how to field his own bowling, a point which several of his elders who occupy a distinguished position in this special department have not even yet shown marked proficiency.

The University season was, as usual, opened at Cambridge with the annual match, entitled 'Cambridge University v. All England,' though why Mr. C. I. Thornton's not particularly strong eleven was invested with such an imposing title it is difficult to explain. The brothers Grace, Gilbert, Midwinter, and William Mycroft can hardly be said, with the aid of stars of much lesser effulgence, to represent the strength necessary for an All England eleven, but, after all, it is possible that we may be considered captious in objecting to anything so trivial as the title of a match. There would be more reason to call attention to a still more important blot in the proceedings, the absence of the Captain and another member of the England eleven just when their presence might have had some remote chance of reversing the result. Amateur cricket has improved marvellously of late years, but there has grown with it, in many cases, a laxity of principle which is very pernicious, and ought to be reprobated sternly by those in authority. The frequent disappearance of amateurs from the field for reasons that ought to be considered altogether subservient to the proper conduct of the game, and the consequent enlistment of substitutes is an evil which has assumed by this time an aspect of almost national importance, and we should like to see the Marylebone Club show its disapproval of the practice in some substantial way. Cricketers are used to look up to Lord's for their patterns of the best cricket, and the fashions are provided according to the cut of the cloth furnished there. There are of course times in which the temporary absence of a player may be necessary, from business or other important reasons, but it is the prevalent habit of leaving the ground whenever an innings is over, to catch a train, or to be in time for dinner, that should be promptly checked, rather than, as is apparently the case, fostered by the principal clubs. The match itself was noticeable for some peculiar variations, though the final one resulted favourably for the University, who won by 79 runs. The scratch eleven, with a total of 193, had an advantage of 90 runs on the first innings, but the Cantabs got better hold of the bowling of Mycroft, Midwinter, Messrs. Gilbert and W. G. Grace at their second attempt, and the Captain, the Hon. E. Lyttelton, set his eleven a fitting example with a vigorous innings of 66. Perhaps the most interest in the match was taken in the individual performance of one Freshman, Mr. A. G. Steel, whose brilliant all-round cricket at Marlborough had won for him the reputation of being the best public school player for several seasons past. In the first innings of the scratch eleven his slow round-arm bowling was rather expensive, and the first time he failed to score with the bat, but he played a very good second score of 46, and his effective bowling at the finish did much to produce a victory

for the University by 79 runs, as he secured four wickets for a trifling cost of 23 runs.

Why the Committee of the Marylebone will fix their annual match M.C.C. and Ground against England early in the season, when amateurs are indisposed to play, it is difficult to tell. This year England was moderately strong, the Club not by any means so well represented as it might have been, and though the result was a close struggle ending only in favour of England, the match might have been infinitely more attractive with M.C.C. in its full strength.

Watson, who failed to get a wicket in the first innings of the Club, in the second had, with the ground altogether in his favour, an extraordinary analysis of twenty-three overs for 10 runs and five wickets, and it was quite as much to his bowling, and that of Emmett, as to any assistance from the bat, that England owed its victory by three wickets. At the end of the same week the Marylebone Club was even less successful at Cambridge in the first of its two annual matches with the University. The eleven that represented it on that occasion would doubtless have beaten a good village club, but it certainly savoured of a slight to such a team as that at Cambridge to send down to oppose them two bowlers, Shaw and Morley, and only one batsman, Wild, with any real claim to first-class form. Flowers, the Nottingham Colt of 1877, who is an improving batsman, was the only one of the Marylebone eleven to score double figures twice, and the four Cambridge bowlers, Messrs. A. G. Steel, Ford, Wood, and Morton, had between them a small benefit, the first-named getting ten wickets for 44 runs. Otherwise than as a trial of the batting of the University against the bowling of Shaw and Morley, the match was of no practical value, and the Light Blues hardly added to their renown by defeating such an opposition, even though the majority in their favour amounted to an innings and 33 runs. The following Monday was memorable as introducing a new era into the history of the game. Exactly a week after their arrival in England the Australian players, of whose visit to the mother country so much had been written during the winter, had to appear on the Trent Bridge Ground at Nottingham to oppose the Nottinghamshire eleven. Notts without Alfred Shaw, as was proved last season, is very different to Notts with Alfred Shaw, but the match was, for many reasons, hardly a reliable test of the form of the colonial players. The slow wicket was not likely to be in their favour after the hard ground to which they are accustomed, and, in addition, they had all the worst of the luck throughout the game. Evans and Kendall, who are said to be two of the very best bowlers in Australia, have not come over with the team, and Boyle, who proved himself to be a very effective bowler the following Monday at Lord's, was unable to play from illness, so that they were shorn of some of their strength in the attack. The Australians won the toss, but they evidently played with little confidence, and with the exception of some fair hitting by Garrett (20) and some sticking by Midwinter (13), the innings of 66 failed to produce



any noteworthy features. At first it seemed as if the county was not going to make a very long score, as Allan, the left-hand medium-paced bowler, who has been playfully designated in his own country 'the bowler of a century,' was fortunate enough to get rid of Oscroft, Daft, and Shrewsbury for a sum of only 17 runs. It was only a very well-played score of 66 by Selby that really turned the scale in favour of the county, and considering that one of their best bowlers was away, it was certainly a creditable performance for the visitors to dismiss the Nottinghamshire eleven for a total of 153. At the end of the second day there seemed to be a reasonable chance that the innings would be saved, but on the following morning the wicket kicked considerably, and the Australians fell short of the required number by 14 runs. Midwinter distinguished himself by going in first in the second innings and carrying out his bat for 16 out of 76, and it is worthy of undying record that he was in on the third day an hour and twenty-five minutes for only 3 runs. The change from a confirmed hitter to a persistent stickler would seem to be one difficult of accomplishment, but since Gloucestershire took him in hand Mr. W. G. Grace has certainly effected a marvellous cure in Midwinter's case, and Barlow and Jupp at their very best would have to give in to the Australian giant if it came to a question of patience. The impressions left by the match at Nottingham were certainly all in favour of the Australians, and Spofforth, the fast right-hand bowler of whose pace and destructive powers Englishmen had read so much, though unsuccessful against the eleven, proved, in a single-wicket match played on the third day, by the manner in which he scattered the stumps of the Nottinghamshire four, that his was something more than a mere bubble reputation.

Kent began the season badly with a defeat at the hands of a not particularly strong eleven of the Marylebone Club and Ground on the same days as those on which the Australians had made their *debut* at Nottingham. The County was poorly represented in the absence of Messrs. Yardley, Penn, Foord-Kelcey, and Absolom, although even with the strength it had, one would have expected it to have made a good fight with the forces ranged under the banner of M.C.C. With only Hearne's bowling of any calibre to oppose, Marylebone made a very creditable score of 199, and as it was one of Rylott's days the Kentish eleven were only able to make a poor show with the bat. The collapse of the County for such insignificant scores as 39 and 56 against the bowling of Mycroft, Clayton, and Rylott, was a great surprise, but it gave rise to another event that could hardly have been expected, the appearance of Hearne as chief scorer on the two innings. He had more than one life it is true in the attainment of his second score of 29, and Mr. Russel at point was twice merciful to him, but, nevertheless, he showed good steady cricket, and Kent is to be congratulated on the possession of the only young professional player of any worth the Southern Counties have produced for many years. His bowling on this match appeared a little costly, but it was only so by comparison with that of Rylott

for the Club, which showed a wonderful analysis of sixty-two overs and three balls (forty-two maidens), for thirty-four runs and fourteen wickets.

This easy victory of the Club had some of its gilt removed by a defeat from hardly the best eleven that Lancashire could put into the field on the three last days of the same week at Lord's. With Messrs. Appleby, Patterson, and Royle all away, the County could hardly be said to have its full strength, but, on the other hand, it was not opposed by all the might of the Marylebone Club, and the condition of the ground was so completely in favour of the bowlers, that the game would have nearly been over by luncheon time on the second day had it not been for the interference of frequent showers, which prolonged it till nearly the time for drawing the stumps.

Barlow went in first, and carried out his bat for 34 in the first innings of Lancashire; but Mr. D. Q. Steel was the chief run-getter on that side, with two useful scores of 26 and 34; and this was a fairly good performance against the bowling of Alfred Shaw, Morley, Mycroft, and Hearne, on a wicket not by any means favourable for batting. Marylebone had not an eleven likely to be formidable against good bowling, and the state of the ground enabled Mr. A. G. Steel, the Cambridge University bowler, to get all kinds of queer twists on to the ball. At the close M.C.C. only wanted 116 runs to win; but the two slow bowlers, Mr. A. G. Steel and Watson, performed on the tail of the eleven to some tune, and the County did not leave the issue long in doubt, having at the finish a majority of 49 runs. The Marylebone Club would have fared badly but for Alfred Shaw's bowling; but even his figures sank into insignificance by comparison with those of Mr. A. G. Steel, and making every allowance for the aid he received from the ground, the latter's bowling was somewhat sensational, as his twelve wickets were secured at a cost of only forty-two runs. Meanwhile, on the three preceding days of the same week, Cambridge University had inflicted another defeat, this time on the Yorkshire eleven, who had previously been strangers to the famous ground erst known as Fenner's. It was the first county match under the captaincy of Emmett, whom the committee have appointed to the command in place of Lockwood, deposed. The Yorkshiremen have never earned a high reputation for their ability to play slow bowling, and with the exception of Ulyett, Lockwood, and Greenwood, Mr. A. G. Steel settled most of them for small scores. The Yorkshire bowling had the one advantage of variety, as eight bowlers were tried in the one innings of the University, and some of them, notably Beaumont, Bates, and Ulyett, got heavily punished. For the University the Captain, the Hon. E. Lyttelton (74); A. G. Steel (41), and D. Q. Steel (38), together made 153 out of 189 from the bat; and but for Emmett, who took five of their wickets for 31 runs, the total would doubtless have shown a considerable advance on 192. The Yorkshiremen had 87 runs to save the innings, but they only just contrived to send the University in a second time, and the victory of the Cantabs by ten wickets repre-

sented their third successive triumph since the commencement of the season. Yorkshire had better luck at the close of the week at Edinburgh, where the eleven had an easy victory over a team represented as the Gentlemen of Scotland. Strangely enough, though it is difficult to explain this collision, another match, designated as England v. Scotland, was being played simultaneously on the new Merchiston ground at Edinburgh, so that the Scottish forces were divided, and several of the best amateurs on the other side of the Tweed were consequently not arrayed against Yorkshire. The County had the best of the wicket in going in first, and a fine innings of 107 by Ulyett enabled them to reach 195, a total to be regarded as exceptionally good, after the small scores to which the continuous rainfall of the last month has accustomed us. There were several batsmen not altogether unknown to fame in the Scottish eleven, but the rain on the first night proved altogether fatal to their chances of distinction, and Emmett, Lockwood, Hill, and Armitage succeeded in dismissing them twice for totals of 44 and 83 respectively. Messrs. Webster and Laidlay, the latter of whom took part in the Cricketers' Fund match at Prince's in 1876, equally divided the Yorkshire wickets; but Emmett, who seems to have quite recovered his youthful vigour, and is bowling better this year than he has done for many seasons, was the most successful performer with the ball, and in the first innings his delivery showed a record of forty-four balls for three runs and five wickets. The match between England and Scotland played on the same days on another ground at Edinburgh was rather a mockery. It might rather have been called Nottinghamshire minus Daft, Shaw, and Morley, with F. Pooley and A. Smith, of Derbyshire, against Major Dickins's Scottish eleven. The match, which was won easily by Oscroft's eleven, with seven wickets to spare, in spite of the rain, was still successful, and will, in all probability, prove an attractive fixture if properly worked, as it bids fair to be under the vigilant eye of Mr. David Buchanan.

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#### YACHTING AND ROWING.

At the time of writing these lines, the great events of the Thames yachting season are just at hand, cutters heading the list of the principal items of river sport. The New Thames match will witness the *débüt* of the *Formosa*, one of Ratsey's latest productions, built for Mr. F. Sloane Stanley, who not being a member of either of the three great London clubs, can sail only in the matches of the New Thames, which are open, while the other societies confine their races to members. Her meeting with *Vol-au-Vent* and *Fiona* should be interesting, and as the *Neva*, which has changed hands and belongs to Mr. F. Cox, and the *Neptune*, now sailing under Mr. A. O. Wilkinson, the Commodore's colours, are included in the entries, the match should be a good one. The premier club, the Royal Thames, has, barring the *Formosa*, the same vessels engaged, while the Royal London's entry boasts only a couple,

Vol-au-Vent and Neva, but as on each day there are also second-class races no lack of sport need be feared on either occasion. There is already a goodly list of craft off the stations at Erith and Gravesend, so no doubt the week will be a lively one both for workers and spectators. The relative merits of the crack 20's, Vanessa and Enriqueta, were to have been decided by three meetings on the Thames early last month, but owing to the dates clashing with the small cutter match of the R.L.V.C., in which they were engaged, the races were put forward a week, and the venue changed to Dover. In the meantime the Royal London match showed them to be pretty equally matched, as leaving Erith with a fair sou'-wester, they rounded the East Blyth Buoy with only eight seconds between them, Mr. Jameson's ship, Enriqueta, having that trifling advantage, but Mr. Borwick had his revenge in the beat home, Vanessa standing up splendidly to the severe gusts, and making better weather throughout, finally getting home with six minutes to spare. The next day they met again in the Prince of Wales Club match, round the Nore and home to Erith, and with similar wind, but more of it, kept company all the way down, rounding almost together. On the homeward voyage Enriqueta had the best of it, and passed the flag-boat half-a-minute ahead, but as there was a protest from Vanessa, the prize was withheld. Both vessels started subsequently for Dover, where the first of their trio of matches was to come off on the 20th ult., under the auspices of the Royal Cinque Ports Club, and Vanessa duly appeared at the station, but owing to stress of weather, her opponent had put into Sheerness, and did not make Dover until Tuesday morning, when Mr. Borwick at once agreed to a further postponement, and the 24th and 28th were fixed for two matches, the third to take place at some future day during the season. On the first occasion Vanessa won easily, as Enriqueta carried away her bowsprit, and Mr. Borwick appears likely to secure at least a balance of the events.

A Lloyd's Yacht Register, on the plan of the well-known Register of British Shipping, has been issued this season, and already contains the names of nearly fifteen hundred craft, with all available detail of dates of building and repairs, materials, port of survey, as well as exhaustive tables of strength and quantities requisite to qualify for the various degrees of character assigned by the surveyors. In a year or two, when generally known, and its merits more fully acknowledged, the work will no doubt be considerably developed; in the meantime it is scarcely necessary to remind owners that to anyone wishing to sell a yacht, the power of referring to such a register will be invaluable, while buyers must naturally feel confidence in a craft whose substantial merits are thus honestly vouched for, and in time they will regard registration as a *sine qua non*.

The decisive success which Elliott achieved in his race against a tried man like Thomas of Hammersmith, has stimulated the enthusiasm of his backers for the forthcoming championship match with Higgins, and at present the northerners are content to take anything over level money about the result. In the affair with Thomas, Elliott was for a moment outpaced, the Hammersmith man getting first grip of the water, and leading out with a slight advantage, at a stroke of about 40. The Tynesider, however, working his steam up to 42, came on to him directly, and led by a length in no time, after which he drew further ahead and rowed with apparent ease, washing his man artistically. Every now and then he allowed Thomas to draw up, but showed his reserve of power by shooting away again at pleasure, and in Horse Reach, above Chiswick Church, where the water was rather lumpy, he proved himself at home in all weathers, by going through the 'lipper' very neatly, while Thomas, who, rowing a stern wager, was, of course, much more

fatigued, seemed a good deal put out and lost further way, until past Barnes, when Elliott took matters quite easily, and won by a bare length. Altogether the performance was a very good one, as though Thomas was not backed with much confidence by his friends, and the odds on the Blyth sculler to some extent foreshadowed the result, they probably scarcely expected to see Elliott take matters so very comfortably, and virtually do just as he liked with him. Of magnificent physique, the candidate for championship honours may turn out another Renforth, or if fairly held for a distance prove himself rather one of the Bagnall and Boyd class; anyhow, from his recent performance, he must be reckoned a worthy antagonist even of an artistic and skilful oarsman like Higgins, and unless the below-bridge man is perfectly fit and makes a reasonably good start, Elliott may chop him in getting away, and we think he would then have little chance of rowing him down, as he so gallantly did Blackman. Still, Higgins is going so well and reported to be so fit, that it is absurd to underrate his chance, though we cannot get rid of a sneaking fancy for the younger man.

On the Thames amateur oarsmen are busy preparing for Henley and other regattas, and the principal clubs have been hard at work. The London showed some neat rowing in the Layton Pairs, an annual race started by the late Mr. James Layton, president of the club, and a most liberal and consistent supporter of rowing and all manly sports. The affair is now kept up by the late president's family, and, as on some former anniversaries, was won by a member of the Playford clan, H. H. Playford and Butler being first home on this occasion, and the former scored again in the Trial Eights, when, after a splendid race with Horton's crew all the way down from Chiswick, he got his men in half a length ahead at Putney. The Thames Club have also rowed trial eights, in which Gore's crew landed easily, and amongst most of the other rowing societies somewhat similar energy has been displayed, the proofs of which we may expect to find in numerous entries later in the season.

During the spring a meeting was held at the Leander Rooms, at which the oft-discussed question of the amateur qualification was settled to the satisfaction of those present, which included delegates from the Universities and principal clubs of the Thames. The purport of the decision was broadly that mechanics, professionals, teachers or professors of athletics, or those employed in manual labour, or who had rowed for a money prize were *not* amateurs. The publication of this resolution has excited the ire of sundry provincial authorities who consider that they should have been consulted in the matter. Now, as one or other of these conditions is infringed at every coast regatta, where nearly all habitually row for money prizes, and a large proportion are employed in some kind of manual labour, it is hard to see how a decision at once reasonable in itself, and satisfactory to them, could be arrived at. The whole arrangements of the coast regattas are utterly at variance with Henley and similar meetings; the salt-water oarsmen make a regular business of going from one watering-place to another, and the expenses are defrayed by the prizes, which are generally in money, while the crews, if good enough, enter for the champion races and the amateur races quite indiscriminately. All this is very innocent and harmless, but is scarcely business-like from a Londoner's point of view, so no hope of harmonising such utterly diverse conditions can be entertained. The Americans, who, judging by the Philadelphia burlesque and previous bogus aquatic meetings with grand titles, would be fully employed in cleaning out the native Augean stables, have recently been taking the liberty of airing their equality-fraternity views on the amateur question, and abuse Henley Regatta, not for its extra-

vagance or incompetency, on which points they might find something to say, but for their exclusive views as to amateurs, a subject on which the competitors and English oarsmen generally are quite in accord with the committee, who, whatever their failings, certainly do not stand in need of any advice from across the Atlantic.

## 'OUR VAN.'

### THE INVOICE.—May Flowers.

How and where shall we commence our May budget? Which of our numerous parcels shall we open first? Epsom Spring is now a very old story, and good as the sport was no pleasant memories linger round the furzes, the corner, or the bell. It is grand racing, no doubt, but there is no undercurrent of other things at Epsom, no inner life of pleasure and excitement, nothing but the hard business of the hour. Shall we open our Sandown packet? Very pretty, light and sparkling its contents, but we fear we can hardly do them justice in pen and ink, and the 'Van' is not—more's the pity—an illustrated paper. The Driver sees so many curious sights and goes into so many queer places, that if he could call his pencil to his aid when the pen, as is frequently the case, fails him, these pages, he ventures to think, would be deeply interesting. An illustrated 'Van' with a sketch, say of Sandown Lawn and some of its occupants: Lady Betty Modus in sweet converse with Lord Plinlimmon; Sir Shysheer Doo, as he appeared after having laid 60 to 40 on something that did not try (at least, so Sir Shysheer avers) in the Maiden Plate. Then we might shift the scene to the Newmarket Paddock, and depict, in a graphic manner, the Viscount Foretop reading the Riot Act in a quiet yet determined way to an eminent book-maker who had sought, in a rather unjustifiable fashion, to ascertain if that celebrated horse, Tiglath Pileser, did 'make the noise' attributed to him. What hunting sketches, too, might not be sent up from the Shires and the Midlands? What little theatrical hits, both before and behind the curtain? What scenes on Orleans Lawn, or Ranelagh Bowers? Perhaps Mr. Bailly will think of it.

Sandown Lawn, in pen and ink, will read soberly, we fear, and yet it was very delightful in the delicious weather that, if it was not summer, was a very good imitation of it. A lawn full of pretty women (this is one of the rules of the club), a long line of coaches on the opposite side, each with a ton of luncheon, an ever-moving lot of dainty skirts and black-silk stockings between the lawn and paddock, except when the lot was engaged in taking nourishment either on the coaches or in the marquee; this, combined with some very good racing, made up the three Sandown days. There used to be an outcry against racing on a Saturday, and we ourselves have joined in the clamour, and would again, but we sing small before Sandown. The Saturday there is now becoming an institution, like the Orleans' Sunday; it has been taken under the protection of beauty and fashion, and what are we that we should kick against such pricks? The crowd there on the last day was a distinguished one, from the good-at-need Prince Christian down to every member of the Household Brigade, especially the Blues, not come as Ingoldsby sang,

'To see a man die in his shoes,'

but to see Citizen do, what, alas, he did not—win. We have mentioned beauty, and that was there from the Jersey Lily to flowers of humbler

growth, lilies of sequestered Surrey valleys, mingled with town exotics, and yet holding their own under such an ordeal. Both the exotics and the lilies deserve all praise, inasmuch as they do not seek to add to their attractions by coming out in all their war paint, but dress, some few exceptions apart, quietly and soberly, which is a great happiness. There were such a lot of men down for ballot that the committee meetings had to be held on the first day to get through the list, which was accomplished, but not without grief to some. It is as well that it should be known, that because a man is down for ballot at Sandown it does not follow, unless there is someone there to vouch for him, that he will be elected. Sandown is, no doubt, a great success, and out of some dangers and difficulties which once almost threatened shipwreck it has been steered safely into prosperous waters. Everybody likes the place, the ladies especially, and if *they* like a thing who shall say them nay?

But we must not linger on Sandown lawn, however pleasant are the surroundings. Neræa's hair—and some of it is very tangled we must say—cannot be played with by us, neither can we sport with Amaryllis in the shade, supposing Amaryllis—a presumably well brought up young woman, in the tightest of costumes and highest of heels—was so inclined. A voice calls to us from more prosaic Newmarket; we hear the cry of the plover, and we think of his, or rather her eggs in the Rutland bar; we feel the fresh breeze of the Warren Hill on our cheeks; 'tis indeed a first spring as far as weather is concerned, and we bowl along the iron highway of the G. E. R., past all the familiar landmarks, and reverently salute the Ditch as we glide towards Newmarket platform. A very tame first spring though, and moreover destined to be one of the dulllest we ever remember, the great race looking like the match it proved, and nothing else of the slightest interest in the programme. So many stables had been affected by illness, not only at Newmarket, though there principally, but all through the country, that this had an effect on the fields, and the first day was very mild. Mida rather discounted Strathmore's form in the Coffee Room Stakes, and the evergreen Oxonian put a Selling Stakes to Mr. Bush's credit. The Two Thousand Trial was a good race between Sheldrake and Singleton, Fordham on the former exhibiting all his old science and fairly riding Lemaire, who was on Singleton, out of the race. Sheldrake, who was entered to be sold for 500 guineas, was the subject of brisk competition between Captain Machell and Robert Peck, the latter getting him for 1250 guineas—not too dear for tackle to try Maximilian with. The Prince of Wales Stakes was the only other noteworthy event of the Tuesday, and that turned out disastrously to backers, for the favourites, with the exception of Cartridge, were not in it, Advance never showing in front under his heavy weight, and the finish being left to the Hope colt, Cartridge, and Alfred the Good, who made a splendid race, Mr. Baltazzi's colt winning by a head, and the other two making a dead heat of it for second place. No one backed the winner that we heard of, not even his fortunate owner.

Such a miserable Two Thousand field has rarely been seen. When Beauclerc was placed *bors de combat* there was nothing, with the exception of Pilgrimage, within a stone of what a winner of the Guineas should be. Most disheartening was Beauclerc's mishap to his owner, for never were horse's prospects brighter than his. Why is it, we have often asked, that the cracks are those first to go, and the duffers and impostors remain pounding on? Of all the many trials that owners of racehorses are subject to—this is the very hardest, and when Mr. Perkins saw or read of Pilgrimage's win, the mare that Beauclerc beat so easily last year, the disappointment must have been keen. By common consent there were only two horses in the race, the

mare and *Insulaire*, for *Childeric* on his public form was certainly not in it with either of them, and who but a lunatic would back the roaring *Athol Lad*, or have anything to say to such cattle as *Glengarry*, *Oasis*, *Bayonet*, &c. True there was the City and Suburban winner, but he was looked upon more in the light of a handicap horse than anything else, and when we have mentioned him we have mentioned all. Wonderful were the accounts of what *Insulaire* had done and how much he had improved, and when seen in paddock he proved to be a very neat, compact horse, muscular, though rather small. At one time he was a better favourite than *Pilgrimage*, though on public form there was nothing to warrant this, but then it was known that *Cannon's* stable had been suffering from influenza, or whatever the epidemic was, and moreover the mare was rather under suspicion of unsoundness. We believe her trainer and all concerned had an anxious time of it, and they must certainly be deemed very fortunate people to pull off two great races in one week with a mare in such a ticklish state as was *Pilgrimage*.

But we are a little over-riding the hounds. The betting on the Two Thousand, which had been very mild, brisked up considerably within forty-eight hours of the race, and there was a great run on *Insulaire*. According to public form, he had no right to beat *Pilgrimage*, but when Jennings fancies, or is said to fancy, a horse, of course the public eagerly follow his lead, and it was surprising how many of what are called good judges we met in the birdcage, who were all on the French horse, and would not have the mare. And this was not on account of the latter being under any suspicion of unsoundness, but simply because Tom Jennings had said he would win. There was the form of *Pilgrimage* written in the book, which said as plainly as it could that now *Beauclerc* was out of it, it was the best form, but never mind that, Tom Jennings said *Insulaire* would win, so let us have 'a dash' on *Insulaire*. When the horses, however, were seen in the paddock, the mare with a clean bill of health, calm and placid, and looking her best, a better judgment came upon us, so she was decidedly first favourite. Of the others, *Sefton* for a place was considered the back business, and soon all the place books were full about him. If there had been any real belief in *Childeric*, and we do not think there was much in either Lord Falmouth's or Matthew Dawson's breasts, the state of the ground, which was wet and holding, soon dispelled it. We all remembered how badly he ran in the mud at Doncaster, and we may add, once for all, that he was never formidable in the Guineas. Who could back *Athol Lad* on such a day, and what possible accident could make *Glengarry*, *Oasis*, *Bayonet*, or the *Hope* colt win? The market foretold the result, which was a match between *Pilgrimage* and *Insulaire*. Coming out of the Abingdon bottom, the two drew away from *Sefton* (the rest had been hopelessly beaten long before that), and with *Insulaire* holding a slight lead, they raced up the incline for home. But the mare collared it in much more resolute style than the French horse, and halfway she had deprived him of the lead, and won, in our opinion, easily by half a length. It was a gratifying win for a real sportsman to see, because it was the direct confirmation of public form, which is one of the beauties of racing. *Sefton* getting a place, too, was another true bit of running, and took the horse out of that handicap form of the City and Suburban, marking the truth, too, of what the judge—and a good judge, too—said after that race, that *Gallon* was more done than his horse. There was only one other race this afternoon worth walking half a mile to see, and that was the meeting of *Silvio* and *Thunderstone* over the *Cesarewitch* course in the Prince of



Wales' Stakes, the former giving Thunderstone 11 lbs. Odds were laid on Silvio, grown into a magnificent specimen of a racehorse, of course, but there were plenty of people ready to take them, and Mr. Alexander himself, we believe, fancied that he should beat the great horse. The race was run to suit Thunderstone, certainly, for they did little more than walk to the Ditch, and did not begin to gallop in earnest until the T.Y.C., but when they came to the Bushes Silvio, without an effort, raced up to Thunderstone, who held the lead, quitted him, hard held, in the Bottom, and won with the greatest possible ease. A great horse indeed, and the cups of this year look like going to the plate-room at Mereworth Castle.

Thursday was a day of dullness save for the hardworking gamblers; there was not a race in it of the slightest interest to a looker on. There were a lot of platers in most of the events, and we doubt if the First Spring Two Year Old Stakes brought out anything very grand, the winner being Despatch, a son of Queen's Messenger, who beat Strathearn and Witchery very cleverly. There was great plunging on the Stand Handicap about The Callant, who it was supposed would beat Pardon, but The Callant is a very bad horse, and so backers found to their cost, for although it was a close race Pardon had always a little the best of it, and won by a neck. Friday promised us the best racing, and to a certain extent the promise was kept, for there were some fair fields for the other events, besides the One Thousand. Mida's form was rather discounted in the Plate over the Cesarewitch course, for she was badly beaten by Queen of Cyprus, and it was curious that the latter was not backed for much, while there was great plunging on Mida. Backers, in fact, had a bad time of it, except in the principal race, for The Callant was stood again in the Third Welter, and though he managed to beat Oxonian, Belle Bourbon, &c., he was cleverly defeated by Strike, the outsider of the lot, and hardly carrying a shilling of Mr. Chaplin's money or anybody else's. Mr. Chaplin's stable, on the other hand, put down the money in the Two Year Old Stakes on Bab-at-the-Bowster filly, who was beaten by another outsider, Electric Light, and as backers did not dare back Pilgrimage for much, a well-founded rumour being abroad that she was in great danger of breaking down, they did not have a very rosy time. She had been under the most careful treatment ever since her race in the Guineas, and it was not at all certain that she would start. Only on the morning of the race, and but a couple of hours before it, did Captain Machell dare back her, and even then, knowing what he knew, he could not advise his friends to do so. The fielders fielded strongly, for there were two or three fillies, Strathfleet, Clementine, Lady Lumley, and Tiger Lily much fancied, the Duke of Westminster's beautiful mare especially so. Jannette, reported dead amiss, was the outsider. Pilgrimage, from a glimpse we caught of her on her way to the Ditch stables, looked well, but hardly went with the same freedom as on the Two Thousand day. A shade of odds were laid on her; and Tom Cannon, knowing he was on a mare who might break down any moment, adopted different tactics from those in the Guineas, for he took up the running with her at the Bushes, soon had Strathfleet and Clementine in difficulties, the only one who came on in hot pursuit out of the bottom, to the surprise of everybody, being Jannette. She could not overhaul the favourite, however, who won easier than she did on Wednesday—and very fortunate were owner, trainer, and all concerned, in that she got home in safety. It is not often that two important races are won in the same week by a horse or mare who is unsound, and Cannon must have had an anxious time of it. She is a wonderfully good mare, and we trust she will stand another preparation and win the Oaks, where if all goes well it appears to us she will only have to beat Jannette. As we write, the state of the ground

is all in favour of Pilgrimage, but if it gets hard before the day we should fear for her chance.

Chester, Ho! The Chester of ancient memories, historical and horsey, whose old-world stones and timber recall the first as does the grass of the Roodee the second. The Chester of snug lying and safe'uns, of Dee salmon and early gooseberries, of pretty women, of much liquor and of much love-making. We are always glad to find ourselves within its walls; albeit on this occasion the racing entertainment was of the dullest; but then we were a band of brothers, who had an inner life apart from that of the Roodee, a life of quiet converse, not unmixed with jest, sometimes with song, *noctes ambrosianæ*, to which an excellent man of the name of Jamieson greatly contributed, nights in which, as the good vicar of old days said, if there was not much wit there was at least a good deal of laughter. Our days were somewhat laborious, spent in that most wearisome of tasks, the seeing and chronicling a lot of bad racing; but we made up for it in our nights, those who had backed Pageant making up for it very much, though in this matter the band of brothers was a divided band, and some would have him and some would not. Certainly on paper it looked the best thing for the old horse that we have seen for many a time; and though we have a constitutional antipathy to taking 7 to 4 or 2 to 1 about anything, we might have done it here and gone to sleep. That we did not do it was a subject of poignant regret, only assuaged by the success of our brethren who got a better price than 7 to 4. More power to them.

For the rest, the decay of the meeting, or we would rather say its decline, is remarkable. We will hope that the blight which fell upon it this year is but temporary, to be accounted for by natural causes, such as illness in stables, &c. Still, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Chester has been upon the down line for some few years, and has shared with other meetings in the north of England in lack of horses, lack of go, of everything, in fact, that once pertained to them. Change, we know, is stamped as with a signet upon every human institution, small as well as great; and very surprising are the changes affecting many of them. As curious as any is the change that is coming over racing. The north may with truth be termed the cradle of our national sport, great as are the claims of Newmarket to have been one of its nursing mothers. What man, in thinking of the turf and its history and traditions for the last two centuries, but turns to the north as the pilgrim turns to Mecca? There in broad Yorkshire, on Langton Wold, and under Cleveland Hills, what histories linger! Where can one travel through the Ridings without coming on spots sacred to the memory of the high mettled ones, and those who bred and owned them? Racing is comparatively an exotic in the south, and yet it has taken such root there that it has made the soil its own, while the parent plant has dwindled, faded, and pined. London, of all places in the world, that vast kingdom of Cockaigne, which twenty years ago was supposed to know nothing in racing except the Derby, and its knowledge about that limited to eating and drinking—London now requires racing to be brought to its doors, and not once a year either, but once a week, or something very like it.

The tide of sport is no doubt flowing south. The gate-money meetings are no longer the creations of sporting publicans and spirited lessees. Some discreditable specimens do exist, doubtless, but the majority of them are more than well conducted; they, in fact, in matter of arrangement and detail, yield neither to Ascot or Goodwood. What can be more perfect than Sandown Park, and those who have seen Kempton, and what the liberality and judg-

ment of the Directors of the Company are doing there, pronounce it to be one of the finest courses in the kingdom, with every comfort and luxury in the way of stand accommodation. 'Gate-money' meetings have certainly developed into something which we did not dream of five or six years ago. Then the term stunk in the nostrils of most good sportsmen, as associated with an unwashed rabble, drunkenness, sharpening, and shunts. Though, as we have here just said, these practices still hold their ground in some places in the metropolitan circuit, they are now the exceptions and already they are rapidly disappearing. A great change, too, has come over the vast middle and lower class of Londoners. A race meeting no longer means to them a carnival of unlimited beer; they have learned to like the sport, they will pay to see it, and are critical about it. So no wonder the tide of sport flows southwards, and that the appetite of our great Babylon, once whetted for it, demands a constant and unfailing supply of food.

And some of our old friends are standing out in the cold and looking at the changes from afar. Chester certainly was very dull this year, but it does not follow that it will be so dull next. Fortuitous circumstances helped to thin the fields; the plague of coughing was in many stables, and there was a plague of money too—the scarcity of it we mean. The grand stand proprietors had done what they could, the added money was most liberal, and Mr. Lawley had furnished a capital programme. But it was not to be. Whether old Pageant frightened away many of the Cup horses we can hardly say, but at all events the race was booked to him, and though the price about him was short, and his owner rather grumbled thereat, we wonder it was not shorter, and that backers had not to lay instead of take odds. There was an extraordinary belief among a section of the public that only one horse was going to try, and indeed we were gravely assured of that fact about half an hour before the race. Certainly four or five of them might as well have remained in their stables as far as their taking any part in the racing was concerned. Clonave, Noble Henry, Waterwitch, Ridotto, and such small deer were soon out of the race; Tom Cannon on the favourite bidding his time until they neared the Grosvenor turn the last time round, when he took him to the front and soon had all horses as safe as if they were bailed. Woodlands attempted conclusions with him in the straight, but he might as well have let it alone, and Pageant sailed in something very like a Cup horse who might hold his own at Ascot or Goodwood. Who knows?

For the rest we cannot go through the whole dull three days' racing, and if we did our readers wouldn't read it. Those who care about these things have seen them all in the daily chronicles of such events. If it had not been for the band of brothers, the Dee salmon, a little dry Böllinger, and some pleasant disquisitions on things in general, we should have been awfully bored. There were the pretty women to look at, to be sure, and a welcome sight was Sir Watkin in all his former health and vigour. That was about the best thing at Chester, nearly as good as Pageant. Lord Combermere was there too, and the sight of him was welcome, recalling old Punchestown days and nights at Bilton's hotel. One thing we wish the stand proprietors would take into consideration—a luncheon room for the ladies, a thing much needed. It is at present sad to see them in groups, each group encamped round a luncheon basket which cannot hold much more than sandwiches and sherry, most unsatisfactory nourishment we always think. Could not a room be found, or built, for the use of the reserved portion of the stand where luncheon might be provided? But perhaps a sneering friend remarks at our elbow, In two or three years' time there will be no races at Chester, so what is the use of luncheon rooms? Out on thee, scoffer!

The following arrived too late for insertion in last 'Van,' but we gladly give it now.

Upon the whole the past season has been far above the average, and good runs, solid runs, and not spins, have borne witness that hounds of the highest class, that can run fast or chase, are equally capable of being able to stoop upon a half scent, and by patience and steady hunting succeed, under comparatively adverse conditions, of affording the highest class of sport to the sportsman who rides in order to hunt, in contrast with him who hunts only to ride. The Duke of Beaufort's hounds have had thorough good sport of all sorts and descriptions; the solid hunting run and the flashing chase as well—when you have to sit down, hold him hard by the head, and send him headlong at Dick Christian's 'bloody brook.' The meet at Broad Sampford in the past month was numerously attended. A peripatetic says that 'there is no better-dressed field to be seen in England,' but without disputing his premiss, he might have added that there cannot be found a better disciplined field, from the severity, gracious or otherwise, with which it is enforced. The covert at Dauntsey was drawn blank; a loud halloo, however, gave notice of a fox having been disturbed from a hedgerow, and Lord Worcester laid the hounds upon the stale line. The large field, believing that it would be slow hunting, and the line brought up to the road, rode on to Somersford village and waited for the hounds in vain. The fox had stopped probably for a moment, and the hounds having caught the line, away they went in a cluster, with Mr. Pitman, Digby Collins, Mr. Albemarle Cator, and Lady Dangan, with Lord Worcester, being well with them, racing away for ten minutes, until they threw up under Dauntsey House. This fortunately let in the field, and the line being recovered they carried it over the Avon meadows—by the way, the cockney calls them the little ladies' twenty-three inches full size—to Christian Melford. Turning to the left they crossed the Great Western Railway, and were brought to their noses over some dry ploughs, over which they worked well and steadily. A halloo ahead, good and true, enabled Lord Worcester to catch hold of the hounds and lay them close to him, when away and away they streamed over the water meadows, the fences getting thicker as the pace quickened. Here Lord Ilchester, with his arm in a sling, Sir Gerard Codrington, Captain Biddulph, Lady Mary Nelson, Mr. Albemarle Cator, and Mr. A. Coates had the best of it. Swinging round to the left they faced a hill that told upon the horses, for the hounds were carrying a good head pointing for Melford Wood. On, on, and gaining upon him every yard, they rolled over only a few yards from the wood. This was a really good thing of an hour and a half, combining first a burst, then line hunting, and by sheer merit hounds getting closer, closer, and the pace increasing until they raced into him. On Friday, April 12, these hounds met at the Ten Rides, Oakley Park. This is a yearly fixture in order to keep up the title of old, which placed this magnificent park of Earl Bathurst within the confines of the Beaufort Hunt. It would be well if the fox-hunting rules of coverts were preserved in other shires with the same precision. Foxes abound in these large woodlands, and of course 'a day in the woods' is usually calculated upon without having anything besides covert-hunting. In the afternoon a fox was found in the upper part of Oakley Wood, going away to Pembury Park, past Duntisbourne, leaving Thickwood on his left and Jackbarrow farm to the right; on past Winstone village, and after a brilliant run was killed at Cowley Wood near Cheltenham. A leading man of the V. W. H. thus writes: 'We had a most excellent run in the open from the Cirencester Woods with the Duke yesterday, when Lord Worcester showed most extraordinary and patient talent in hunting

'his fox. He is the *facile princeps* in England as a huntsman. The run, 'which was a rare good one, was entirely owing to him.'

V. W. H. The meet at Sapperton on Saturday the 13th was the last of the season. Found in Sapperton covert, and was run into after a sharp spin round the coverts. Drew Cowcomb Wood; found at once going at a good pace through Westley Wood on to the railway, running along the line to the Bromscomb end of the Sapperton Tunnel; was turned by some men working there, and he went away for Hailey Wood, coming back to Westley Wood, and then they hunted Cowcomb Wood, where he was lost. The V. W. H. have had a successful season, having killed fifty-six brace.

The annual meeting at Ivybridge of the Dartmoor and Mr. Coryton's hounds, of Pentithe Castle, was attended with the usual sport, in some degree marred by the fall of snow, which probably put a stop to hunting on one day. The charm of these Dartmoor meetings is the wild moorland wastes that contrast forcibly with the pocket-handkerchief field and cabbage gardens of the Devon inclosures: a belief is induced that one is hunting really a wild animal not easily to be beaten, for the wild denizens of the moor take a great deal of hard running before they are brought to hand. Both packs were in high condition, and the meeting was large and successful.

The South Devon had a very good day from Windy Cross on April 1. Found in the covert going towards Bridford and Doddiscombeigh, through Ashton brakes to Webberton Wood, on to Whiteway, facing the open to Heldon—Mortimer's brakes—the round O, and rolled him over after a sharp run of one hour. Found another in Mr. Ley's brakes going away to Heldon race-stand, Rushycombe and Harcombe Bottom—Kenlon Hill—Oxton—Mumhead—Tower plantation—Ashcomb Vale, and was earthed after a racing run of three-quarters of an hour. They had another good run on the 8th from Londridge to Whitelands, Kingswood Quarry, Stoney Copse, through Lord Clifford's deer-park to Ideford, Dunscombe plantation to Heldon, but hard pressed he turned down hill to Ideford, where they ran into him after fifty minutes.

The Launceston hounds are given up or changed hands, and there has been an unfortunate misunderstanding about country with Mr. Coryton of Pentithe Castle. The real truth is two packs of hounds are hunting a country large enough for four, and in former times the Tavistock, Captain Morgan, the Landore, and the Broadbery hunted not quite the whole extent of the country for which two Masters are squabbling. It is much the same in other countries, and a greediness of country is fatal to sport, which was exemplified in Dorsetshire in the time of the late Mr. Farquharson.

The Bilsdale Hunt is about to be transferred to other hands. Mr. Spink retires, and it is hoped will be succeeded by Mr. Robert Tudhoe of Kildale Hall.

The Bramham Moor, Mr. Lane Fox, have killed seventy-four and a half one hundred and thirteen days. The number of marks on a kennel door does not always vouch for sport, but the Bramham have had a very successful season of good runs.

The Southdown ended their season with a good day, prophetic, it may be hoped, of future sport in another season. They had a clipping run with one fox of an hour and a quarter, to ground, and an hour with a third, also to ground, the earth being purposely kept open.

Lord Middleton's Hounds.—In ninety-four days they have killed forty-four brace of foxes with two blank days. The present Lord Middleton succeeds his late father in the Mastership of the hounds.

The Dartmoor Hounds, following the traditional custom or superstition of

killing a May fox, met to finish the season at Delamore, the seat of the Master, on Saturday the 4th of May, where there was a champagne breakfast and a lawn meet, attended by the rank, fashion, and beauty, not to mention the sportsmanship of all ranks of life, of the country. It was a beautiful day, and at a time of year when Dartmoor, with hounds drawing the open amongst granite, heath, furze, moss, and bog, looks most picturesque. Delamore, as the name implies, is close to Dartmoor, and in the heart of the country, looking southward on a lovely wooded valley, with a background northward of the granite tors of the stern old moor. There could be no more fitting place for the residence of the Master of the Dartmoor Hounds. After ample time had been allowed for the champagne breakfast and the greeting of friends, Boxall blew his horn for the moor. The hounds found as usual in the open, and a brace and a half of foxes succumbed to the prowess of the pack in the course of the day without any great sport to boast of having been shown, though it was a merry stirring day for a finish. They ran fast, as they usually do on the moor, and the foxes ran short, perhaps a case of cause and effect; a greater number therefore of a large field were there or thereabouts at the obsequies of the dead. Not that there was no tailing or scattering, but none were haplessly out of it, as many must be in a real good thing over Dartmoor. Thus was finished the first season under Admiral Parker, as Master, twenty-five brace having been killed with not a blank day, and it is to be hoped that he has a long career before him in that position. It will be remembered that Mr. Trelawney hunted what is now the Dartmoor country with his own hounds for thirty years without subscription. On his resignation Mr. Munro accepted the Mastership of the Dartmoor Hounds, which he hunted, the pack being Mr. Trelawney's for three seasons, with a sufficient subscription. And on the resignation of Mr. Munro, Admiral Parker, to whom Mr. Trelawney sold his hounds, was appointed Master by the Committee with a fair subscription. In succeeding Mr. Trelawney, who hunted the country without a subscription, both Mr. Munro and Admiral Parker or any one else, hunting with a subscription, would labour under certain disadvantages; as putting their hands into their pockets to pay for their own sport was a novelty to many not welcomed for novelty's sake. Besides, Mr. Trelawney performed the duties of a public position in a public-spirited manner, and was (and is) a great popular favourite. Admiral Parker has achieved a decided success as M.F.H. in his first season. He has turned his experience as a foxhunter of many years' standing with Mr. Trelawney's hounds to profitable account, and he has shown that he has been an observant follower of a good sportsman-like example. He took the hounds on condition that he would hunt two days a week, and he has hunted five days a fortnight all through the season. The season has been a good one, but without any very brilliant runs to record. The weather to the end of December was wet, and from January to the finishing day it has been unusually fine, except during the unfortunate week in which Mr. Coryton came to Dartmoor on a visit with his hounds to hunt alternate days with the Dartmoor, when it was execrable. Foxes ran better in the earlier than they did in the later part of the season, and some good runs were seen by those who could live with the hounds over the country at the pace—not an embarrassing number. Let the hounds once settle on their fox over Dartmoor and the large field who have been troublesome before begin to behave in a most exemplary manner and give them plenty of room, whether willingly or not does not matter. W. Boxall, who was with Mr. Trelawney, remains with Admiral Parker as a matter of course, and he has had the assistance of a competent first whip, who is a favourable contrast to his immediate pre-

decessors. W. Boxall's great merits as a huntsman, both in the kennel and in the field, are fully recognised by Admiral Parker, who shows his good judgment in this as well as in other directions. As a landowner himself in the best part of his country, Admiral Parker is surrounded by neighbours who have loyally preserved for him, and the result is very satisfactory. The hospitality at Delamore, where the young ladies are as becoming to a ball-room as they certainly are to the hunting-field, has been great, and it is needless to say has added much to the pleasures of the foxhunting world. The Master deserves thanks, not only for the spirit in which he has performed a public duty, recognising the imperative calls of duty even in foxhunting as a naval officer is likely to do, but also for the anxiety he has shown to accommodate a large field, even in matters which the strict etiquette of foxhunting would leave him free to disregard. His field are not all foxhunters, and a great many came to see this famous pack on glorious Dartmoor, not as sportsmen but as men, and women too, who want to see what is worth seeing. If fine wild, picturesque scenery of great extent, with the lively addition of a thoroughly well-appointed pack of foxhounds, is an attraction, no wonder the fields are large. And however large the field they will find a hearty welcome, civility, and good manners, although they may head the foxes.

A meeting was held at Barnet in the early part of last month to consider whether what is called 'the Collindale Hunt' should be allowed to cross the land about Hendon, Barnet, Tetteridge, &c. No one who knows anything about the so-called 'hunt,' and the way it is managed, will be much surprised at hearing that the meeting agreed, by eighteen to two, that the 'hunt' should not be recognised by the farmers of that district. It was resolved that legal notice should be served on the Master not to trespass on the lands of the farmers, and so we suppose we have heard the last of the Collin Dale.

Frank Goodall has had anything but a merry month of May, imprisoned in lodgings in Maddox Street. At the end of the last season he suffered acute agony from a tumour inside the knee, and how he contrived to sit on a horse at all, or hunt the hounds, is a mystery; but he would not give in, and, in spite of the fearful pain, struggled gamely on to the very last day, thus not giving 'Towler,' or any other man, a chance of having a peck at him, and a sad time he must have had, for Lord Hardwicke was *bors de combat* from a fall. So was Edrupt, the first whip, and, to crown the whole, all the horses were lame. This shows that a huntsman's place is not that bed of roses which sub-lieutenants and undergraduates imagine it to be. When hunting was quite over Goodall came up to, and put himself under the care of, Mr. Walton, of Brook Street, who most successfully operated and removed the tumour; but to the end of his days Goodall will not forget his month in Maddox Street.

A gentleman who hunts to ride being asked by a friend, an old sportsman who knows all about hounds, if he thought that a very smart and popular first whip would make a good huntsman, promptly replied, 'He is sure to. He is the very best man at water I ever saw in my life.' It is needless to say that the gentleman who made this very characteristic observation is not a Master of hounds.

We were glad to see a list of donations and subscriptions to the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, which had been collected by Mr. Taverner, of Nuneaton, from gentlemen hunting with the Atherstone, and hope to see it followed by similar lists from all other hunts in the kingdom, more especially from those in which rich men do congregate, for they

should remember that foxhunting could not be carried on without the full consent and approbation of the farmers; and as many of them do not hunt, the least return that can be made is to subscribe to their very useful institution. We may add here that Mr. John Gee, of Hexford, near Rugby, as good a specimen of a Northamptonshire, or any other farmer, as can be found, has collected nearly 140*l.* for the Institution. What good could not two or three men like Mr. Taverner and Mr. Gee do?

The 'Oriental Sporting Gazette' for April contains an account of a cricket match played in Calcutta on the 26th and 28th of January last, and as most of the names of players therein will be recognised by our readers, we make no apology for inserting the full score. It seems curious that a whole team of 'Harrow Wanderers' could have been got together at Calcutta, and still more so that they should be able to make such a good fight with the Calcutta Cricket Club. We hear that the Wanderers were most sumptuously entertained by Lord Lytton, the Governor-General, himself an old Harrow Boy, and that the speech which he delivered on the occasion was worthy of his own position, and of his literary reputation.

## CALCUTTA CRICKET CLUB.

<i>1st Innings.</i>			<i>2nd Innings.</i>		
C. S. Hoare	run out . . . . .	0	b C. Lucas . . . . .	2	
E. G. Harrison	st Webbe b Walker . . .	6	b Walker . . . . .	0	
J. Carrick	c M. Lucas b Walker . .	14	c M. Lucas b Walker . .	37	
F. J. Crooke	c C. Lucas b Walker . .	4	b M. Lucas . . . . .	0	
J. Mackay	b Parbury . . . . .	22	b C. Lucas . . . . .	1	
J. A. Bourdillon	c W. Crake b Parbury . .	23	c and b Walker . . . .	0	
E. A. Mackintosh	c and b Walker . . . .	1	not out . . . . .	0	
S. K. Douglas	b Walker . . . . .	29	b Walker . . . . .	6	
A. J. Lushington	b Walker . . . . .	32	c C. Lucas b Walker . .	11	
H. B. McCall	c Webbe b M. Lucas . .	20	c and b Walker . . . .	8	
C. Slater	not out . . . . .	10	c C. Lucas b Walker . .	2	
Byes . . . . .		2		1	
Leg Byes . . . . .		1		2	
Wides . . . . .		1		5	
		<hr/> 165		<hr/> 76	

## HARROW WANDERERS.

<i>1st Innings.</i>			<i>2nd Innings.</i>		
A. J. Webbe	b Mackintosh . . . . .	19	run out . . . . .	1	
I. D. Walker	b Mackintosh . . . . .	4	c Mackintosh b Hoare . .	19	
A. A. Apcar	b Mackintosh . . . . .	0	c Douglas b Hoare . . .	12	
M. P. Lucas	b Mackintosh . . . . .	4	b Crooke . . . . .	30	
W. P. Crake c Crooke	b Hoare . . . . .	23	c Crooke b Hoare . . . .	13	
C. J. Lucas c Carrick	b Hoare . . . . .	7	b Mackintosh . . . . .	7	
H. Carlisle	b Mackintosh . . . . .	8	not out . . . . .	28	
G. Crake	b Mackintosh . . . . .	1	c Crooke b Hoare . . . .	7	
A. Payne	b Mackintosh . . . . .	6	l b w. b Hoare . . . . .	0	
E. P. Parbury c. Crooke	b Hoare . . . . .	11	b Hoare . . . . .	0	
J. G. Apcar	not out . . . . .	0	b Mackintosh . . . . .	1	
Byes . . . . .		1		2	
Leg Byes . . . . .		0		2	
Wides . . . . .		2		2	
No Balls . . . . .		2		0	
		<hr/> 88		<hr/> 124	

The prices realised at sales at Messrs. Tattersall's auction mart are the best gauge of the demand for horses of a superior description, whether for saddle or harness. Money, no doubt, is scarce, but good horses are still more scarce,



and when Captain Coventry's hunters came to the hammer a short time back, a grey gelding by Baroncino fetched 640 guineas. It is true that no sensational prices have been given for hunters sold at the great central mart in May, yet sellers had no cause to complain. We can hardly suppose that the young gentleman who gave a hundred guineas for a polo pony can have a very bad account at his bankers. The Andover and Wey Hill Horse Company sent up fifteen carriage horses, which made the very high average of over 190 guineas each. The Andover Company have purchased the premises of Messrs. Newman and Lansley at Cricklewood for a London branch of their business. The trade horses of Messrs. Newman and Lansley, forty in number, were in consequence disposed of at Aldridge's, and made an average of 76 guineas. Horses of any figure were excessively dear at Lincoln fair, and the principal business was done in 'Woolwichers' for the supply of government.

The Manchester Horse Show, held the middle of the month, was not up to last year's exhibition, either in numbers or quality. The arrangements were good, as is always the case when Mr. Douglas is manager. The thoroughbred stallion class having been expunged from the prize list, judging commenced with the roadster stallions, and the judges, Lord Combermere, Mr. A. Maynard, and Colonel Ballard, appeared determined to find three horses with legs and feet such as a roadster must have. They at last succeeded, and all the prizes went to Yorkshire; Mr. Holmes, Beverley, being first with a very nice horse. In the stallion pony class, it is only necessary that we should say that Mr. C. W. Wilson was first and second with two of his grand ponies, to make our readers understand that quality and action were appreciated by the judges. The hunter brood-mare class, as is always the case at Manchester, was a very poor one. We now come to the best class in the show—hunters up to 15 stone. Here Mr. Harvey Bayly's Rossington, Mr. John Booth's Baldersby and Winder fought their battles over again, and they were placed as at the Alexandra Park last year—in the order we have named them. Rossington and Baldersby never looked better; but the Duke of Hamilton's horse has seen his best day. Besides these three well-known horses were shown Golden Drop, who was H. C. (a very tricky winner at Islington last year, and not noticed much since) and George Henry, invincible when 3 years old, now grown out of prize form. Hunters, light weights, was an easy victory for Glengyle, whose gallop is as perfect as can be. Andrew Brown, who always shows a useful horse or two, was second with Mallow, a chestnut horse that might have competed in the heavy-weight class. This was a short class, and the judges were puzzled to find a third, which eventually they did in Devonshire. Mr. Newton of Malton repeated his last year's victory in the four-year-old class, and won very easily with a nice chestnut horse by East Coast. Whether he is destined to turn out a second Sir George time must decide, but we almost doubt it, although in some points we like him better. As to the others, we must say, as we did last year, and we were true prophets, 'not likely to do much this season.' The three-year-olds were good, and the Duke of Hamilton has a nice horse in Bird's Eye, although had Mr. Lancaster's Hornby not been kicked just as he went into the ring, the decision might have been reversed, and Mr. Lancaster must have expected this prize, as he last year sold the Duke Bird's Eye. Nelly, another East Coast, was third, and is a very useful mare. In the hack classes under 15 hands, there were some very good animals. Robinson's Charles II. was again undefeated—a very blood-like, hunting-looking horse. Nobleman, the property of Mr. Harvey Bayly, and who later on won the first prize for ladies' horses, was second. These looked like riding; but many of the larger hacks up to weight

were more like harness. Harness horses were excellent, and Mr. Wakefield's bay horse Shamrock ran the Stand Company's mares Speculation and Expectation very hard. Ponies were good, and agricultural horses, although in small numbers, made a fine show. We did not stay for the jumping and pony racing, believing that our readers, like ourselves, 'care for none of these things.'

The Alexandra Park Horse Show is such a pleasant outing for us cockneys that we were much concerned to hear that there was a great falling off in the number of horses entered, there being upwards of one hundred less than at the show last year. On the judging day (May 24th) we found the palace grounds in full bloom, looking green and fresh, the trees and shrubs in full foliage, and numbers of sheep browsing upon the slopes of the hill. The late rains had covered the ground with thick grass, which was as deep and holding as in the heart of the winter, and a deal too much so for some of the competitors. The difficulty of getting together even a moderate lot of thoroughbred stallions at this season of the year would suggest the expediency of doing away with that class altogether, although we do not at all grudge the 70*l.* going to Claudius, who has been serving mares in Gloucestershire at a very moderate fee. That astute judge of horseflesh, Mr. Harvey Bayly, once more carried off the prize in the heavy-weight hunters class, and with it the prize for the best hunter in the show. This time it was with a five-year-old bay gelding, by Gemma di Vergy, which he had picked up last October in Devonshire. Tavistock, so named from the locality whence Mr. Battams hails, is a horse on a grand scale, standing fully 16½ hands high, with great girth, and measuring 9 inches of good solid bone below the knee. He has excellent shoulders, and remarkably powerful back and loins, whilst his hips are of such width as to give the impression that he is a bit short in the back ribs. Although he is up to so much weight he rides like a pony. A very fine chestnut horse, another fresh one to the show ring, belonging to Mr. Newton of Malton, was placed second to him; and those celebrities Statesman, Baldersby, Winder, and four others of less note, made up a class of more than average merit. Glengyle, who has much thickened and improved since last year, and slashed through the deep ground in grand style, had very little to meet him in the light-weight hunters class. The result of the decision by the judges was never for a moment in doubt, but we were somewhat surprised that Mr. Wright's chestnut mare by Dalesman, who also went well through the dirt, was not placed second. Probably her want of size told against her. The four-year-old class, usually so interesting, was a very moderate one indeed. Mr. Newton's Golden Drop, the son of East Coast, repeated his win at Manchester, and is a nice horse to look at, as he shows so much quality. Mr. Thomas Skipworth was second with a useful chestnut, with good wearing legs, that with a little more scope would be a valuable animal. There was only one big one amongst the whole lot, and he looked short of blood and was a bad mover. It was reported that he had been bought from a dealer, not one hundred miles from Beverley, for 350*l.* Sir George Wombwell was highly delighted in carrying off the prize for hacks with his bay gelding Sunbeam by Volturno, the more so as Mr. John Robinson's celebrated Charles II. was amongst those he beat. There was no question but that this was a right decision, for a better goer than Sunbeam in all three paces we never saw. We believe that Sunbeam was bought from Mr. Richard Barker of Malton. Mr. Harvey Bayly took the prize for park hacks with Nobleman. Amongst the ponies no doubt Sir George Wombwell would have scored another win with Fairy Queen, only that she was found to be three-quarters of an inch above the stipulated height. An inch in a man's nose is a great deal. Sir George

expressed himself satisfied with the accuracy of Mr. Coleman's measurement, but stuck to it that 'she measured all right at home.'

The first meet of the C.C. at the Magazine on the 24th was rather marred by the weather, but still the muster was a good one, here and there perhaps a scratch team, but the large majority quite up to, if not a little above, the standard of excellence which we expect to meet with at the meets of our driving clubs. Most of our leading coachmen were present, from the Duke of Beaufort downwards, including Lord Poulett with those wonderful blacks that we know so well, Lord Arthur Somerset driving the Duke's coach, Captain Wombwell—a coachman second to none either in the Four-in-Hand or the C.C.—Lord Carington with a charming team of dark browns half military, half civilian, Mr. Coupland with a bay and roan and two browns, Major Stapylton with a very handsome lot of browns, Hon. F. Villiers with bays, and Sir Henry Tufton and Captain Trotter both with browns. Count Münster had the Crown Prince of Germany with him, and we think his Excellency's chestnuts were of a better stamp than those of last year. A co-patriot, Herr Deichmen, had a thorough workmanlike team of browns, and there were four very handsome in Colonel Murray's coach. We look for Mr. Carter Wood's roans as a matter of course, and there are many eyes who equally look for Miss Carter Wood on the box by her father's side. Mr. and Mrs. Oakeley too are rarely missed, and indeed the ladies, in becoming waterproof toilets, were there in numbers. The Princess of Wales and her imperial sister-in-law were in an open carriage with the children of the latter, but the Prince, who was on horseback, after chatting a few minutes with Lord Carington, quietly effaced himself by mingling with the crowd, and left to the Crown Prince the honours of the show. The *pas* on this occasion was given to the German Ambassador, who led the way when the signal for the start was given, and if all coachmen had kept their distance as they drove along the Serpentine and up to the Marble Arch the effect would have been better. That keeping of distance seems hard to obtain, for there is not much improvement in the last few years in this respect. To spectators the effect of the long procession of thirty coaches was much marred. Falling out began before the Marble Arch was reached, a few went on to Portman Square, and some half dozen or eight coaches drove down to Alexandra. A much larger number would have gone had the weather been favourable, and the excellent luncheon of Messrs. Bertram and Roberts would have had greater justice done it than it had.

We mentioned in the last 'Van' the proposal to erect a window in Stoke d'Abernon church to the memory of William Henry Cooper, and we are glad now to state what indeed we fully expected would be the case, that the proposal has been received thankfully and eagerly, and among the many friends of the deceased gentleman who have already signified their intention of subscribing are the Duke of Beaufort, Lords Suffolk, Fitzhardinge and Poulett, Sir Reginald Graham, Sir E. Sullivan, Mr. George Lane Fox, Colonel Stracy Clitherow, Colonel Miles, Sir J. Duntze, Messrs. T. T. Drake, E. Hankey, J. B. Hankey, Oswald, Holme, Charles Hoare, Gordon Clark, J. A. Mills, R. H. Combe, Fuller, Praed, Barnett, Comyns Cole, Rev. F. P. Phillips (the Rector of Stoke d'Abernon), and last, but not least, the Rev. J. Pitt, the well-known 'Joe Pitt,' of Gloucestershire fame. It may not be generally known that Stoke d'Abernon Church is one of the most beautiful old churches in Surrey, and has lately been restored with much taste and judgment by the present rector and friends. It is rich in brasses, and there is some curious fresco work—altogether a church to see. The rector has permitted the west window to be the memorial one, and to Messrs. Lavers, Barraud, and

Westlake of Endell Street, has been entrusted the design, which they are now preparing for Mrs. Cooper's approval. We will take care to keep our readers, among whom are so many friends of the deceased gentleman, *en courant* as to the progress of the fund.

We must remind our hunting readers that the annual dinner of the Hunt Servants will take place on the same afternoon as the General Meeting of the Society, Thursday, June 6th, and will be held as usual at the White Hart, in the King's Road. The dinner is provided by subscription for sixty, and it is looked forward to by the men as affording a good, indeed the only, opportunity for their meeting and talking over many subjects of common interest. We need scarcely point out how desirable it is to promote a bond of fellowship among a class of men to whom we owe so much. Before the formation of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society they had no chance of meeting, and north and south were utter strangers. Now all is different. Any gentleman wishing to contribute can send a small donation to the Honorary Auditor, Mr. Heysham, or to the Secretary, Mr. Cartledge, who will acknowledge the receipt in the sporting papers.

The Messrs. Tuck, artists and photographers, will be hailed by sporting posterity as benefactors, inasmuch as they will transmit to it the counterfeit presentment of the hunting, racing, and driving magnates of our age and day, each grouped under their proper heading and calling. To be sure so versatile are the tastes and pursuits of English gentlemen, that the portraits of several well-known men are to be found in each of the three groups—the Masters of Hounds, the Jockey Club, and the Coaching Club, which Messrs. Tuck have published. The C.C. is their latest production, and it comes most opportunely at this time when the Park and Piccadilly is alive with the rattle of bars and pole chains and the 'buff and blue' is familiar wear. A very interesting group, and the likenesses taken, as a whole, excellent. 'The Duke,' there is but one Duke when we talk of coaching, occupies the centre of the picture, and round him are grouped Lord Worcester and Lord Arthur, the latter what we may call his father's second coachman, Colonel Armytage (not a very happy likeness), Captain Pryce Hamilton, Mr. Henry Brassey, M.P., Mr. H. Trotter, Mr. C. Murieta, Lord Poulett, and Major Jary. The two latter we consider the best of that immediate group, and among the most successful likenesses in the seventy-three we would mention in order of merit: Major Rolls, Captain Goddard, Major Stapylton, Sir Henry Tufton, Lord Valentia, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Yate Hunt, Sir Charles Legard, M.P., Lord Fitzhardinge, Captain Wombwell, Mr. Alfred D. Murieta, and Lord Cole. These cannot be beaten for truth and fidelity of expression. Lord Carington, in all likenesses we have seen of him, never receives justice at the hands of the photographers, and Captain Candy and his brother might make a similar complaint. Lord Francis Gordon Lennox and Mr. Reginald Herbert have been very happily caught, but neither Lord Marcus nor Lord William Beresford are the speaking likenesses of their brother Lord Charles. But for grouping and general happy treatment the picture cannot be too highly praised. It is to be seen at Messrs. Tuck's gallery, 204, Regent Street, and will well repay a visit.

The sporting pictures at Burlington House this year we may almost dismiss *en masse* as dull, flat, stale, and unprofitable. It sounds an ungracious criticism, but after a long stroll through the galleries we can find nothing else to say. Of animal life there are some charming examples, but then these are not sporting. Rivière's 'Geese' are wonderful, Feed's 'Maggie and Her Friends,' one could look at for ever, and then 'Sympathy' (the girl in disgrace and the dog trying to comfort her)—how positively touching is the

dog's caress. When we turn from these with reluctance, and feel ourselves in duty bound compelled to pause before the burly figure of Bob Ward on a weight carrier, with the usual hounds in attendance, and then take note of that wonderful picture of Major Brown, as he appeared in the company of a lady crossing a river (this, by the way, is by Mr. Lutyens, who charmed us so last year), again turning to look at a monstrosity in the way of hounds, entitled 'Gone Away,' by Mr. Emms, we feel inclined to wish that the hanging committee would vigorously exclude sporting subjects, instead of helping to bring them into contempt. Why are art and sport to be divorced? Why, when we break away from the conventional M.F.H. stolidly seated on his favourite hunter with his favourite hounds do we come to such utter grief as in the present exhibition? Any attempt to take hunting subjects out of what we may call the M.F.H. groove seems destined to failure, and yet a year or two ago we fancied there were symptoms of the reverse. Mr. Carter has nothing very striking this year, unless it is 'Animal Life in 'Richmond Park,' and there, though the deer are well painted, there is an absence of life about the picture, which, when we remember the artist's former efforts, is curious. The 'Royal Group in a Highland Deer Forest,' to which we rather eagerly turned, first, because it was by Sir Francis Grant, and secondly, because we were in some doubt whether the group would be biped or quadruped; we found to consist of some wooden-looking stags anything but royal. Mr. Ansdell in 'Morning' gives us a good picture of a keeper and his dogs ready for a start, but the companion picture, 'Evening,' was hardly up to his usual mark. By the way, there were the pictures of 'Morning' and 'Evening,' a huntsman and hounds going out and returning home, that Mr. Ackerman of Regent Street has recently published, that ought to have been in the Academy. The hunting subjects we saw there can compare to them.

And apart from the domain of sport the exhibition seemed to us a poor one. Here and there were, of course, pictures that arrested our attention, a landscape by Vicat Cole, 'Wandering Shadows,' by Graham; Henry Irving, as Richard III. (to our thinking, next to the 'Jersey Lily,' the portrait of the exhibition), 'Maggie and her Friends,' already mentioned, and one or two others that we cannot at this moment remember. The Jersey Lily and Mr. Irving are indeed pictures of which a painter may be proud. They are the men and the women as we know them, the one in actual life, the other before the footlights, and to which the palm ought to be given to Mr. Millais or Mr. Long, we are not happily called upon to decide. But we repeat, and we only indorse the opinion of those more qualified than ourselves to judge, the exhibition is not one of which we may be proud. The *labor et ingenium* have not combined to show us one picture that we can really call great, but when we see the crowds around Mr. Frith's 'Road to Ruin,' crowds necessitating the presence of a policeman with a perpetual 'move on,' we feel that to people who can be taken in by such clap-trap and vulgarity as that series of canvasses exhibit, the loss of a great picture must be but small. There is a proverb about the casting of pearls which we should be sorry to apply in these South Kensington days of high art, blue china and mediæval furniture, to our public, but the crowds round Mr. Frith's pictures unpleasantly remind us of the same.

Our theatrical parcel this month is confined to the doing of some amateurs. The Romany D.C. brought its eighth season to a successful termination on the 17th ult., when 'She Stoops to Conquer' was produced at St. George's Hall in aid of the fund now being raised for the benefit of the Cornish miners. Mr. Trollope, Mr. Gore Browne, and Mr. Westmacott sustained their reputa-

tions in Mr. Hardcastle, young Marlow, and Tony Lumpkin respectively, albeit Mr. Westmacott threw more of the 'yokel' than the 'squire' into the rôle of the last-named wayward youth. Miss Sullivan provoked roars of laughter from a sympathetic audience by her somewhat grotesque rendering of Mrs. Hardcastle, whilst Miss Braham and Miss Wentworth efficiently impersonated Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. That the primary object was attained was made manifest by the announcement that a good round sum would be handed over to the exchequer, to replenish which the performance was organised.

A veteran has gone to his rest since our last in the person of Mr. Thomas Smith of Fir Hill, Droxford, who died on the 11th of May at the patriarchal age of eighty-eight. To the present generation it seems almost idle to recall that 'other Tom Smith,' or 'Hambleton Smith,' as he was called, so long had he outlived his time. He was a grand old sportsman, and the grander because he had none of the advantages that wealth and position could have given him. His was an uphill game through life, from the time he graduated in the New Forest under the celebrated John Warde, who was his master and friend up to the death of the latter in 1837. Mr. Smith commenced as a Master in the Hambleton country, then a very rough one, and yet badly or indifferently mounted, and with the sinews of war in a very unsatisfactory condition, he managed to show extraordinary sport. He had a quick eye too, and knowledge of country, and he was also intimately acquainted with the animal he hunted, his tricks and his manners. His great characteristic was that he would never leave his hunted fox, however cold the scent, for a fresh one, conduct, which, in those galloping days, would, we fear, have made him very unpopular. When he took the Pytchley, succeeding such a man as Lord Chesterfield, and had to get together a scratch pack of hounds late in the season, he yet, under these disadvantages, showed wonderful sport. As he commenced with the Hambleton, so, in 1852, then an old man comparatively, he finished with them, his last appearance as Master being at Broad Halfpenny Down. Mr. Smith was, no doubt in some respects, an extraordinary man, because he did great things in hunting under great difficulties and with small means. He hunted with the hounds he found to his hand, and rode horses that modern Masters would perhaps be shy of mounting. A passing tribute to such a man is all we can here give, but if our readers will turn back to Volume 13 of their 'Baily,' they will at page 325 find an exhaustive biography of this fine old sportsman.

We hear from Melton that Mr. Jacobson is sending a very clever lot of hunters to Tattersall's, which will be sold on the Monday before the Derby. They have not been kept to look at, for we hear no one has been out oftener or been more prominent in 'good things' than their determined owner, and as he sells without reserve, he ought to have a good sale.

We heard the following story the other day, and it is a true one. A gallant Colonel was judging hunters in Ireland, and said to the owner of a horse he was inspecting, 'Has he ever been in harness?' 'Sure now,' was the reply, 'do you think I should put such a magnificent beast into harness?' 'Well,' said the Colonel, 'how do you account for this collar mark, then?' 'Ah!' said Pat, 'sure that's a mark that runs in the family.'

*A propos* of the dispute in Leicestershire, touching the Quorn and the Billesdon, we heard the following the other day. The Leicestershire Yeomanry (all hunting men) were out not long ago, and among other work they had thrown forward outposts and skirmishers as if to feel for a foe coming from Market Harborough. A veteran soldier and sportsman encountered one of them and said, 'Ah! I see you are preparing to resist an invasion of the

'country.' } ['Yes,' answered the yeoman, 'we shall be ready for any invader, but we shall have to change front to the north, I think.'

Who has not heard of Saltburn-by-the-Sea, that charming spot on the Yorkshire sea beach, with its bold headlands, its grand stretch of sands, its pretty pleasure-grounds, its bracing air, and its Zetland Hotel? Assuredly, the readers of the 'Van' know all about it by this time, for the Driver has paid it an annual visit for now some few years, and he is almost ashamed of singing its praises. For those who love and can enjoy the beauties of nature without being eternally fiddled at and brass-banded at, promenaded at and flirited at, the comparative quiet of Saltburn is to the weary ones of the world, wearied with business or pleasure, truly delightful. Then the Zetland is such a capital hotel, with good public rooms and private, and its situation is undeniable. It has just received a new tenant in Mr. Varini, who has long been favourably known at Ramsgate, and we wish him every success in his new venture.

With sixty years of sport to look back upon, the experience of such a veteran of the chase as Mr. John Colquhoun, the author of the 'Moor and the Loch,' is surely well worth recording. The book has now reached its fourth edition, and as a handbook of Scottish sport it has few, if any, rivals. In every domain of sport we find the author equally at home and full of that frank earnestness which distinguishes, not only the true sportsman, but the lover of nature as well. Whether as angler or shot, the reader will be sure to gain much valuable information by joining Mr. Colquhoun in his rambles round the Moor and the Loch.

We are reminded as we pen the last lines of the 'Van' that the Derby, the Islington Horse Show, and Ascot, those tearing, tumultuous, thirsty festivals are upon us, and by the time some of our readers have finished their 'Baily,' the momentous question will be decided on Epsom Downs. It is not a very momentous question this time, in fact it is about as trivial a one as ever has been asked since the race was founded. What will win, and what shall be our tip? Four-and-twenty hours bring startling changes, but as we write (May 28th) things look in a very unsettled state, and the bosom's lord of the backer sits anything but lightly on its throne. Sir Joseph has, it is said, been beaten in his trial, and the only consolation his supporters can glean is that the question asked him was such a very big one, that after all his beating is nearly as good as a win. Insulaire is on his way to France, Thurio is under some sort of cloud, and Maximilian has been scratched. The field will be about the smallest that ever started for the race, and yet we cannot with any certainty put our finger on the winner. No horse stands out apart from the rest, and the curse of moderation is over them all. The weather, too, unless it changes, is not Derby weather, and that thirst which generally sets in with us about the last week in May, and continues to some indefinite period, has not yet made its appearance. But it will. We shall be found quaffing our Bollinger on that first Wednesday in June, and drinking Thurio's health after Mr. Clark has ordered his number to be hoisted. Or will it be Cyprus? We confess to being puzzled. Thurio and Cyprus vex our soul. 'Under which king, Bezonian?' We have an affection for Thurio, and we dread Cyprus. Eminent prophets couple their loves, we believe, and we will follow their example; so Thurio and Cyprus, ladies and gentlemen, if you please. You pay your money, and you take your choice.







Laurence R. M.

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

### SIR LAURENCE PALK, BART., M.P.

AMONG the worthies of Devon the Palks stand out prominent. A good old family, which no doubt had made a mark in the county even before the days of Henry Palk of Amboche (*temp.* Henry VII.), from whom they claim descent. They sent members to Parliament (Ashburton was a pet borough of theirs), were loyal men in the days when loyalty was of some account, and the first baronet was Sir Robert Palk, who was Governor of Madras in or about 1772. Since then they have been knights of the shire, good sportsmen, and good pattern country gentlemen.

The present baronet, who represents the eastern division of his native county, is a sportsman, as all Palks have been from the beginning of time. Yachting, hunting, coaching, all claim him as a votary, and the man who has the blackcock and the greyhen on his moor at Haddon must needs be a follower of the gun. In his early days Sir Laurence was an habitué of Melton for seven years or more, but now is more devoted to yachting, and his *Lancashire Witch* and the schooner *Gulnare* are well known in the squadron. He is Commodore of the Royal Torquay Yacht Club, and has built at that place, at the cost of 18,000*l.*, a harbour where vessels of large size can enter at all tides and ride in safety in all winds. In conjunction with his friend Sir John Duntze, Sir Laurence has made arrangements to hunt a portion of the South Devon country during the ensuing season, for which purpose they have bought a pack of hounds from the kennels of the Hon. Mark Rolle and the Blackmore Vale. Sir Laurence is a member of the Four-in-Hand Club and a good coachman.

He married in 1845 the only daughter of the late Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart., of Rufford Hall, Lancashire, by whom he has a family. Sir Laurence is a Conservative in politics, and has been in the House since 1854.

## MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER XIII.

'He knows the best line for each cover,  
 He knows where to stand for a start,  
 And long may he live to ride over  
 The country he loves in his heart.'

MR. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

'Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
 Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.'

CAMPBELL.

VALUING the companionship of Russell not less than his long and untiring devotion to the sport, Mr. Fenwick Bisset, the well-known Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, sent him, in April 1877, a couple of stags' heads, with the following letter:—

'I have sent you two heads to-day, one taken in Sheardown-water on the 6th of October last, the other that of a deer which, you may remember, stole away from Hawkcombe, and we hunted up to, and fresh found in Badgeworthy wood, ran him back and killed him in Avon-pool, below Bossington. They are not very big heads, but not the less memorable on that account.

'I was greatly struck by your exuberant spirits in the hunting-field; much more like a school-boy than a man of eighty. May you live to see many more such runs as these afforded; and when you can no longer *see* them, may you *talk* them over, like your rare old friend, Alic Luttrell.'

Well may Mr. Bisset have thus written in reference to the kindly feeling existing between those gentlemen; for both were octogenarians at the time, both had been on intimate terms from the days of their earliest manhood, as their fathers had been before them; similar tastes had knit them together; and regularly, for a number of years in the stag-hunting season, has Russell looked forward to his annual visits at East Quantockshead Rectory as among the happiest holidays of his long life.

The following communication from a lady, a near relative of Mr. Luttrell's, is so interesting that, with her kind permission, it may well find a place in this memoir:—

'On the 28th December, 1876, Mr. Russell was on a visit to his old college friend, the Rev. A. F. Luttrell, of East Quantockshead, then in his eighty-third year; and on the following day (after going on the Quantock Hills on foot, to look for the hounds of Mr. Luttrell of Dunster, who was hunting near) he (Russell) went on to St. Audries, the seat of Sir Alexander Acland Hood, to dine and sleep, and to be present at the tenants' ball on that evening, 29th. During dinner he mentioned as a curious coincidence that, on looking over some family papers, he found that in the Christmas week of 1776, his father had made a journey on horseback from Meath, near Hatherleigh, to Dunster, to pass a few days at the

' Castle, with his old friend and schoolfellow Mr. Luttrell, the then "Squire" of Dunster; and now, in the Christmas week of 1876, their two sons were passing some days together, both over four-score years, and the next generation only, though a hundred years had passed since that visit of their fathers. Mr. Russell was then sitting at table with several of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of his father's host and friend; among them, the present possessor of the Castle, a grandson, and his eldest son, who had attained his majority six months before, when Mr. Russell had been one of the many old friends assembled at Dunster on that joyous occasion.

' At the tenants' ball the same night, Mr. Russell was among the most active dancers, joining in quadrilles, lancers, and country dances with the prettiest girls in the room (all *delighted* to have him for a partner), and greeting all his old friends in his hearty manner. He retired to bed at 3 A.M., regretting the necessity of leaving the festive scene before Sir Roger de Coverley began; but he had to start at 8 A.M. on a journey of over forty miles, as, he said, "Lord Portsmouth's hounds were to meet near his place in Devonshire, and he had promised his Lordship to be back soon after twelve o'clock to show him his second fox"—which he did. The previous Monday had been his eighty-first birthday.'

Mr. Stucley Lucas, the present owner of Baron's Down, whose father succeeded the late Earl Fortescue, in 1818, as Master of the Dulverton Staghounds, and from whose house, it will be remembered, Russell saw his first stag killed in 1814, has kindly favoured the writer with the following letter:—

' So long ago as I can remember—and that is not far from half a century—down to the present year, Russell has always stuck to the staghounds with a consistency unequalled by any living man. No matter where they met, how long they ran, nor where they finished at the end of the day. Our entrance-hall, as you know, is pretty well-decorated with stags' heads, trophies of the chase in my father's time, when the woods and combes of Exmoor resounded with the music of those grand old-fashioned hounds, which he kept for six years.

' Well, it would charm your heart to hear the fine old fellow when he drops in upon us, as he now and then does, still throwing his tongue with all the vigour and animation of youth, and pointing out, as if it had happened yesterday, how this deer or that had fought his last fight to the bitter end: how, with brow-antler, piercing like a bayonet, another had killed the bravest young hound in all the pack, knocked over the huntsman, or old Joe, the whip, or perhaps Russell himself, and held his own against all odds, till the death-stroke fell, and his life-blood crimsoned the ground.

' Then he would tell of one, whose royal crown of beam and branches proclaimed him king of the forest—a deer so savage that, when he was brought to bay in a farm-yard, no one for some time dared to approach him. At length, as he shifted his quarters closer

‘to the house, Russell was let out of a window, and with the aid of a rope was able to secure the noble beast and avert the danger that threatened the hounds.

‘I see in my father’s stag-hunting note-book,’ continues Mr. Lucas, ‘an instance recorded of Russell’s indomitable pluck: the stag had crossed the Taw, when, coming to the bank of that turbulent stream, Russell without hesitation dashed into it and swam to the opposite shore; while, of all the field, one man only was bold enough to face the stream and follow the hounds.

‘Again, I myself witnessed an act of courage on Russell’s part which I can never forget. We had driven our stag after a long run to the foot of the Quantock Hills: and there, with five or six couple of hounds only, had brought him to bay in a small stream, just deep enough to compel them to swim, while he stood firm on his legs. What was to be done, for there was no one up but Russell and myself? The situation was a most critical one; as, with lowered beam and defiant air, the deer’s charge appeared to be imminent; and then, some of the best hounds would either have been killed on the spot, or have had their hides seamed from shoulder to stern. Russell jumped off his pony (Fox by name, a wonderful little animal, which, by-the-bye, immediately ran away and gave me no end of trouble to catch him), rushed in upon the deer, caught him by the horns and held him till a third man came to his aid; who, so far as I can recollect, was poor old Tom Webber, long since dead. Luckily for Russell, the deer (a four-year-old) was not a very savage one; so, while I held the horses, the two, after a sharp tussle, managed to secure him. Several of the field then made their appearance, a little too late, however, to witness the last act of the play, the crowning scene of the day’s sport.

‘Russell and I started home soon afterwards; and long as the distance was, reached Baron’s Down before nightfall. I need not tell you that Russell has been out with the staghounds, to the best of my belief, every day during the past season (1877): that is to say, when a stag was to be hunted; for hinds he didn’t care so much about. Let me add, that he generally sees as much of the run as any one out; stays to the finish, and rides incredible distances back to his home—no trifling feat for a man in the vigour of youth; but, à *fortiori*, for one of his age, a truly wonderful performance.’

Even to one well accustomed to the sport the business of collaring an old deer, when he is ‘set up’ by hounds, is a task that, to do it safely, requires at times all the skill and adroitness of a matador; but to the inexperienced hunter, no matter how quick, active, and strong he may be, the stag, with those long, pointed brow-antlers of his, which he is wont to use with such terrible effect, is an awkward customer to approach, when driven to his last resource and confronting his foes on some vantage-ground.

Many a narrow escape has Russell had, first and last, at such times; but thus far, fortune, aided by his physical power and thorough

acquaintance with every mode of handling the animal in that the final ceremony, has carried him scatheless through numerous close and fierce encounters; as to which, like Æneas, he might truly say

‘*Quorum pars magna fui.*’

One day, during the Mastership of Mr. Stucley Lucas, who, it will be remembered, was the last man to use the fine old-fashioned staghounds of that country, he was more than once exposed to imminent peril in saving a peasant, partly intoxicated, from certain death. They had found in Bremridge wood, near Castle-hill, a noble deer, strong and swift as the winds of the moor, and bearing a grand head with ‘three upon top’ on each horn. After a sharp burst of two-and-a-half hours they brought him to bay in a small brook near Bratton Mill; and there, for a considerable time, he defended himself against all odds with so much vigour and effect, that several of the most adventurous hounds were more or less severely maimed in the repeated and desperate charges he made upon them.

And now the struggle had all but taken a more serious turn: an old man, muddled with cider, in spite of all warning, went up, and attempted to caress the infuriated animal, addressing it thus: ‘Sober, now, sober; don’t ‘ee be scared, my pretty dear.’ On which the deer, mistrusting his motive, made a fierce lunge at him; but missing a vital spot, drove his brow-antler right through the old fellow’s hand; and, then and there, would have certainly killed him but for Russell’s immediate help. He rushed in, collared the deer by the root of his near-side antler, dragged the man’s hand off the reeking tine, and then rolled over and over with the deer into the bed of the brook; the animal forcing him under a foot-bridge and kneeling upon him in the water.

At length the deer shifted his position, releasing Russell and bringing his back to bear against the wall of a thatched house, where, like a Turk intrenched, he again stood his ground with a lowered beam and defiant air. But ‘the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;’ for anon a farmer, called Skinner, mounting the roof in his rear, with rope in hand, gave token that the curtain was about to fall and bring the last act to its tragic end.

And here most touching was the spectacle which the poor beast presented; as, winding the man on the roof behind him, he turned round, stood on his hind legs against the side of the house, and looked his enemy in the face; as if he would have said in the extremity of despair, ‘Ah! that’s foul play—a cowardly trick to win ‘your game.’

The noose then fell; but his noble head—which may still be seen adorning the hall of Baron’s Down—yet exists to tell the tale and remind Russell and his friends of the perilous incidents which occasionally attend the chase of the wild red deer.

Mr. Collyns, although he gives neither date nor minute particulars, probably alludes to the same event at Bratton Mill, where, he says, ‘I remember seeing a deer, when “set up” by hounds, thrust

'his brow-antler through the hand of a man who attempted to secure him;' and then he adds: 'On one occasion when I was out, the late Sir Arthur Chichester, then the Master of the Hounds, had a very narrow escape from serious injury. We had brought to bay an old stag after a severe chase. The deer posted himself on a high bank, from which exalted position he set the hounds at defiance. No rope was at hand, and whilst some of the party were absent in quest of one, the Master rode up, and tried to dislodge the deer from his vantage-ground with his whip. I saw the animal gather himself for a charge, and had just time to successfully warn Sir Arthur against the danger he was in. He turned aside, and in a moment the deer leapt from the bank, just missed the horse's head, as it was being turned away, and with tremendous force plunged his antlers deep into the ground.'

Short of death, one of the most frightful injuries ever witnessed by Russell was inflicted on a hound bred by Lord Portsmouth and called Falconer, in taking an old stag at Waters-meet. Standing at bay above his knees, in the East Lynn river, he drove his long brow-antler up to its hilt in the hound's side; and then, in withdrawing it, brought out that portion of the interior known as 'the apron' clinging to the rough inequalities of the blood-stained horn. Almost sickened by the sight, Russell put his whip round the hound's neck, led him aside, and having drawn out the apron as far as it would come, he cut it off with a pair of scissors. He then inquired if any gentleman or lady present happened to have a needle and thread about them; on which a gentleman immediately came forward and produced a huswife well furnished with the said articles.

'Any surgeon present,' again inquired Russell, 'who will sew up the wound?'

'I am one,' responded another readily, 'and will do my best for the poor hound.'

The operation having been quickly and well performed, Falconer was then conveyed to Simonsbath by a passing cart; and, *mirabile dictu!* at the end of a fortnight from that day, was taken out again as a tufter by the huntsman, John Babbage, who pleaded, that he absolutely needed his services, at the same time pronouncing him to be 'fit as a fiddle' for that or any other work. Nor did the hound ever afterwards appear a pin the worse for the cruel treatment he had so bravely survived.

The open and often stormy Severn-sea being the last refuge of a deer when driven by hounds to the rock-bound coast of his native wilds, it has been Russell's lot, first and last, to witness many a remarkable instance of buoyancy and strength exhibited both by the stag and hind in battling with the waves and struggling to reach the opposite shore. On the 22nd of October, 1876, Russell writes:—

'Letters just come in—one from Mrs. Kinglake, who, with her husband, son, and daughters, has been staying at Porlock for stag-hunting since August—to say that a stag we ran to sea above Porlock Weir a fortnight ago was drowned; that the body was

'washed across the Channel and picked up on the Welsh coast. He didn't run three miles before he went to sea, and I saw him battling with the waves, now riding on their topmost crest, and now lost in foam; there was a very heavy sea on, not half a minute before he went down. William Deane was by my side and said, "He has sunk." My reply was, "If he has, 'tis a very unusual circumstance; for I have known a deer out in the sea for four hours, after he has stood two hours before the hounds; and have seen him come in again apparently quite fresh." He was drowned, however, if he did not sink—and so ends my tale.'

The buoyancy of a deer in water, even when dead, is not a little remarkable. His body, though the lungs are no longer inflated with air, will still float on the surface; while that of an otter, an animal commonly but falsely supposed to be amphibious, will sink to the bottom like a lump of lead. Mr. Collyns relates that a stag 'getting on Slippery Rock fell over the cliffs and killed himself; fortunately no hound followed him. The tide was up, and he was carried out to sea for a considerable distance; and the boat sent out to secure him arrived just in time to save him from the hands of those on board a smack going up Channel, who had all but reached him.'

And Russell corroborates the fact: 'Collyns' version is quite a correct one. A deer will float—not "swim"—for a long time after he is dead, both in the sea and in a river. I have witnessed it often, and so have many other Devonshire sportsmen; but I have never seen an otter float after he was dead.'

Russell, in alluding to the deer that went to sea for four hours and returned all the better for his cruise, refers to a gallant old stag found by Sir Arthur Chichester's hounds and driven through Badgeworthy, over the moor to Lynmouth. Six or eight couple of hounds were pressing him sorely, when he managed by a few mighty bounds to reach the pinnacle of an isolated rock, from which, with a firm footing for himself, he bid defiance to all his foes.

A man, however, with a well-aimed pebble dislodged him at length from his perilous perch; and, as the deer bounded off like an eagle into space, Russell shut his eyes that he might not see him, as he fully expected, dashed to atoms. On looking again, however, to his great delight he saw the animal striding away towards the sea, where he remained for four hours, standing boldly out for the opposite coast. But he was taken and brought back long before he reached it.

Another stag, less fortunate in his jump, was so beset by men and hounds, near the same romantic spot, that he bounded over a road-wall, and fell hundreds of feet down into the rocky Lynn; every bone in his body being smashed by the fall.

Again, Russell speaks of a deer which, after a grand run from Badgeworthy, went to sea near Countisbury Church; when a sloop bound for Swansea fell in with him, the men of which threw a rope over his antlers and carried him captive into that port. Alas! a week afterwards, the noble animal is said to have suffered the ignominy of being 'uncarted' and turned out before a Welsh pack of hounds.



Nor was this act of piracy an exceptional case. Russell, on another occasion, saw a hind picked up by a fishing-smack in the face of all the hunters, who, posted on the cliff above, shouted and signalled in vain to the daring thieves. The animal was carried to Pill, sold there, and turned into venison.

Stag-hunting, like most other institutions of the kind, has had its ups and downs, its good times and its bad, during the sixty-four years of Russell's experience in and around the forest of Exmoor. Its history indeed, during that period, is marked by sundry trying and critical epochs; which, partly owing to the 'Enclosure Act,' and partly to the damage done by the deer, have ever and anon threatened the existence of that ancient and noble sport. And certainly, however loyal the landed proprietors may have been, though here and there even they have not always proved to be the truest of friends, it would have been a manifest injustice to expect from the farmers that, without due compensation for the injury done to them, they should spare, much less help to preserve, freebooters so exacting as the wild red-deer, roving at will over their land and taking first bite at the best and daintiest of their crops.

Even Mr. Collyns admits that, 'The damage done by deer in feeding in inclosed and cultivated lands is very great. They destroy more than they consume; and I have seen five or six cartloads of turnips pulled up in a single field by the marauders in the course of a morning's meal.'

Especially dangerous was that period when, after the sale of the old-fashioned staghounds, the country remained unhunted for some seasons; for then the deer were well-nigh exterminated in certain districts—an act of retribution not to be wondered at, and, it must be owned, not without some show of reason on the part of the needy peasant or suffering farmer. The latter rose in the morning and saw the crop on which he depended for his next rent-day half-ruined in a single night; and that too without the remotest hope of future compensation, or even the solace of a day's sport in lieu of the loss he could so ill afford; while the former, pinched with hard work and poor pay, honestly believed it to be no crime to shoot a deer which, he would say, the lords of the soil no longer hunted, and which, as he well knew, was not protected by the law of the land. Therefore, he'd 'slay and eat.' And why shouldn't he? The deer were no man's flock, but *feræ naturæ*, quite as much as the badger and hedgehog on which the gipsies fed.

To counteract the result of such reasoning, and to infuse a better and more hopeful spirit among the moor-farmers as to the future of stag-hunting, was a work which Russell never lost an opportunity of doing, not only by his personal influence, but by all other means in his power. The farmers who hunted with his foxhounds were his friends to a man; and woe betide the unfortunate peasant suspected of being a deer-slayer in their neighbourhood; for, if they did not know it already, Russell took care to inform them that a man who passed the night in waiting for a deer could not possibly do justice to

his employer by a fair day's work on the morrow, and that, if he could not kill the wild animal, rather than go home empty-handed, he would probably help himself to a fat goose or a moor wether.

Nor was Russell's advocacy in favour of the noble sport confined to the farmers and their dependents alone; it was equally extended to the squirearchy of the land, at least to all such as were known to be either hostile to its continuance, or even lukewarm in the cause. Some years ago, the use of wire as fencing for the moor-farms created no little uneasiness in the breast of many an old stag-hunter; and of Russell 'tis related that, meeting one day the son of a gentleman who had fortified a portion of his boundary with a circle of iron, not inaptly termed an 'infernal machine,' he thus addressed him: 'You're a stag-hunter, I know, to the backbone, and so was your father before you. Well! take him a message from me; tell him 'to sell his wire and buy a moor-farm with the money.'

'I'll tell him so,' replied the heir-apparent, 'and hope he'll follow your advice.'

Arthur Heal, who for so many years has acted as whip and huntsman to the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, and who in both capacities has fulfilled his duty in a highly efficient and workmanlike manner, gives an outline of Russell's forest life in the following brief sketch:—

'I have been,' he says, 'twenty-two years with the staghounds, and scarcely once knew him fail being out every day during the stag-hunting season, no matter what weather, or what distance to cover. Very rarely but what he starts from his own place in the morning, goes to the meet on horseback—perhaps twenty to twenty-five miles—ride the chase all day and home again the same night; sometimes thirty or more miles, and doing it all in the saddle. He generally sees the finish. Sometimes he will lead on a second horse himself, change at the find, and then ride the other home at night.

'Knowing every yard of this country, he is a great help to those who are strangers to it; and since he has followed the present pack I have seen him 'blood' a good many ladies and gentlemen, who but for him would have been nowhere. I do not know anything else worth mentioning, except that during the past season, 1877, he has followed hounds just as well as when I first knew him.'

In the rough and imperfect sketch of Russell set forth by this memoir, his devotion to the chase and its attendant mysteries has thus far purposely formed its chief foreground; but there is another feature of his character which, though not yet touched upon, is entitled to equal prominence in the picture; and that is, his devotion to women and children. In a spirited article, entitled 'A Day with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds,' contributed to 'Baily's Magazine,' of September, 1874, the writer ('E. K.') alludes very pleasantly to one of the numerous instances in which Russell has

taken children under his especial tutelage, and literally guided their first steps in the hunting-field. It runs thus:—

‘Then comes the parson of the hunt—what west countryman does not know without my naming him, that best and keenest of sportsmen?—up he comes with a smile and a joke for all. As he answers the numerous greetings he receives, I catch his cheery acknowledgments, “Very well, thank ye.” “How’s the missis?” “Long ride for an old fellow like me, eh? rode all the way” “from home this morning—a good thirty mile and more.” “Going to ride all the way back too?” “Yes; the old horse looks well, don’t he? Doesn’t change much more than his master—last my time, anyhow. Hullo! that’s your little girl?” “Your first day, my dear? Then we must blood you; follow me, and you shall see the kill. Oh! I’ll take care of her, never fear!” So I see the plucky little girl made utterly happy—she is to be piloted over the moor by the Rev. —, and her joy is complete.’

And as to women, it boots not where, how, or when; but his gallantry to them, in the field or out of it, at home or abroad, has been through life that of a Launcelot, anxious ever to serve, succour, and defend them to the best of his manly power. ‘God bless them all!’ he might say with Sterne; ‘there is not a man upon earth who loves them *better* than I do.’

Nor has the sentiment been ill-requited on their part; for no matter in what class of life the maid, or matron, may be, if haply she have seen much of his company, her eye will kindle evermore with a look of sympathy and pleasant memories at the bare mention of Russell’s name.

His readiness and ability to help ladies in the stag-hunting field has been already alluded to; and from the eulogistic terms in which he never fails to speak of a few as ‘elegant and accomplished horsewomen,’ who, whatever the pace, were wont to take a brilliant lead and look to no one for help, so long as their horses could gallop and they could help themselves, the writer is sanguine enough to hope that the liberty will be condoned, if he venture to bracket a very imperfect list of their names in company with that of their devoted and staunchest admirer. First and foremost, then, comes Miss Kinglake, now the Hon. Mrs. T. Fitzwilliam; ‘one of the best,’ as Russell writes, ‘I ever saw, from find to finish, on Exmoor.’ Then, her promising young sister, Miss Beata Kinglake; Lady Lovelace; Mrs. Henry Dene, Mrs. Pulsford-Browne of Kirk Bramwith, near Doncaster—‘a lady who lived for many years at East Anstey, near Dulverton, and hunted with Lord Portsmouth’s and the Stag-hounds—a very fine rider, and one who went as straight over a country as a bird on wing. She always called me “Uncle John”; and once or twice in a moor-fog did me the honour to accept my pilotage.’

Then there was Miss Clara Jekyll; Miss Hole, now Mrs. Wynch, Mrs. John Luttrell, Miss Leslie, the three Miss Taylors

of Dulverton, Miss Julia Carwithen, now Mrs. Pyne-Coffin, Miss Luttrell, Miss Widborne, Mrs. Louis and Mrs. Russell Riccard, Mrs. James Turner, Miss Vibart, Lady Lindsay, Mrs. Proctor-Baker, Miss Constance Baxendale, and Mrs. Lock-Roe, an elegant horsewoman, and one of Russell's dearest friends. Then, last in the list, but rarely so in the chase, come Mrs. Granville Somerset and her sister Mrs. Cholmondely, two ladies whom Russell describes 'as worthy of niches in the grandest temple ever dedicated to the forest Queen.'

Of a fall that befell Mrs. Cholmondely, where the two streams meet above Badgeworthy—once, as Mr. Blackmore tells us, the stronghold of the Doones—Russell still speaks with a shudder. The hounds had found in Hawkcombe; and, in spite of a hurricane of wind that was blowing at the time, had brought their stag at a trimming pace over the moor down to that old point, where so many have 'soiled,' or sought refuge in the surrounding combs.

Mrs. Cholmondeley, with Lord Cork near her, was well in front, when Russell, at a short distance behind them, beheld the lady riding directly for the stream, and, to his dismay, attempting to cross it at a dangerous and impracticable spot. A high and almost perpendicular boulder stood erect on the opposite bank, bidding defiance to any steed short of Pegasus, and presenting a barrier only to be mounted by a scaling-ladder. Russell shouted till he was hoarse, but in vain—his warning was drowned in the storm; for, Mrs. Cholmondely putting her horse resolutely at it, the gallant animal did his utmost; but, failing to reach the summit of the rock, fell heavily back into the boiling Lynn, and so saved his own bones; while the lady was hurled to the ground with an appalling thud.

Russell's blood curdled at the sight. '*Et vox faucibus hæsit*;' but he leaped from his saddle and stood by her side in another instant. Anxiously awaiting the recovery of her breath, and being fully persuaded that some fracture of the limbs must have taken place, Russell said, 'Move your right arm; now the other; your right foot; the other. Bravo! not a bone broken there. Now stand up.'

The lady did so; and, though much bruised, in a short time was little the worse for her perilous adventure. Lord Cork—a hard man in his day, and who must have seen more bad falls than most men, if not during his Mastership of the Queen's Buckhounds, at least with the Christchurch drag—was so shocked by the sight that, on finding the lady was well attended to, he turned his horse's head and rode home.

In the fifth room of the Borghese Palace, at Rome, hangs an exquisite picture by Domenichino; the finest, perhaps, he ever painted on a mythical subject; it is entitled 'The Chase of Diana.' The figure of the goddess, who stands prominently forward, is the very personification of beauty. She is attended by a bevy of nymphs; and to one, whose superior skill as a huntress has just been tested, the goddess is awarding the appropriate prize of a bow and quiver.

But if, as of old in the valleys of Ida, the Forest Queen were at

present to hold High Court in one of the ferny combes of Exmoor, attended of course by the fair votaries mentioned above, her Majesty would be sorely puzzled, so Russell thinks, to decide on which of them to bestow the first prize—

For, all so good; 'twere hard indeed to tell  
Who figured first, or who should bear the bell.

## POLO IN INDIA.

THE Indian Regimental Polo Tournament was held as last year at Meerut during the week of the Spring Race Meeting. Only five regiments sent teams, although we hear seven entered to play for the championship. The first ties were the 9th Lancers and the 4th Hussars, and the game was played on the morning of the 13th March, and resulted in rather an easy victory for the Lancers by four goals to none. In the evening of the same day the second tie was won by the 10th Hussars, beating the 15th Hussars by two goals to none. On Thursday the 9th Lancers played Hodson's Horse, composed of representatives from the 9th and 10th Bengal Cavalry. When the game stood at two goals all the excitement was very great, but it was only for a moment, as the 9th quickly scored another goal, and when time was called they had obtained three more, winning easily by six goals to two, and leaving them as last year to play the final tie with the 10th Hussars. The match, which created great interest, came off on Saturday morning, and the 9th, repeating their performance of last year, once more carried off the Cup. Both regiments have played many matches since they came to India, and we understand the 9th have never yet been beaten, and the 10th only once, and then by the 9th for the Cup last year after a tremendous tussle by one goal. The ten sportsmen who came to represent these two regiments produced at the Meerut Railway Station over forty horses and ponies, and when we think that ere Sealkot and Rawul Pindie welcome them back they will respectively have travelled about eight hundred and one thousand miles, we cannot but hope that many other regiments will next year follow their sporting example.

The players in the final match were as follows :—

9TH LANCERS.	10TH HUSSARS.
Captain Chisholme.	Captain St. Quintin.
Lieutenant Gough.	Lieutenant Fisher.
" Evans.	" Durham.
" Trower.	" Greenwood.

We believe a meeting was held at which it was decided to institute an Annual Indian Grand Military Steeple Meeting, and as racing in India is kept up for the most part by soldiers with the Polo Tournament during the same week, a right cheery week it

ought to be. The Grand Military Chase ran on Saturday the 9th was won by Mr. Watson's (13th Hussars) good-looking horse Royal, ridden by his sporting owner. The light weight was carried off by Captain White's (15th Hussars) Arthur (Mr. Chisholme), and Mr. Chisholme won the Hunters' Stakes on his old horse The Duke, the veteran winner of nearly a score of steeplechases. The Houghunter's Cup, for *bonâ-fide* pigstickers, was taken by Mr. Edward's Flight. The course was one chosen in the country, and proved to have been rather a trappy one to race over, as out of the seven starters only three passed the post, the others falling, Captain White dislocating his shoulder, and Captain Humphrey breaking his thigh; but both, we are glad to say, are doing well. At the end of the week, to keep the sport a-going, the party moved out into the Ganges Kadir for pigsticking. The Kadir Cup, for which there were over thirty runners, was carried off by Captain Hutchins on Mr. Grant's (4th Hussars) Kate Kearney, after a good contest for the final spear with Captain St. Quintin, the winner of the Cup last year. With many good gallops after the mighty boar, and not a few rolls, but rather pleasant ones than otherwise in the long grass, we decided that we can succeed in spending a really cheery fortnight out of old England. It is getting hot, but we will dream of the Grand Military and Polo Meeting for the end of the year, and surely it ought to be a success.

*Editor's Note.*—In thanking our gallant contributor, who is in India, we may congratulate our readers and all Englishmen that there probably is left to us another generation of cavalry, who—should the necessity occur—will do a Balaklava charge all over again quite equal to the rehearsal of 1854.

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## THE FEMALE SLAVE.

THE emancipation of the 'nigger,' whom the late Lord Brougham styled 'a man and a brother,' was effected partly by the advocacy of that eccentric, though kindly, nobleman very many years ago; but the white female slave has been in bondage ever since we can remember, and is still under the yoke of France, whose milliners and dressmakers rule the world. Pending the Peninsular War, English ladies got sadly in arrear as regarded fashion, and when the Continent was opened again in 1814 the French were very funny about our grandmothers' 'get up,' as appears on reference to caricatures of that period. A book of fashions from 1800 down to the present times is a curious thing to study, and so are the caricatures in 'Punch' since its commencement in 1841 until now. Our great-grandmothers wore a robe so tight and small at the bottom that they could barely walk. Our grandmothers wore bonnets which would hardly admit them into a church door. Our mothers wore coal-scuttle bonnets;

then came the butterfly cap and butterfly bonnet era, and tight lacing and balloon sleeves, which caused many deaths by burning; then trains came in again, about thirty-five years ago, and quickly went out; later on the outrageous hoop mania; and now we are in the train and eelskin dress fashion, which must be as inconvenient as anything yet invented. Ladies who hunt have emancipated themselves by abandoning the dangerous long habit, which caused many accidents, and have adopted shorter skirts and Napoleon boots, have thrown away their chignons and head incumbrances, and develop the natural beauty of the head, and wear a little round pot-hat. They have long ago adopted yachting jackets and sailors' hats at sea, and Ulster coats for driving in the country, or travelling. From the days of croquet (which game would be made tolerable *me judice* if you had a marker and played sixpence a hoop, the same as at pool, but under no other circumstances), ladies have come forward, and have shown a disposition to join gentlemen in their sports as much as possible. Lawn tennis broke the ice fairly, and all rational men will own that the pleasures of our sports are doubly increased by the presence and co-operation of the fair sex.

There is one drawback to ladies' enjoyment of many amusements, which is their dress. Not all the milliners and ladies' tailors in Europe have ever yet invented a costume which will enable ladies to move quickly about with comfort to themselves. It is a curious thing how reckless ladies, who are more delicate physically than we are, though often our superiors in courage, are about their health. The first thing which every cricketer, rowing man, or athlete of any kind thinks of is that he shall be wholly clothed in woollen, and he goes into such minutiae that he has his flannel trousers made with flannel pockets, and without a particle of linen about the waist-band or otherwise which could strike a chill, and takes care to have a change and a pair of dry woollen socks and shoes above all things. But with ladies it is quite different: you see them playing lawn tennis at a garden party in their ordinary dress (which is very pretty, no doubt), running about on the grass with light kid boots, and getting heated and excited, and remaining out probably long after the dew has fallen heavily and the mist is rising, after which they sit down to supper, and dance in the evening with wet feet and in a wet dress, and walk about on the terrace outside,—and in a day or two comes the doctor. The first thing the doctor says to mamma is, 'You must take very great care of her; she has caught a severe chill, and you must put her into flannel directly.'

Now, the chaff be on my head, but I am serious when I say that the doctor locks the stable-door after the steed is stolen; and if ladies will join us in our sports, we shall enjoy them doubly more if they would take the same precaution as ourselves. I am not going to infringe on the mysteries of a lady's wardrobe beyond saying that for outdoor sports which demand exertion every article should be pure woollen, as nothing strikes a worse chill than a silk or thread stocking. I am going, however, to the externals, and, mad as the

idea may seem, to suggest something after the style of the bloomer costume, which is the only remedy for giving ladies the full use of their limbs and activity without inconvenience. For rowing, fly-fishing—a perfect lady's art—yachting, lawn-tennis, and other amusements which can be enjoyed in the private circle, a dress in the nature of a Norfolk jacket, as far as the waist, with a skirt like a short riding-habit, coming well down within a foot of the ground, and only wide enough to allow free use of the feet, would be very comfortable. There would be another article of dress, but we must not call it 'pants'—that's American; we must not call it by an English name; and we must not call a pair a 'pair,' so we will call it '*some Zouaves*,' tucked into a pair of boots with thick soles, without heels, which come well up to the ankle, or shoes and Zouave gaiters. The fashionable heels which resemble little wooden legs under the arch of the foot, and which make a lawn look as if a one-legged pensioner had danced a breakdown on it when in liquor, are useless for locomotion. The above dress, with a cricket hat, would be perfect. The material would vary, of course, for different sports, a grey or white flannel for lawn-tennis, rowing, &c., serge for yachting, waterproof cloth for fishing, and so on.

Some lady of high position must start the fashion; but I am sure that if started the dress would save an immense amount of illness, as if ladies would change their dress as men do, they could get heated or wet with impunity. And this dress would carry ladies' amusements a step farther, for they might play cricket, and there is not the least reason why they should not, as some few ladies have played, and played well. Be it remarked, that Miss Wills of Kent had the credit of inaugurating round-hand bowling; for particulars whereof *vide* any of the many works on cricket. The weight and size of the bat might be modified, and also of the ball, the distance, &c. Many ladies are admirable at lawn-tennis, and a lady who can do sharp backhanders could be taught just as easily to lift a half volley or cut in the slips. The upper classes can do all things as well at any rate as the lower; and years ago, when I was a boy, I saw in Kent, and in Sussex also, I think, but am not sure, a match between two elevens at 'stool ball,' eleven a side, married and single. A stool turned down was the wicket, a kind of large wooden battledore was the bat, and a white tennis-ball, two-thirds of the size of a cricket-ball, was the ball. It seemed to me exactly like cricket, and some of the fielding and catching was uncommonly good.

Ladies' shooting, on the quiet, is a moot point, though I knew one very pretty woman who could bring down a snipe as well as most men, or a partridge either; but I should have a higher opinion of a lady who had *not* shot a hare, than of one who had; and also of one who kept away from a covert-side during a battue. Killing is not woman's mission; quite the contrary, as they prove themselves, God bless them! by coming as sisters of mercy to nurse the wounded after the battle. Beyond praying for those who are in peril of their



lives, when they hear the war trumpet and the tramp of the charge from afar, they have nothing to do with the killing.

All these sports of course are intended for private grounds, or to be exercised in the private circle. My experience, which is not limited, has always told me that generally those who take a sport up quietly and unostentatiously are generally the best bred ladies. Two or three instances of this come to my mind now. One related to riding—and it occurred, I suppose, twenty years ago or more, it does not matter now when or where. Two young ladies, great friends and most accomplished girls and most feminine characters, one English, the other Irish, were staying in the same house, and one of them had a stud of horses of her own and her own grooms, and though she never hunted she had a private steeplechase course of her own, with made fences, for the enjoyment of the thing. After dinner I could not help overhearing arrangements between the two for an early gallop the next morning before breakfast, for the purpose of trying a new horse; and so it came to pass that I thought I might take the ‘ladies’ gallop’ on my way to the river, whither it was my custom to resort early to fish, and play the tout. It was a pretty scene, as they thought they were ‘alone within the ‘dell,’ and I knew they both hated ‘show-off’ in any way, and if I had shown myself I was afraid they would not have tried the jump. Something of this kind occurred. One said, ‘Kitty, dear, ‘give me a lead with Thunderbolt, and mine will follow.’ Thunderbolt came along easily enough, and topped the wall, the lady looking like a lady-Centaur on him, followed by her friend on a splendid Irish horse, who, just as the horse was rising, gave a regular ‘hurroo,’ such as the Irish rough-riders give, which seemed to make the horse bound into the air, and he landed close to where I was standing. Both the riders had only one pommel to the saddle and no stirrup. Another instance was connected with a yachting party. Three ladies were walking up a rough garden, which led down to the sea, and asked me if the party were at home. Anyone could tell that they were thoroughbred ladies, though their dress *was* peculiar certainly. It consisted of a kind of half coat, half high dress of check duster stuff coming down not quite to the ankles, over rough red serge or flannel petticoats, such as bathing women wear, thick woollen stockings and tied shoes, a small white collar and a black necktie, and a sailor’s hat completed the costume. They wore no gloves, and their faces, which, without being remarkably handsome, were very expressive, were tanned as brown as their hands, and *that* was saying a good deal. At luncheon the mystery soon came out. The three sisters were remarkably fond of yachting, and their father, who was a man of wealth, kept a yacht, and they begged to have a small one of their own of about twelve to fifteen tons for their own amusement, which they could use themselves, with the aid of a man and a boy. They only wore their nautical dresses on board, as they did not go in for notoriety, but each of them could steer, and knew every bit of rigging, and

all the mystery of sailing, and could haul at a rope or do anything. They never went about any town in their costume. In the present instance they were enabled, by wading through a short bit of the breakers, from their boat to land close to the garden, and walk up by the private way, and they had taken off their shoes and stockings, dried their feet in the sand, and put them on again. And then they were unostentatious and well-bred ladies—in no way tom-boy or masculine; on the contrary, very accomplished and musical, for

‘ One could whistle, and one could sing,  
And one could play on the violin,’

as one of the old nursery ballads say of ‘ the three pretty girls who came sailing home at one o’clock in the morning ’; and no doubt they got more enjoyment out of life than half of their sex who are in the fashionable world, because they were unconventional.

One terrible penalty I paid after luncheon for their visit. It happened thus: a few years previously I had occupied the house where we were staying for six months, and the place being the most church-goingest, slowest, over-parsonified, invalided I ever knew—though very beautiful—I joyfully accepted an invitation from Sergeant-Major ———, late of the ——— cavalry, to have my children drilled, and to be instructed myself in the noble art of self-defence with gloves, foils, or single stick, in all of which he was more than proficient, and three times a week we had a turn with the gloves. The sergeant, hearing that I was in the place again, sent word in at luncheon ‘ his dutiful respects, and he had the gloves if I ‘wanted a turn-up on the lawn.’ I told the servant that there was a party at luncheon, and he must come early to-morrow morning. But the moment the ladies knew what the performance was, they insisted on witnessing a representation of Sayers and Heenan. Now, the sergeant was a magnificent man, as nearly as possible Heenan’s size, and I was as nearly as possible the height and size of Sayers, and when we sparred I used to attack the sergeant, and he played very light, just to keep me in order. The sergeant, a north of Ireland man, with a half Scotch half Irish pronunciation, in the gravest way, *log.*: ‘ Ladies, you must imagine that that gentleman is Tom Sayers, champion of England, and that I am Heenan, the American. ‘ We are supposed to be in a square space, twenty-four feet in diameter, roped and staked, called “the ring”; in that corner there ‘ would be two men, one called “the second” the other the “bottle-‘ holder,” who would have a large bottle of water and a sponge; ‘ and in this corner are my second and my bottle-holder, with the ‘ same materials. The combatants toss for choice of corners. ‘ The round continues until one man is temporarily vanquished ‘ by being knocked down or falling after a blow, or otherwise, ‘ according to the rules, which are humane, to avoid punishment. ‘ We each retreat, or are carried to our corner after the round ‘ for half a minute, when “time” is called. The battle com- ‘ mences by a preliminary shaking of hands, to show that the

'contest is friendly and honourable. The centre of the ring, at the place marked here, is what is called the "scratch," and when "time" is called, we meet each other, and put up our hands, and the commencement is usually by cautious sparring, to feel the reach of each other's arms and to discover each other's strategy. The token of defeat is "throwing up the sponge" by either second.' 'Now, sir,' to me, 'let us play light.' 'Now, ladies,' addressing our fair spectators, 'we are ready; will one of you call "time?"' There was a chorus of 'time,' and the battle commenced. After cautious hitting and stopping, with many a 'Well done, sir;' 'Don't be afraid to hit me, sir,' from the sergeant, we went to work. For the first time, in the many bouts which I had had with the gallant sergeant, he laid himself clean open, and, for a wonder, I landed my left with all my might, with the shoulder well in it, so straight in the middle of his countenance that I felt the recoil. But, alas! in much less time than it has taken me to write the few words following 'recoil,' I was on my back, four yards off, with my heels in the air, from the most cruel right-hander that any man ever had—and, mind you, from a man who was six feet two and a half, and who weighed about seventeen stone. The ladies encored tremendously, but poor imaginary Tom Sayers was knocked out of time, as all the stars and comets which ever were, danced before his eyes, and a Niagara and a thunderstorm had taken possession of his head, and the first thing he saw was the sergeant, in great tribulation, picking him up—it was all U P, and when he could speak, he said, 'Sergeant, throw up the sponge for me.' In the evening at dinner T. S. appeared with a purplish promontory jutting out between his nose and left ear, and somewhere about south-east by south a substance resembling a half-opened oyster, which once was his eye, stood out in bold relief.

Another instance of ladies doing men's work well was connected with rowing. Some years since four sisters used to row on the Thames in the evening, after the cockneys had gone back to London, steered by their father, whose place as coxswain I should have *much* liked to have taken. They pulled as well as any men I ever saw, and I heard from a waterman that they could swim as well as water dogs, and that in case of an accident their heavy clothes could be 'unshipped' instantly by undoing one clasp, and they would be in ordinary bathing costume, and, as he remarked, 'just as safe as if they *was* ashore.'

Nothing would do ladies more good than rowing where there is a lake or a river, or at the sea in smooth weather, or they might learn sailing; but two things are necessary, the swimming, and a dress that would 'unship,' as my friend said; and this could easily be done by having the waist made with gussets and pleats, very slightly tacked (see how knowing I am, Mr. Baily), with loops outside, with a belt running through them, and which would fasten like a cricket belt. A loose jacket with inflated air-tubes, which would be no inconvenience, would reduce danger to a minimum. Nothing is more dreadful than a boat accident with ladies in their ordinary

dress, for if their clothes are saturated, you can't lift them in without swamping the boat, even if assistance is at hand. I saw the truth of this off Westminster Bridge. A woman threw herself off the bridge, and was carried by the tide against the hawser of a barge, to which the poor soul clung, and when a boat went to her, they had to tow her in, for they couldn't get her on board, owing to the weight of her wet clothes.

Now *cui bono* all this gossip, Mr. Baily? It means this, and the moral is, when we were boys the world was smaller; there was comparatively little society to what there is now. We went through the age of loutdom, as we did not care for dinner parties and less for balls, as girls who seldom went out were shy, and society was very starched. Now the gentler sex have bridged over the gulf, they don't turn up their nose at our wanting a quiet cigar in the garden, and they are ready for an off-hand dance after a garden party, or any other harmless amusement, and without the least losing that feminine delicacy which is the charm of what our grandmothers so properly called an 'English gentlewoman,' ladies are becoming our play-fellows.

As I said before, as a rule the best bred ladies are generally the most efficient at what they undertake, and we should say to them, as the old Irishwoman said to a beautiful young girl in Ireland, who came on some errand of mercy, in my hearing, 'Ah, Miss Mary, my darling, the blink of your eye is like God's blessed sun coming into the door.' All that is wanted now is a young duchess to set the example, and a dressmaker to carry it out, of putting ladies at their ease in following out some of men's pursuits.

A lady will make a morning call, or go to a *fête* on horseback, and can walk about holding up her habit, and not be ashamed of her boots and black continuations. Why not adopt a similar fashion in out-of-door sports in private grounds, and emancipate ladies from the incumbrances of long skirts?

I think we men are a selfish lot, and I will attempt to classify some of creation.

1. The Gentlewoman—which expression may be made wide enough to include all classes of women who are simple, and modest, and womanly, and kind. 2. Horses, not forgetting master Charley's wicked-eyed, long-tailed Shetland, which much resembles a miniature dray-horse. 3. The noble and intelligent portion of dogs, to wit, bloodhounds and other hounds, mastiffs, Newfoundlands, retrievers, collies, the old woolly sheep dog, who will take the sheep home if his master is drunk, Scotch terriers, and the like. 4. Mr. W. G. Grace. 5. The other cricketers. 6. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who ranks next to Royal blood, and the rest of the world.

If these hints are adopted, the new fashion must be styled 'The Baily Costume,' as a matter of course.

Mitcham, June, 1878.

F. G.

## THE TREATMENT OF SPRAINS, BREAK-DOWN, AND OTHER INJURIES.

WE wish to bring under the notice of our readers a new invention for the application of heat and moisture to the legs of horses when they have sustained an injury. If we feel more strongly on one point than another with respect to the treatment of injuries, whether human or equine, it is that the application of *cold* is a very serious mistake. Most of the enlightened hospital surgeons now treat injuries, even fractures of the limbs, with hot poultices at the onset, and have quite abandoned the use of cold lotions. This course is a sensible one, for not only is the tumefaction and heat of the injured part subdued by the application of warmth, but the process of repair is wonderfully expedited. Even in *theory* the application of cold lotions or cold water has not very much to be said in its favour, but in *practice* the intentions or indications which it is expected to fulfil are entirely frustrated. If it is to do any good at all it must be *continuously* applied. But this is never the case, for although the rags or bandages may be applied *cold*, they are allowed to get very *hot* before they are renewed, so that instead of a continuous application of cold we have only an intermittent one, so to speak, more accurately an alternation of hot and cold; and this is a very pernicious course, for not only does it aggravate the mischief, but it positively retards repair and recovery. In chronic cases, when all the heat, swelling, and other acute symptoms have subsided, and when an astringent is required, cold may do very well, and we have no doubt that in such cases it is of much service, but in *recent* cases the continuous application of warmth is a *sine quâ non*.

For upwards of twenty years we lived opposite to a lake which was fed by several streams which rushed from their source through culverts with considerable violence. Owners of horses with groggy legs or with injured ones were accustomed to place their animals in the current and let them stand there for days together, taking them up at night, of course. The chronic cases were much benefited by this procedure, much more so than they would have been by the intermittent application of cold bandages. But when recent cases were placed in the stream we always noticed that the poor animals kept snatching up their legs as if in pain or discomfort, and we have no doubt that the rush of cold water did cause much suffering to the injured limbs, and if the animals could have given utterance to their feelings they would have asked to be taken away and to be subjected to a course of hot treatment. As in the case of cold applications, but conversely, hot ones require frequent renewal, or they become cold; but it is much easier to keep up heat successively than it is cold, and Mr. Cauty's invention, which consists of a poultice of spongeo-piline kept hot for a long period of time by means of a reservoir of hot water in a vulcanised india rubber pouch, seems admirably adapted for the end in view. We have witnessed its

beneficial effects in the human subject on more than one occasion, and we are quite certain that its adoption by horse owners would be of marvellous benefit to their animals as well as a saving of expense to themselves. Engravings of some of the forms of it which are already in use will be found in our advertising pages; and we understand that if there be a demand for them, that a variety of patterns suitable for every possible form of injury to which horses are liable will be constructed. We would caution our readers against using *boiling* water in the pouches, or they will destroy the indiarubber. Water a little hotter than is used to wash the hands will be the proper temperature.

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### THIRTEEN YEARS AMONG THE WILD BEASTS OF INDIA.\*

THE visits of members of the Royal family and the increased facilities afforded by the Suez Canal, have each had their share in popularising a sojourn of three or four months, from the later autumn to the early spring, in India. The climate at that season is, in Calcutta and to the north of that city, simply perfect; nor, though to the south of the Vindhya range the temperature is less bracing, is there anything in the climate there from October to March to interfere with the perfect enjoyment of the traveller. In some parts of the south, indeed, the extensive plateaux of table-land, raised from two to four thousand feet above the sea, and cooled by the sea breezes from the south-west, boast of their pleasantest season in July, and are safe for the traveller from the beginning of that month to the following March. This is especially the case with the plateau of Mysore. The British soldiers stationed there begin cricket the middle of June; the wives of officers who have rushed to the hills to escape the heat of the summer months return even a week or so earlier; the wild animals descend from their fastnesses into the open plains in July; then likewise is it feasible for the sportsman to penetrate, without fear of sunstroke, the jungles sprouting into early leaf, in pursuit of the big game of India—the bison, the tiger, the panther, the bear, and occasionally, it may be, of the elephant.

On that plateau, Mr. Sanderson, the author of the handsome volume we are noticing, spent thirteen years. He passed those thirteen years, not in the enjoyment of the society of his brother exiles from Europe, but in the study of the haunts and habits of the wild animals of the jungles. To carry on this study acquaintance with the language of the wild tribes, and a close and familiar association with their members were alike essential. Mr. Sanderson

\* 'Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India: their Haunts and Habits, from Personal Observation; with an Account of the Modes of Capturing and Taming Wild Elephants.' By G. P. Sanderson (Officer in charge of the Government Elephant Catching Establishment in Mysore). London: W. H. Allen and Co., 13 Waterloo Place.

learnt their language and lived with the tribes. He would appear to have been regarded by these simple people as invested with a power not less, and an influence greater than their deity Koombappa. The fact is clear from the perusal of these pages that the tact and generosity displayed by Mr. Sanderson in his dealings with the jungle tribes entirely won their affections. By never scoffing at their religion, by humouring their simple fancies, by rewarding every special act of good service, by taking the lead in danger, and showing himself more daring than the boldest amongst them he gained their confidence and esteem. He, a solitary European, lived for years in their midst. His life was ever in their hands. Excepting when an officer journeyed from some military station to join him in an expedition against the bear or the bison, or when he came across a stray official, or, as once happened, a sporting parson, these men were his sole companions. He was their chief, their paladin. It was he who settled their village disputes and who advised them on social and domestic matters—an Englishman whom they could approach without awe, and consult with the certain confidence that he understood and sympathised with them.

Although, then, this book is the best and most practical book on the wild game of southern and eastern India that we have read, although it displays likewise an extensive acquaintance with natural history, it is a great deal more than that. The man who shall read it carefully will rise from that perusal with a more thorough acquaintance with the people of the country, their inner life, their simple habits, their modes of thought, than has been afforded by books which make a direct claim to deal with the subject.

The story of the preparations, of the capture, of the securing and the taming of wild elephants is admirably told in the tenth chapter of this charming book. It would be difficult to add much to the interesting story as told by the principal actor; but there is one point which he did omit to notice. Mr. Sanderson, as soon as the capture was secure, invited visitors to his camp. From the stations of Mysore and Bangalore all who could get leave crowded to witness the success of the great experiment. The visitors were struck by the ingenuity of the design, by the patience and perseverance with which it had worked, by its simplicity, by its success. They admired the captive elephants—captive only in the sense that they were at large within an enclosure whence they could not emerge—their fits of alternate rage and despondency. But what they admired more was his courage, coolness, and presence of mind of the captor. Driving his own elephant, Mr. Sanderson, in appearance a mere boy—he was but twenty-six, and young for his years—would enter the enclosure, slip down on the ground, get between the legs of a wild animal, and hobble him before the beast had recovered from his terror. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Once, when charged by a determined female, he stood facing her till she had come within five yards of him, and then floored her with his rifle. His Morlayites seconded him well, but he was the ruling spirit, the

inspiring mind—in every sense the leader. It was an unprecedented achievement. The difficulties attending it we have only glanced at. To be fully appreciated the book itself must be read.

But the book is not a mere record of sport. Mr. Sanderson enters thoroughly into the natural history of the wild elephant, and points out many ways by which his position in captivity may be ameliorated. His experiences are not confined to Mysore. Subsequently to the capture to which we have referred he was sent to Eastern Bengal to carry on elephant-catching in that part of India. His account of this expedition and of the little-explored country he traversed is most interesting. In actual number the elephants he caught on this occasion exceeded by thirty-one those captured at Mysore. But the process was longer, the country more extensive, and the means at his command infinitely greater. The journey was in many respects interesting. Everything was new; and though for the greater part of the time Mr. Sanderson was alone, the interest of the work prevented the solitude preying upon him. We have seldom read anything better told than the account of this march across the Garrow Hills. It is full of incident. Mr. Sanderson has a keen eye for scenery, and some of his descriptions of camp life have that peculiar fascination which always attaches to the description of the real.

The book abounds with descriptions of forest life in India in its several phases; in the seasons of action as in those of preparation. Each phase has its own peculiar incidents, drawn from the life. 'All that I narrate,' writes the author, 'is from personal observation.' It happens that there are many now in Europe who were Mr. Sanderson's guests and companions in the jungles, and who can testify to the scrupulous accuracy of his narrative. He is just to every one else. For himself the modest story of his own deeds speak for him.

The other wild animals dealt with in this book are the tiger, the bison, the panther, the leopard, and the bear. To the first-named animal three chapters are devoted. One treats of his natural history and the various modes of hunting him; the two others recount incidents in the sport. Two of these are well worthy of perusal; the history of the man-eating tigress of Iyenpoor and that of the Don tiger.

The man-eating tigress appears to have spread terror in all the villages in the neighbourhood of Morlay. Long impunity had made her daring and reckless. She would enter a village at nightfall and carry villagers from the very doors of their houses. Terror was universal; the small hamlets were temporarily abandoned. Mr. Sanderson, determined to rid the villagers of so great a scourge, made several attempts to encounter her. Many of these failed. Contact with the human race had quickened the man-eater's perception of cunning. But her day was to come. With an ingenuity greater than her own, Mr. Sanderson outwitted her before her eyes, and she fell to his unerring rifle.



It is amusing to read the reception by the villagers of the corpse of their enemy. 'We soon had the tiger padded,' i.e., placed on the elephant pad; 'and as our way to Morlay lay through Hebsoor, a messenger started off in advance with the news; and before we had gone far we were met by almost the whole community of Hebsoor, with torches and tomtoms, and begged to parade the tigress through the village. The women and children were delighted, though half terrified, at the sight of her. They had never seen a tiger before, there being no Zoological Gardens handy in India, except those of Nature, and the creature was only known as a fearful beast which had eaten papa or mama, or sons or daughters. Soondargowry, the elephant, was fed with cakes, balls of sugar and rice, and plantains, by the pleased housewives, and seemed to enjoy herself; though at first the torches and shouts made her rather nervous, especially as this was the first tiger she had carried: she had been a wild animal herself not long before.'

To the man-eating tiger, as a species, Mr. Sanderson has devoted an entire section of a chapter, which will be interesting to others besides sportsmen. But, while he considers that a tiger of this description is an animal against whom all modes of warfare are lawful, he is not disposed, in the interest of the native cultivator, to advocate that wholesale extermination, by all means, of the tiger, which has found advocates in influential quarters. His remarks on this question are worth reading: 'It is pig and deer—not the tiger and panther—that attack the sources of subsistence; and these are only to be kept in check by the animals appointed to prey upon them. Were the tiger and panther gone they would soon claim the upper hand. Many cases have come under my notice where the tiger has proved himself the ryot's friend in a particular manner, in addition to his general services.'

His opinions on this subject may be accepted for what they are worth. But when it is taken into consideration that the damage effected by grain-eating animals on the cultivators' crops might be ruinous, and that it is only the man-eater who is really dangerous, the wholesale destruction of the tiger would seem uncalled for. Civilisation and cultivation are daily advancing in India. The tiger will disappear naturally with the jungles which shelter him.

Want of space compels us to pass over the description of the bison, the panther, and the leopard. But Mr. Sanderson's treatment of bear-hunting is novel. Tired of shooting the black bear of the plains of India, Mr. Sanderson hit upon the expedient of hunting it with dogs. The dogs used for this purpose are the cross between the bull and the terrier—dogs who will seize any animal, and will never relax their hold. The sportsman carries only a knife, with which the animal is despatched, after having been seized by the dogs. Mr. Sanderson has tried this plan with success on other animals than bears. Panthers and bison have fallen to his kennel, and on one occasion he succeeded in capturing a wild elephant.

But we must quit this fascinating volume. To the traveller

purposing to visit Southern India, whether he be a sportsman, a naturalist, or an antiquarian, it will be invaluable. It brings vividly before the public not only the animals, but the people, the cultivating classes of India, as they are. Sparkling with anecdote, it yet teems with instruction. It is a picture of Indian life told by a man who was a friend, a companion, a trusted guide, of the people amongst whom he lived, and whom he possessed the character to mould. Many of the most stirring incidents recorded have been happily illustrated. But the real value of the book lies in the letter-press, and that it is difficult to over-estimate.

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### FALCONRY: THE PROSPECTS OF ITS REVIVAL.

'To those who have ever taken part in a hawking excursion, it must be a matter of some surprise that so delightful a pastime has ceased to be popular,' says the talented author of the 'Ornithology of Shakespeare,' with whom we cordially agree; for truly hawking is a delightful sport, and one in which, like hunting or coursing, many may be amused and gratified at one and the same time. How it fell into disuse in the eighteenth century as guns improved and the art of shooting flying gradually became general, is well known, and is easy enough to understand. Hawks of all kinds are, to use a Scotch expression, 'kittle cattle' to deal with; they are not easily procurable, and even with the care of an experienced falconer, by no means easy to keep in good condition; though we venture to think, that when a man whose heart is in it, has thoroughly mastered the arcana of the craft, they are much more easily trained than those unaccustomed to them would imagine. We have seen haggards, or passage hawks, within a very short time of their capture, 'waiting on' Barr, one of Captain Dugmore's falconers, as handily as a highly-trained spaniel; but then Barr has devoted a life to the sport, which few Englishmen are able to do. It was all very well for the country gentleman of former days, who found himself limited in his visiting circle by bad roads, to whom a journey to London bore something like the same importance that a voyage round the world would do in the present day, who had few books, and no newspapers—if he could read them, which was not invariably the case—to amuse himself with hawks or hounds according to his taste; the very minutiae of the pursuit, the constant attendance required, served to employ him and dissipate the *ennui* which his hermit-like mode of existence tended to produce. Well might the Will Wimbles then be content to fashion their own fishing-rods, train their own falcons, and live among their own hounds. The change in the condition of the country, and more rapid means of communication altered this. Men still wanted sport, but it was as relaxation, and not as the business of their lives. Shooting offered a readier means of amusement than falconry, though

by no means so fine a one, and men took to it in consequence. The gun was found to be less troublesome than a cast of hawks ; it was seldom out of order, and could be used on days when no sane man would have dreamt of flying a hawk ; there was, moreover, the stimulus of personal achievement connected with it. Men found that they could excel in the art of shooting, and where a few met together the hope of being able to make better bags than their friends, was a strong inducement to take up the new sport, and relinquish the old one.

Then came the competition for shootings, artificial game-preserving, and with it the battue system, bringing in its rear the greed of slaughter, rather than the love of sport. Slaughter we have had with a vengeance ; hecatombs of game, and, in our eyes, far, far worse, the destruction of our native birds and beasts, which often, most erroneously, were supposed to be inimical to the game-preserving interests. We can scarcely wonder at it. The man who is content to slaughter or see his friends slaughter game by the thousand, is seldom a naturalist, and still less is he likely to have pity, or an appreciation of the beautiful. The sight of an eagle or peregrine sailing majestically over his land, even if he knew it was the last of its race, would evoke no such feeling as Schiller has expressed in his noble poem of 'The Walk' :

' Lo ! where the eagle, his calm wings unfurled,  
Lone halting in the solitary air  
Knits to the vault of heaven this ball—the world ?'

but rather an order to the keeper for the destruction of either falcon or eagle at the earliest opportunity. There is something strongly akin in true sport and poetry, but we may rely on it that the slaughterer of thousands has little of either in his soul ; you may as well expect it in the journeyman butcher, or the poulterer's assistant. Mr. Harting has shown us, in the work from which we have quoted, what a true sportsman was Shakespeare ; he would have recoiled from indiscriminate slaughter. Sir Walter Scott, it is well known, prided himself more on his skill as a hare finder, than on his literary reputation ; yet he would be content, when out shooting alone, to let red-grouse or black-cock at times rise before him and sail away unmolested, admiring their beauty rather than taking their life. Again, no one, we presume, will deny that Charles Kingsley was a sportsman to the backbone, as well as a true poet, but his verses were not always complimentary to game preservers, if we have read them aright.

Where owners are actuated by the spirit of extermination, what but ruthless persecution is to be expected from their ignorant servants ? And these, moreover, have been aided and abetted by so-called naturalists and collectors, who think more of a stuffed bird than one in all the beauty and majesty of life, and kill any strange specimen, be it never so rare, for the mere sake of saying they

possess it. Verily, there is less excuse for them than for the others. We have thus far endeavoured to show some of the causes which, in our estimation, have contributed to the decline of falconry in England; and, although we may not have touched on all, we feel certain that the principal ones have been indicated.

Captain Dugmore, in a capital article in the 'Zoologist' for March 1878, expresses his opinion that the time has come when its revival in England is possible, and sets forth reasons for the faith that is in him, in which we entirely concur, and need not here reiterate. We think, however, that he has missed or omitted one of the strongest and most hopeful signs of its resuscitation, which is the great demand for outdoor amusements which has of late been exhibited by the fairly well-to-do British public. At a time not very far removed, and well-remembered by men who are only just in the time of life which is, perhaps by courtesy, termed middle-age, under the influence of railway accommodation (newly acquired) and the teachings of the Manchester school, we seemed to be drifting into mere money-grubbing, and England was likely to become a huge factory or workshop. Great wealth in consequence found its way into unaccustomed hands, and where fathers worked, the sons were determined to play. They have done so. Being Englishmen, they naturally turned to sport; and the consequence is that every acre of shooting or fishing has doubled and trebled its price. There is no chance now for a man who has not a manor of his own to indulge in either recreation, except as the guest of someone who has. Sport in that way for the man of moderate means is all but hopeless; if he is the son of a lord, or millionaire, although a younger son, he has a chance—but how many are there in that position? Yet the love of sport is as strong within us as ever. How can it be gratified?

We may hunt, true, but the expenses are every day becoming greater; there are few of the old noblemen left who hunt a country at their own expense, and the pleasures of the chase entail the duty of subscribing to hounds. This many most cheerfully do, though there are a few screws who loaf from country to country, hunting a little here, a little there, at other people's expense, and never putting their shoulders to the wheel at all. We may let them pass. But hunting necessitates being fairly-well mounted, and a horse fit to be called a hunter comes not within the means of many a man to whom air and exercise are vital necessities. There is the racecourse, but, alas! it has become a place of business, not pleasure; and to call racing, as now conducted, a sport, is mockery. No one, at any rate no poor man, not pecuniarily interested, would go to any racecourse in the present day for pleasure, except Newmarket (of course, to the rich all things are smoothed), and if he did, by the time he had been jostled and hustled about at stations, shouted at by the Ring, and bothered by the gipsies, *et hoc genus omne*, he would find himself wofully disappointed in his ex-

pectation. He must stand packed like a herring in a barrel in the stand, and be continually searching his pockets for paddock tickets if he wants to move, or he will see nothing. How different to what racing was everywhere in our young days, and is still or was a year or two ago, at Newmarket, where the absolute freedom of the great wild heath gives a zest to the sport unknown elsewhere. Coursing in many places still fulfils our requirements; but we fear, from the reports of some of the larger meetings, that the cloven hoof of the betting ring is becoming manifest, even hard on the steps of the slipper, and that rowdyism is not totally absent from the leash. In fact, where gambling is, there will roughs be assembled. The lovers of the angle have in a great measure solved the difficulty (by clubs more or less select and exclusive, according to their standing and locality) of providing outdoor sport and amusement for their members. This is a thing that Englishmen must and will have, and here, in our opinion, lies the chief chance of the revival of falconry. We cannot, one and all, procure or train hawks for ourselves; but by the promotion of the new Hawking Club, set on foot by Captain Dugmore and Mr. Harting, we can enjoy one of the very finest sports ever seen, and, comparatively speaking, at a trifling expense. That many will avail themselves of the chance, we feel little doubt, for a much healthier feeling with regard to sport has, in our opinion, manifested itself within the last year or two. Whether from a more general study of natural history, whether from a growing conviction that we cannot disturb the balance of nature without the results recoiling on our own heads, or whether from a more just appreciation of the beauty of all created things, and consequent love for them, it is impossible to say; but certainly there does not seem to be that insane desire to kill and destroy indiscriminately which was such an objectionable feature a few years ago. There has been a great revival also of the more ancient kinds of sport. Wild stag-hunting, which twenty years ago or thereabouts appeared to be on its last legs, has once more made rapid strides under the mastership of Mr. Fenwick Bisset; and many a Londoner now looks to his autumn holiday in the West as the season of greatest pleasure to him. Deer have increased as much as is needful for the sport; and where twenty years back they were limited as to the number they might kill, such is no longer the case. The cause of this is that the public have taken an interest in the sport, under scientific and genial management, and it yearly brings a stream of wealth into the barren though beautiful wilds of North Devon and Somerset. When we were young, the man who prophesied such a change would have been set down as a madman. The same with otter-hunting; the fish-eater was believed to be pretty well exterminated over a good part of England, but the same spirit has again brought the chase into fashion; and there are many packs of otter-hounds still to be met with in suitable localities during the summer months.

This all speaks well for the revival of falconry, and we have

little fear that if the public can only once be initiated into the beauties of the sport, it may be revived with good effect in every way. But they must be, as it were, educated up to a certain pitch to appreciate it. The man hunting for the first time knows little of the beauties of the dash and drive of the fox-hound, or the painstaking pursuit of the harrier, still less can the young courser appreciate the work of a clever greyhound, which perhaps enables him to beat a faster antagonist. Yet there it all is for the man who has eyes to see, and, as in time light dawns on him, he does see and appreciate accordingly. The same in falconry; it is by showing the public what good flights should be, that the sport can be encouraged, enabling them to discover the beauty of it, and how the wildest of the wild, the swiftest rovers of the air, can be brought to obey man's will, and work to his signal of hand or voice. Once make this known, and let the love of falconry spread, there will be little fear of nests being harried, or trained falcons shot. But until the advent of the club recently originated, we fear this was not done.\* Falconry, we know, has never entirely died out, but those who have kept it up have done so in such an exclusive manner, that to all intents and purposes it was dead as far as the public were concerned. Yet occasionally we have read lamentations in some of the sporting journals, that a trained falcon was lost, and had been shot, although it had on bell and jesses. What do gamekeepers or the public generally know about bells and jesses? Probably many of them have never even heard of the sport, much less seen a hawk slipped. They observe so carelessly, that probably the strange appendages on its legs are not seen or heeded until it is killed, and are then either kept as curiosities, or hid lest they may lead to identification of some rare pet. We have not all read our Shakespeare as Mr. Harting has, even if we have read him at all, and the terms of falconry therein used, are looked upon by most as the obsolete words of a language passing out of date. Those who have lost trained hawks, have in a great measure only themselves to blame in consequence of the exclusiveness with which their sport has been pursued.

If fox-hunting were kept up for the sport of one club and a few private individuals scattered here and there, who never made their meets known, save to those whose land they ride over, how long would they find foxes to hunt, and what would be the fate of any stray hound which chanced to be lost and roaming about? We know too well what has been the fate of hounds under nearly similar circumstances; but mark the other side of the question. We remember a hound being lost in Hampshire a few years ago; the Master told a hunting correspondent who chanced to be in the district; he published a description of her, and she was actually returned to her owner from Devonshire in a few days. So much for publicity; had fox-hunting been conducted in a hole-in-the-corner manner, that Master would never have seen his hound again. This publicity for the sport is exactly what Captain Dugmore has

aimed at in the promotion of the club, and we think it cannot but have favourable results. His own long experience in falconry, and the men and trained hawks he has placed at the disposal of the club, offer every facility for resuscitating it under the most favourable circumstances. It has so far succeeded, in spite of the lamented illness of the secretary, Mr. Harting, that the Duke of Connaught has consented to become patron, and the Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary has also become a patron of the club, and expressed a wish that Captain Dugmore should take his falconers, hawks, and cormorants to Vienna. So far all is well. It has been made a matter of ill-natured comment, that when there is a meet, 'field money' is allowed to be collected. The cause for such comment we cannot understand, for the expenses are necessarily very heavy, and were there not something of the kind, many persons might participate in the sport without contributing to its support, which would be scarcely fair to the members. There are many men whose time and means may preclude their going often enough to justify their becoming members of the club, but who would gladly give something handsome in 'field money' to attend a meet when they can. These are perhaps as enthusiastic admirers of the sport as their more fortunate brethren; why, then, shut them out if they can steal a day from professional or other engagements? Were time and means at their disposal, there is little fear but they would join the club. Moreover it is quite within our recollection that 'field money' was collected with many packs of hounds, and in some localities it is found to be absolutely necessary to return to the custom in the present day.

That the club will be the means of inducing a return to the science of falconry in a measure amongst country gentlemen we have little doubt, for any man who has once seen some good flights will naturally desire to see more; and as Captain Dugmore says, the most docile of the falcon tribe, the goshawk, may yet be found in the hands of many a sportsman, for he is so little trouble to train, and withal so useful, that he is the most companionable of the hawk tribe. When we remember that he will take pheasants, partridges, hares, and rabbits, it is evident that although he may not have the pitch or grand swoop of the falcon, he is like the terrier Captain Dugmore compares him to; an eminently useful member of a country gentleman's family, not easily lost, and generally ready for work. May we yet see our squires

'Ryding on, hawking by the river,  
With grey goshawk in hand,'

as in the days of Chaucer. Although not possessing the beauty of the falcon's flight, the goshawk can be flown where the falcon cannot, and is eminently suited for those who wish to pursue the sport alone. Members can have their hawks cared for by the club falconers when not using them, and thus be relieved of further care until they are fit to fly again.

For more ambitious sport, such as heron-hawking, we fear most men must be content to rely on the club resources, as the quarry is scarce, and perchance equally scarce are the falcons that can take them. But it is a grand sport, and moreover necessitates the gift of crossing a country on horseback for its enjoyment. The same may be said of magpie-hawking, which is the fox-hunting, or woodcock-shooting of the sport, as there is a great deal of bustle and fun in bringing an old pie satisfactorily to hand. This should surely commend itself to all shooting men, and a week's sport in March and April by invitation to the club, would take a load of anxiety off their keepers' minds.

Rook-hawking is capital sport, and where this useful bird is too numerous, those true friends to all legitimate sport, the farmers, would do well to combine and throw their land open to the club for a few days in the spring. It would be a hundred to one more satisfactory than poisoning, and to our mind far surpass a slaughter of the innocents perched on the edge of their nests.

Space is wanting to us to go into the other kinds of quarry which may be killed, but we would call the attention of falconers to the good they can do, and the support they would probably receive from farmers by flying at wood-pigeons, perhaps the greatest winged enemies they have. And unless we are deceived, they should show capital flights. It has been feared that hawking would disturb the game, but such is not the case, and we know of an instance where a falcon was at liberty for three weeks, and although she was constantly watched by a keeper for that time before he could capture and restore her to Captain Dugmore, he never saw her offer to strike game, but she kept steadily to quarry to which she had been entered—rooks.

Now let us turn for a moment, and look at falconry as a sport in which ladies may join; and here we emphatically say they are strictly in place, if anywhere in the world of sport. There may be difference of opinion as to whether it is pleasant to see a fair girl risk life and limb in a burst with hounds when 'cutting out the work' (and, with due deference, everything a lady does should be pleasant to see); one of the most gallant of sportsmen and pleasantest of writers has made remarks on this subject which are worthy of attention, in 'Riding Recollections.' We may differ as to whether the weaker vessel is in her element bringing down a stag of ten, or walking the heather gun in hand, nay, even landing a salmon some may take exception to; but whether, with merlin on wrist, pursuing the smaller game, or mounted to watch the flight of falcon, or tiercel gentle, the most exacting must admit that a lady is fulfilling her just mission, which the French say is 'to be beautiful.' We have heard that 'a pretty girl on a fine horse, under a grand old tree, is the most beautiful picture in the world.' May we not add, with a falcon on her glove, to complete it?

We feel certain that if the hours devoted to 'tournaments of doves,'



idling in the Row, and other less reputable amusements, were given to seeing a cast of hawks do their work, we should reap the benefit of the change in more ways than one.

In conclusion, let us say that the season for hawking other than game birds commences on the 1st of February, and closes when the corn demands that there shall be no further trespass. Let us add, for the benefit of novices, that 'the field' should keep down wind to see the sport to the best advantage, and when the quarry is struck, should on no account go near the hawk, save in heron-hawking. Those who can ride, and understand the science, should then 'make in' to save the falcons from damage from the spear-like bill. Mere amateurs, for their own sakes, should they be first up, had better leave matters alone until older hands arrive. Above all, no one should bring a dog with him, or a valuable hawk might be sacrificed in a moment. A man might as well take a sheep-dog to meet fox-hounds, or a greyhound to a shooting party, as allow a favourite to accompany him to a hawking fixture. The Falconry Club, which, it is hoped, will place this ancient sport within the reach of all, has been started under favourable auspices, and it remains to be seen whether it will be so appreciated as to attain the object in view. More detailed information may be obtained from Mr. Harting, who acts as Honorary Secretary; but we may say that Captain Dugmore, whose experience in the science is well known, will act in much the same capacity as regards this club as would a Master of Hounds undertaking to hunt a subscription country.

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## THE BACHELOR M.F.H.

### A SKETCH.

THE memoirs of the Rev. J. Russell which have created such an interest amongst the readers of 'Baily,' recalled to my mind an evening I once had the pleasure of passing, with another M.F.H., who, in some respects at least, resembled him, and caused me to think that a slight sketch of how the time was passed may not prove wholly uninteresting. Alas! poor fellow, he has gone to his long home years ago, or I should have hesitated to submit this to the public. Perhaps there may be a few left besides myself who knew him, and, if so, it will serve to recall to their memory one of the best sportsmen and most accomplished gentlemen that ever lived.

Some years ago I made one of a party invited to dine with —, then Master of the — Hounds, and being then a stranger to the country, was not a little surprised when the friend who drove me pulled up before a low thatched cottage. 'Not a very grand abode,' said my friend, 'for an M.F.H., but you will find no lack of comfort within and a welcome such as is not every day experienced.'

‘Walk in, sir, please; master is dressing and will be down directly,’ said Tom, who acted as whip in the field, and butler and footman in the house, and we were shown into a small low room, that plainly indicated the habits of its possessor. On either side the wood fire burning brightly on the hearth was a large easy chair covered with the skin of a favourite hunter, that having borne his master safely and well while alive, still after death contributed to his comfort. Hung around the room were portraits of favourite horses and hounds, mingled with sporting sketches by Alken, Herring, and others. On an easel was a large picture as yet unfinished of —, his men and pack at a favourite fixture. Studies and sketches for the same were also scattered about. On a side-table littered with books was the MS. of a partially composed hunting song, a flute, and violin. One side of the room was devoted entirely to book-shelves filled with some of the choicest authors. Guns, fishing-rods, cricket-bats, hunting-caps, racing-whips, and spurs seemed to be scattered indiscriminately over the whole.

The living occupants of this singular apartment were almost as curious as its furniture, for on one easy chair lay a small and choice fox-terrier nursing a litter of puppies; on the other reclined a large rough-haired tortoiseshell cat, with a tail much resembling the brush of a fox; before the fire snored a magnificent black-and-tan terrier, while curled up within the circle of his legs, and using his flank as a pillow, lay a mite of a toy terrier of the same colour, and hardly to be distinguished from his aristocratic friend.

‘You can judge of the man from his occupations,’ said my friend, looking round, ‘painter, poet, and musician, highly bred and highly cultivated, but possessing withal as strong a love of every description of sport, from rat-catching upwards, now, as characterised him when at Eton. But here he comes to answer for himself.’

‘You must take things in the rough at a bachelor’s crib,’ said our host, extending his hand. ‘I hope I see you none the worse for the gallop yesterday.’

‘On the contrary, I am delighted to have witnessed such a capital run, and to have seen the way in which your hounds did their work.’

‘They are steady,’ replied —, ‘we breed them to hunt. It is no use if they won’t put their heads down in this country; but here is the dinner, so let us discuss that first, and the merits of the pack afterwards.’

Small as was —’s establishment, and forsooth, his income, he was far too good a judge to keep either a bad cook or bad wine, so the meal passed off perhaps better than a more elaborate affair would have done; and as we drew our chairs round the fire the conversation once more turned on sport.

‘I have been admiring that fox-terrier of yours,’ said a young fellow, named Carey, who made one of our party, and whose college

life had at least served to initiate him into the mysteries of what such dogs should be.

'Yes, a very handsome and highly-bred one,' remarked our host, taking up the terrier by one ear, and holding her at arms' length. 'Should you like to see what she can do in the way of rat-killing?'

'Indeed I should,' replied he; 'but I fear you have no pit near.'

'Don't trouble about a pit, but just touch that bell at your left, and we will see how Tom is off for rats. Now, Tom,' said he, as that functionary appeared at the summons, 'what rats have you in stock? these gentlemen are anxious to see how Nell performs.'

'Why, there is twoscore old Nutbeam brought yesterday, and more than thirty we caught the other day in Farmer Jackson's lone barn, all as fresh and well as ever.'

'That will do. Catch a score of them, and let us have in.'

'Yes, sir,' and away went Tom.

'Hi! here take Ranger, Tiny, and the cat out of the way, will you?'

'Yes, sir,' again replied Tom, touching his forelock, and the intruders were removed. He soon returned with a sack at his back, out of which, having carefully closed the door, he shook a score of large old grey rats on to the floor, greatly to the amazement of two of us, and the amusement of my friend.

'You keep time, B——,' said the Master, as he let the bitch slip from his knee.

In an instant she was at work amongst them. In all directions scattered the rats, but, calm and collected, her attention was not to be divided; one rat she settled on, pursued, and killed, then took the next that came to hand, occasionally doing for two at a time when she caught them in a corner; and, despite a little chasing about the room, and hiding behind furniture, in a very few minutes not a rat was living.

'The time?' said ——.

'Five minutes and a half,' replied B——. 'By no means bad under the circumstances; this is very different from a pit.'

'Yes,' replied Carey, 'it's certainly the first time I ever saw ridding carried on in a dining-room.'

'So I expect,' answered his host; 'but we do things in a strange way in this outlandish place. And that large cat you saw is far from a despicable ratter, I assure you, and can dispose of half-a-dozen or so in very reasonable time. But what amusement are you for now (for I may as well state at once we taboo cards here). Will you see a turn with the gloves amongst some of my fellows? or, if you like it better, we can set a cock or two with muffled spurs for your amusement.'

'Oh, the gloves by all means,' said Carey, who was no mean performer himself in athletics.

'Then I think we can show you such a treat as you will scarcely

'see out of London, Birmingham, or some of those large towns, or at any rate amongst the fancy. Light your pipe, and let us go into the hall.'

No sooner were they comfortably settled than Will, the huntsman, and Tom, the first whip, made their appearance, and having had the mufflers adjusted, threw themselves into position. Both fine men, in the prime of life, lithe and active, there they stood watching each other's movements, ready to advance or retreat with a bound like that of a tiger on his prey. If Will was rather the heaviest, Tom had all the advantage of length and reach, and as they feinted and weaved towards each other, many an attitude was assumed graceful in its *pose* as that of a Grecian statue. Then came the rally, lightning-like blows, and returns delivered so quickly that the eye could scarce follow the movement of the arm, slinging hits avoided by a movement of the head, or a slight step on one side or the other, and all that facility of avoiding danger was manifested that only practice can give. At length, after a sharp rally, the Master called a halt, and they dropped their hands, each flushed with the exertion, but unruffled and smiling as when he began.

Then when they had been dismissed to get some ale in the kitchen, and we had 'complimented' the performances with a handsome *douceur*, Carey would in no wise be satisfied without a trial of strength with his host, but found, to his chagrin, that, good as he was considered amongst the men of his college, the fox-hunter, though older by some fifteen summers, was more than his match in quickness of eye and freedom of limbs. So he learnt that a man may be painter, poet, and musician without becoming effeminate, and also possess the deepest love of sport and the frame of the athlete without despising the arts and refinements of life. This was more impressed on him when he afterwards heard — thrill forth some songs of his own composing in a clear deep voice, that seemed to rouse his soul like a trumpet, or accompany himself with such exquisite feeling on the violin to some mournful strain that he almost brought tears unto the eyes of his listeners.

'A fine fellow that,' said I, as we were on our homeward journey.

'Yes,' returned B——, 'you would not suspect he had taken orders?'

'Indeed I should not.'

'Such is the case, however. He stood very high in his college, and could he have made up his mind to stick to the Church, in which his father is a great dignitary, its most tempting prizes would have been open to him, with his talents and influence. But the love of sport was too strong, and he preferred freedom and a scanty income to placing himself in a situation uncongenial to his tastes.'

## CRICKET.

WHAT a ridiculous misnomer to call the last thirty days that have just passed the merry month of June! Merry perhaps to those blessed with the amiable disposition of Mark Tapley, but little short of miserable to those who have had to bat on a ground swollen to the consistency of pulp, or to field on turf slippery as the floor of a skating rink. Merry perhaps to Jupiter *tonans*, who had a chance of playing all kinds of discordant tunes, or to the other deities who made such liberal use of the watering-pot of the rain-distilling Jove, but merry by no stretch of imagination to the poor washed-out cricketer, limp with the bespatterings of frequent showers, or shivering under the no less disagreeable variation of a searching wind. Cricketers have, in all truth, had painful experience of knowing 'how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong.' Matches generally spoiled by rain, many of them altogether abandoned in consequence of the utterly unfit state of the ground, cricketers generally in a state of prostration or depression, such is the lugubrious state of affairs the faithful chronicler has to report of a month that ought with fairly moderately proper behaviour to be the most popular of the cricket year. The Australians have fairly monopolised what little interest has existed up to the present time, and they are likely to remain the lions of the season unless something should occur to lower their prestige, which is a contingency not by any means probable from the present aspect of affairs. Their first defeat by Notts at the Trent Bridge Ground at Nottingham was quickly avenged by almost as decisive a victory on the following Monday over a strong eleven representing the Marylebone Club and Ground at Lord's. Marylebone might of course have been a little stronger with Mr. Hadow in place of Mr. Vernon and two substitutes for Mr. Booth and Flowers, but taken all round the eleven was very far superior to any that has represented the Club this season, and might certainly have been expected to render a good account of itself. The ground was in such a peculiar state that high scoring was utterly impossible, and when the game is so completely in favour of the bowlers curiosities are sure to be abundant. It may be argued that the two elevens were placed on precisely even terms, and that there was nothing to favour the one more than the other. We have no intention of extenuating the defeat of the Club, nor of disparaging, in the smallest degree, the success of the Australians. There was plenty of bowling on both sides with Morley, Shaw, Hearne, and Messrs. W. G. Grace and Ridley to represent the Club, and Allan, Spofforth, Boyle, Midwinter, Horan, and Garrett for the Australians. The ground certainly seemed to help the bowling of Spofforth, whose colonial *soubriquet* of 'the demon bowler' has followed him to England, more than it did the delivery of any one else, and he established a 'funk' in the first innings that

had much to do with the complete prostration of the Marylebone batsmen. Mr. W. G. Grace had to be content with four balls in his two attempts, and with the exception of Mr. Hornby, who made nineteen in the first, and Flowers, who showed plenty of courage for his eleven in the second innings, the batting of the Club was tame in the extreme. It will remain a matter for prominent record in the history of the game how the first match of the Australians in London was begun and completed in a day, with an hour and twenty minutes still remaining for play. It would have been voted as altogether beyond the region of improbabilities that an eleven, consisting of W. G. Grace, A. N. Hornby, C. Booth, A. W. Ridley, A. J. Webbe, Wild, Flowers, Hearne, Shaw, G. F. Vernon, and Morley, could have been got out, no matter what the state of the ground, for such ridiculously small totals as 33 and 19; but it was so. Shaw and Morley puzzled the Colonials, but they were able to get the fifty-three wanted to win without difficulty, and finally won by nine wickets, Midwinter (10) being the chief scorer in their first innings of 41. Spofforth, who is well over six feet, and, in addition, has a very high and bumpy delivery, bowled at a great pace, and puzzled the batsmen by his almost imperceptible change of pace; but altogether his average was slightly inferior to that of Boyle, a bowler somewhat over medium pace, who delivered 89 balls for 17 runs and nine wickets. At the end of the same week that had given them their victory at Lord's, the Australians claimed another triumph over Yorkshire at Huddersfield. The Yorkshire eleven were not the strongest that could have been placed in the field, and possibly they suffered from a mistaken policy of underrating an opponent. The ground was again in a condition unfavourable for batting, and Spofforth played havoc with the Yorkshiremen, as he had at Lord's, Lockwood (33 and 16) alone getting into double figures each time. Emmett, who has bowled with much of his old fire this season, used his left arm with considerable effect for the County; but the Australians took little heed of the other Yorkshire bowlers, and three of their four best batsmen, C. Bannerman, Horan, and Garrett, played quite up to their reputation, Horan, who is regarded as the Jupp of the Colonies, receiving unqualified praise for his 25. The Australians won by six wickets; and this success they followed up with one very similar against Surrey on the two first days of the Derby week. Surrey, with the exception that Mr. Read was absent, mustered a fairly representative eleven; and that there was considerable interest taken in the contest was shown by the immense crowds present on both days; the official computation showing that there could not have been less than thirty-five thousand present during the match. There was a reasonable hope of some good scoring, with a splendid, though a trifle slow wicket; but the Surrey amateurs seemed either out of practice or awed by Spofforth's previous exploits; and, excepting Mr. J. Shuter, who obtained 39 and 15, and Pooley, whose 29 in the first innings

was perhaps the best made score in the match, no one played with any nerve. Barratt's left-handed bowling, it was anticipated, would prove puzzling to the Australian batsmen, and so it proved, as Midwinter (32 and 15) and Murdoch (22 and 10 not out) alone opposed him with any confidence. At one time Surrey, who in their second innings had had much the worst of the wicket, seemed to have an excellent chance; but a heavy shower not long before the close caused the ground to play very easily again, and the result was another triumph for the Australians, this time by five wickets.

Omitting sundry provincial engagements against eighteens and twenty-twos, none of which excite more than local interest at any time, their next appearance in London was against the Gentlemen of England at Prince's. The eleven to represent the Gentlemen was selected by Mr. W. G. Grace, and despite the anxious fears of the enthusiasts who rushed into print weeks before the date of the match, and in face of undoubted difficulties, Mr. Grace was certainly to be congratulated on the team that turned out into the field to meet the Australians. The Doctor, E. M. Grace, though he is still very nearly as good as ever he was at point, is hardly now a sufficiently reliable batsman to be worthy of a place in the first eleven of Gentlemen, and to play Mr. Bush with the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton to take the wicket was simply to lose a better bat. Perhaps Lord Harris, and Messrs. Ridley and Webbe might have been substituted to advantage for some members of the team, but taken all round it was an eleven thoroughly worthy of representing the Gentlemen of England, quite as good as many, and infinitely better than some that have taken honours under the same title. Of late cricketers have not taken kindly to the once fashionable lounge in Hans Place, and on this occasion it seemed as if the brothers Prince had no other aim than to make a maximum of profit at a minimum of expense. By the advice of the Australian manager, who seems to have been comptroller-general of the match, the circle devoted to the spectators was reduced to a distance of only sixty-five yards from the wicket, and this change in the usual arrangements of the ground, which it may be stated was in direct opposition to the wishes of the English Captain, proved an altogether objectless move, which had no other effect than to rob hundreds of spectators, who would with a wider ring have had a fair chance of seeing something for their shillings, of the smallest chance of seeing the game. Discord reigned supreme throughout the two days; five shilling reserved seats were on the first day ruthlessly torn from their rightful owners, whose only protection from the outside mob was a thin rope, under the very eyes of the police, and, indeed, the officers of the law seemed to regard the complete chaos that marked affairs each day as a huge joke more than a state of disorder which they were paid rather to check than to encourage. The cricket, if we except the fielding of the Gentlemen, which all round was perhaps the finest that has been seen on a London ground for some years, presented no particular

features of interest, although the wicket, if a little slow, played very easily throughout. The Australian batting, certainly the weak point of the team, was weaker than ever, and with good slow bowling, and a safe field, we are of opinion that they would never make very long scores. C. Bannerman, who has not by any means as yet shown batting of a kind to justify the extraordinary reputation that preceded him from Australia, made 28 in the first innings, and this, with Midwinter's 26 in the second innings, were the highest scores of the match. Mr. A. G. Steel's slow round-arm bowling puzzled the Colonials more than even the usually successful delivery of Mr. W. G. Grace, and as he took eleven of their wickets at an average of less than six runs, it was to him chiefly that their small scores of 75 and 63 were due. The Gentlemen at one time bade fair to make a long total, but after Messrs. Gilbert Grace and Gilbert had been disposed of, only Mr. Strachan, who was the second scorer with 21 not out, and Hon. A. Lyttelton (16), did anything against the bowling of Boyle, who, fortunately for the Australians, came off when Spofforth and Allan were both unable to succeed, and took seven wickets for only 48 runs. The weakness of the Colonials, their batting, was again manifest, and whatever may be their home form against fast bowling, it has yet to be proved to the satisfaction of English judges that they are a good batting side against medium-paced or slow bowlers of any real worth. On this occasion the Gentlemen, with a very moderate total of 139, were able to win by an innings and 1 run, and whatever pleas may be raised in extenuation of their defeat, it would be difficult to convince us that the better eleven did not win, and win on their merits.

At the end of the same week that had seen their defeat at Prince's the Australians had some slight compensation in a victory over Middlesex at Lord's. With the two Lytteltons, the two Webbes, Messrs. I. D. Walker and Hadow in the eleven, some good scoring might have been fairly anticipated from the County, although the last few batsmen on the side could hardly be accounted worth many runs against bowling of any calibre. Middlesex certainly did not lose by putting the Australians in, but with only Messrs. Henderson, Hadow, and Robertson to bowl, and with the bad fielding that has of late years contributed so much to the ill success of the cricket of the County, the very tail of the Australian team came out prominently as run-getters, and even Blackham, who can hardly by any flight of imagination be regarded as a dangerous bat, was not out each time for 20 and 21 respectively. A very well played score of 50 by Mr. A. J. Webbe, the Oxford Captain, enabled Middlesex to make a good show at the outset, but the finish of the first innings was most inglorious, and the last seven wickets only added 15 runs. Though the Australians had a lead of 43 runs to begin their second innings, there were many sanguine enough to believe that there was a chance—and a good chance—still for the County. There might have been too had the Middlesex fielding



been only up to the most moderate standard, but with weak bowling, rendered still weaker by unsafe fielding, the case of Middlesex became a hopeless one. Much worse cricket than was shown by the Middlesex eleven in the field during the second innings of the Australians there could not have been, and the defeat they had ultimately to suffer was not in the slightest degree undeserved. But for a brilliant score of 113 by the Hon. E. Lyttelton, the Cambridge Captain, whose hitting was perhaps the cleanest and best-timed that we have ever seen, the County would have received a most inglorious thrashing, and it was entirely owing to his resolute play towards the close that the Australians had to be content with a majority of 98 runs, a much lesser one than seemed in store for them at the end of the second day. Spofforth, the fast bowler who had been doing most of the mischief in previous engagements, did not get a wicket in return for the 61 runs made from his bowling, and the experiences of the two last matches at Prince's and Lord's would certainly favour the idea that on a fast wicket, and against good batsmen, Spofforth's bowling will prove to be less deadly than it has hitherto been estimated. In this match Garrett, who is fast round arm with an easy action, was most successful on the Australian side, but, after all, it will yet be seen that Allan, the slow left-hander known in the colonies as 'the 'bowler of a century,' is in reality the best and most reliable bowler of the team, now that he is at last beginning to get rid of the sickness that has troubled him since his arrival in England.

Turn we now to purely English cricket, which but for the life infused into it by the succession of victories achieved by the Cambridge University eleven would have been far from enlivening. The fact that the continuous rainfall completely discouraged all attempts to bat during the first six weeks of the season will account for much of the dulness that has prevailed, and certainly we can recall no year in which amateurs have been generally so deficient in practice on the eve of the great contests between Gentlemen and Players. Up to the present time county cricket presents a puzzle more complicated than ever. Nottinghamshire has beaten the Australians, Lancashire, Kent, and Derbyshire, and been beaten by Yorkshire after some of the largest scoring that has ever taken place at any meeting of these rival shires. Yorkshire, after a one-innings defeat at the hands of the Cambridge University eleven, and as decisive a triumph over the Gentlemen of Scotland, had to surrender to the Colonial eleven, before it proved victorious over Derbyshire and Sussex, and inflicted such a severe castigation on Notts at Sheffield on Wednesday last. Derbyshire, after reverses at the hands of Yorkshire, Marylebone Club and Ground, Lancashire and Kent, and an unfinished match with Hampshire, suddenly awoke to fame with a brilliant triumph in the return with Lancashire, whom it defeated by an innings and 33 runs. Kent, whose eleven have suffered materially by the absence of Messrs. Frank Penn and Foord-Kelcey, has had an almost equal share of good and ill fortune, as against its defeats by Notts

and Lancashire are to be placed successes over Derbyshire and Hants, and the scale is just turned by the poor show made by the County against Marylebone Club and Ground at Lord's. Surrey began unsuccessfully at Lord's against Middlesex, and subsequent disasters when opposing the Australians and Cambridge University have only been redeemed by a narrow win over Gloucestershire by 16 runs. Sussex, out of all form as well as altogether out of luck, unless fortune changes, seems to be in for a bad year again, as Lillywhite and Fillery have not become more deadly with the ball, and there does not seem at present to be a reliable batsman in the eleven. Mr. Arthur Smith, whose bowling might have helped the eleven materially, does not seem disposed to renew his connection with the County now that he has recovered from his accident, and Messrs. J. M. Cotterill and Greenfield appear to be practically lost to the eleven. Charlwood, at one time always safe for runs, has, this year, done Sussex little or no service, and altogether the eleven are sadly out at elbows. The three matches that have already been played present a depressing appearance, two one-innings defeats, by Yorkshire and Gloucestershire respectively, and a third disaster at Lord's from the Marylebone Club and Ground only prevented by the opportune termination of the game at the end of the second day. Middlesex has only figured in two matches with honours divided, and Lancashire, against defeats by Notts and Derbyshire, can point to successes over M.C.C. and Ground, Kent, and Derbyshire.

Gloucestershire's defeat at the hands of Surrey at the Oval was followed by a bitter revenge over Sussex at Brighton, but still the western county will not be able to maintain its proud boast of last year, of a season without anything like the shadow of a reverse. The results of the two matches that have taken place between North and South would seem to augur that the tide of fortune is once more turning slightly in favour of the North. In the first of the two contests played at Prince's, as usual, for the benefit of the Cricketers' Fund, the South was in no way well represented with Mr. J. S. Russel, Charlwood, Humphreys, and Mr. D. Pontifex in the eleven, while Wheeler, who, we presume, took the place of either Mr. Hornby or Daft, was perhaps the only incapable member on the Northern side. Lockwood (33 and 55), Shrewsbury (0 and 62) and Emmett (not out 50, and not out 11) were the chief scores for the North, and Messrs. Gilbert (55) and Russell (51) in the one innings of the South. Humphrey, who now and again gives the public a glimpse of the neat style that first brought him into note, too, played good cricket for his 22 not out, but otherwise the Southerners showed poor form all through, although Lillywhite made some good hits in the attainment of his 26. The match itself was prematurely drawn in consequence of rain, but there was really little cause for regret that it was over, as the bowling of the South had become altogether demoralised, and Shrewsbury had been enjoying something very like tip and run for some little time before the stumps were drawn.

The Whitsuntide match at Lord's between North and South was more successful, as, with the exception of some small defects, the two elevens were fairly representative. Messrs. Longman, Charlwood, and Hearn might certainly have been replaced to advantage by Messrs. A. J. Webbe, Hon. A. Lyttelton, and Jupp; and it would have improved the side in bowling had Barratt been included in the eleven. Daft and Shrewsbury and Selby were away from the North, but otherwise the eleven had been carefully selected, and the victory they managed to secure on the post was thoroughly well deserved. Mr. W. G. Grace came out in quite his best form for the South, with two well-played innings of 45 and 77; and among the Northerners, Mr. D. Q. Steel was foremost with 26 and 35, though it was Emmett's 32 (not out) at the close that fairly won the match for the North by three wickets. The Yorkshireman had evidently made up his mind to win, and win he did, though had not the rain come down opportunely on the third afternoon to make the ground easy, a victory for the North would have been much less easy of attainment. A little change in the Southern bowling towards the close would not have been without its benefits, as Mr. W. G. Grace delivered eighty-two overs and three balls without being taken off.

Monday next will witness the decision of the Inter-University match, and Cambridge, in the opinion of those well qualified to offer an opinion, will have an easy victory. Space will not allow us to enter into any lengthy details by way of analysing the two elevens, although it may not be unprofitable to recall the predictions of last year in favour of the Light Blues, and the manner in which they were then upset. That Cambridge has the better eleven we are ready to believe, but if Mr. A. G. Steel should be collared, as he may of course be on a fast and good wicket, Oxford should have little difficulty in making a long score. With the exception of Mr. A. G. Steel, the bowling of Cambridge is quite as weak as, if not weaker, than that of 1877; and though it may be argued that Oxford has not a Buckland in its team, the Dark Blues should certainly have some batsmen able to score freely off the bowling of Messrs. Morton, Ford, and Lucas. Cambridge has five or six batsmen, one and all of whom may be dangerous, a good fielding eleven, and, with the one exception of Mr. A. G. Steel, three bowlers, none of them quite in the front rank. Oxford has Mr. A. J. Webbe, very likely to make runs, besides Messrs. H. R. Webbe, Heath, Trevor, and Savory, who may score most of them, two very useful bowlers in the Old Cliftonians, Messrs. A. H. Evans and R. L. Knight, and an eleven most of them brisk and sure in the field. The two Universities may not be so unevenly matched after all if Oxford has only a slice of luck.

## YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE yachting season has so far amply fulfilled expectations, and doings round the Wight may be reasonably trusted to maintain the character of A.D. 1878 in sailing annals. Despite his numerous engagements in Paris, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales may be found taking part in some of the matches at Ryde and Cowes, as the *Hildegard* has been treated to a new set of racing canvas by Ratsey, probably in the hope of repeating, or perhaps improving, on her last year's performances, and though the ranks of yacht owners have suffered some losses by death, as in the case of Sir F. Arthur and other good men and true, their places are numerically more than filled by additions to the roll-call of the principal clubs. On the Thames the premier club opened the list of cutter matches, and *Vol-au-Vent* (Colonel Markham), *Fiona* (E. Boutcher), *Neva* (F. Cox), and *Neptune* (A. O. Wilkinson) were the quartette entered for the principal prizes, while the forty-tonners and under were represented by *Coralie* (Sir F. Gooch), *Coryphée* (R. Y. Richardson), *Christine* (C. Weguelin), *Myosotis* (H. D. McMaster), and *Vanessa*, Mr. R. Borwick's crack twenty. With a full S.W. breeze, they started on the voyage round the Mouse and home to Rosherville, the smaller class being started five minutes ahead of the big ships. Of the second class, *Coralie* and *Christine* had all the best of the start, the others coming into unpleasant proximity in swinging, but at the lower end of Sea Reach *Coryphée* had taken second place from *Christine*, and when they rounded, *Myosotis* also had headed her. On the return journey *Coralie* kept her lead throughout, but *Myosotis* weathered *Coryphée* and took second honours. Among the first class, *Fiona* showed the way to begin with, until Colonel Markham's crack reached away from her; but the fleet kept well together, *Neptune* whipping in, and so far well within her time. After round, *Vol-au-Vent* slipped away, and got home a winner, *Fiona* next; but *Neva*, being less than a minute behind her, took second prize. The next day's sport, under the auspices of the Royal London, was somewhat disappointing, as only two first-class cutters, *Vol-au-Vent* and *Neva* being prepared to do battle, the prize was withheld. The authorities attempted to get up a race with the pair, and Mr. Stanley's *débutante* *Formosa*, but it fell through, while, had it taken place, the crime of allowing Mr. Stanley, a non-member, to compete for a prize appears, according to the rules, as awful, as permitting two, instead of three, vessels belonging to members to contend for a club prize. However, the forty-tonners were for the nonce elevated to first rank, *Myosotis*, *Coryphée*, and *Christine* being the competing trio. *Myosotis* made the most of a good S.E. wind, and led round the Mouse by nearly four minutes from the others, who were close together. Working home was a tedious business, as the rain fell and killed the wind, Mr. McMaster having the race in hand all the way. In the meantime the rival twenties, *Enriqueta* and *Vanessa* had started to bring off the second of their trio of matches on this day, under the control of the Royal London, and this was *Enriqueta's* day, as she worked a long way ahead while the breeze held, and managed to keep on moving afterwards through the rain, though *Vanessa* lost some little time near the finish in picking up one of her crew, who had gone overboard. This, however, in no way affected the result, and the conquering game is to be played late in the season. The New

Thames on the following day, had no lack of wind to complain of, though the absence of the new Cowes cutter *Formosa* was disappointing. Her mast, however, was found amiss, so the same fleet as in the Royal Thames match fought their battle o'er again, with the same result as far as Colonel Markham and Mr. Cox were concerned, though the conditions of weather were anything but similar, the wind on this occasion being sharp N.E.

Soon after getting well out of Gravesend reach, *Vol-au-Vent* led her class, *Neva* heading *Fiona*, which had started very badly, and they got home in this order, Mr. Cox thus winning the second prize without counting his time allowance. Among the 'forties,' the same lot as in the Royal London match put in an appearance, and *Myosotis* again led during the outward journey, but after rounding, getting blanketed by some of the bigger vessels, *Coryphée* worked ahead and secured the prize; while in the small class *Enriqueta* and *Vanessa* had another trial round the Oaze. This time *Vanessa* got a strong lead early in the race, and rounding well ahead, kept her position to the finish, though *Enriqueta* closed up as they neared the winning flag, and took second honours easily. Altogether this was a grand day's sport, and, with the exception of missing the first appearance of *Formosa*—with which, whoever was to blame, the Club authorities were certainly not chargeable—nothing was wanting to the day's enjoyment. Less enjoyable, perhaps, from an epicurean point of view, though a fine exhibition of sailing, was the New Thames Channel match from Southend to Harwich, which commencing at 8 A.M., lasted until past five o'clock, though had those concerned known what was in store for them at Harwich, they would have reckoned it quite an off-day's work by comparison. *Miranda* (Mr. Lampson) was the only schooner; 'cutters' *Vol-au-Vent*, *Fiona*, *Neva*, *Neptune* and *Vanessa*, and half a dozen yawls, including *Jullanar*, which was destined to repeat her last year's victory. With a fresh N.E. wind, *Jullanar*, *Neva*, and *Fiona* made the best commencement, while *Vol-au-Vent* was up with them before long, and hunted the crack yawl for some time, though past the Mause *Jullanar* led the fleet by over ten minutes, and from this point she kept on increasing her advantage, eventually reaching the goal nearly twenty minutes ahead of *Vol-au-Vent*, which lost second prize to *Fiona* by time, while the schooner got in four or five minutes later. The matches of the Royal Harwich Club resulted most unfortunately, the wind being for the most part very paltry, and the authorities omitting to shorten the course, so that some of the events were dragged on until long past midnight. The schooners and yawls match was contested by *Jullanar* (Mr. A. D. Macleay) and *Ada* (Mr. H. Barclay), and the former crawled in just at 1.30 A.M. In the cutters match *Neva* and *Fiona* drifted in ahead of *Vol-au-Vent*. Of the forties, *Myosotis* and *Coryphée* took the prizes from *Christine*, and in the smaller class *Vanessa* won again. Owing to the late hour at which some of the matches were concluded, the entries for the Channel match back to Southend were greatly in excess of the starters, for out of fourteen only nine put in an appearance—indeed, considering the benefit they had just had, it is only surprising that more were not 'conspicuous by their absence.' There started, schooner *Miranda*; yawls, *Atalanta* (Mr. E. Packard), *Jullanar*, *Dawn* (Mr. G. Burnett), and *Neptune*; cutter, *Fiona*, *Myosotis*, and *Formosa*, the latter starting with an active crew, while several of the others had been racing (?) half the night. Whatever advantage this may have been, *Formosa* certainly was right away from the rest, and with a paltry wind pursuit seemed hopeless. The first five miles took about ninety minutes to get over, the new cutter here having

fourteen minutes' lead, which was vastly increased soon afterwards, and when later in the day the wind got up strong, Mr. Stanley's ship was too far ahead for victory to be doubtful. The question of second prize going to yawls or schooners was an open one, but finally Jullanar drew away from Miranda, which took third prize.

The New Southend Club, named the *Alexandra*, announced their principal prize for cutters under eighty tons, but of the four entries only three started, *Fiona*, *Neva*, and *Glance* (Mr. E. Rushton), to go round Prince's Lightship and back. In a strong S.W. wind, *Neva* and *Fiona* made a grand race to the Lightship, where *Fiona* had a bare lead; but *Neva* was well within her time, and, gaining a trifle on the homeward voyage, had the race in hand.

The Nore Club, for their forties prize, had the same cutters except the little *Vanessa*, as in the Royal Thames match a fortnight earlier. The Corinthian views with which the club was started were carried out fully, the number of paid hands being limited, and a member to steer. *Myosotis* got away best, *Coryphée* and *Coralie* being hampered by a tug-boat, and the leader, making the most of a light breeze, held a winning position throughout the day. Off Thames Haven *Christine* and *Coryphée* came into collision, and the latter retired, *Christine* going on and being second round the Nore, but, working home, *Coralie* regained her place and took second prize by a couple of minutes. *Myosotis*, which got back a long way ahead of her competitors, had Mr. J. Webb, owner of the crack five-tonner *Freda*, at the tiller, while Mr. Baden Powell, owner of the *Kohinoor*, steered the *Coralie*. Owing to *Miranda* being the only schooner eager for the fray, the Royal Thames match for this rig fell through, and yawls had the day pretty much to themselves, the programme being supplemented by a match for cutters under twenty, Gravesend, round the Nore and back. The big race was to be sailed from the Lower Hope round the Mouse and back to Gravesend, and had four cracks of the now fashionable rig entered—*Corisande* (Mr. J. Richardson), *Florinda* (Mr. Jessop), *Jullanar*, and *Ada*. The wind blew strong S.S.W., and continual storms of rain made the day anything but enjoyable to the weaker brethren. *Corisande*, having dragged her moorings a long distance, she led the way at a grand rate, *Florinda* lying second until past the Nore, where *Jullanar* headed her, and gaining on the leader all the way down, got well within her time on the road back, passing the winning flag within about two minutes of *Corisande*, and of course winning easily. In the small cutter class, Mr. Wheeler's *Little Meggie* won by any distance. The Royal London's 'schooner and yawl' day was also reduced to the dandy rig, the other schooners about the station, including *Egeria* and *Corinne*, declining to try conclusions with *Miranda*; indeed, *Egeria*'s trim this season is reckoned so unsatisfactory that she may be converted to a yawl before long. Excepting *Ada*, the R. T. entries came to the start, and *Jullanar* again won, improving on her previous day's performance with *Corisande* by getting home just ahead of her, and taking the prize with time allowance thrown in. *Florinda* came to grief off Southend, and gave up the race. Her day, however, came next, in the New Thames race, when with *Jullanar*, *Lufra* (Mr. J. Houldsworth), and *Bakaloum* (Mr. Groves), she made all the best of an uncertain S.E. breeze, and after passing the Nore had worked well ahead of her rivals. *Bakaloum* was second at the Mouse, but coming home *Jullanar* took second place. Mr. Jessop's victory was, however, secure, and The Commodore (Mr. A. O. Wilkinson) took the smaller class prize, *Neptune* finishing well ahead of Mr. Willis's *Opal*, the only other competitor.

As a preliminary to the regatta of the Royal Cinque Ports Club, which Mr. T. Brassey's energy has so successfully developed at Dover, the Royal Thames arranged an Open Channel Match, starting from the Nore. There was a splendid entry, and sixteen vessels started, but owing to the varying character of the wind, which from N.E. veered about most annoyingly, and the stormy character of the weather, the result was scarcely a satisfactory test of the craft's powers, though it gave Florinda another opportunity of showing her wonderful form in light wind. Egeria was amongst the schooners, but she did not appear to advantage, and the prize for that rig was eventually taken by the new crack, the Miranda, who was not, however, among the leaders at the finish, where the order was—Florinda (winner) Jullanar, Ada, Fiona, Corisande, Neva (cutter prize), Formosa, and Miranda (schooner prize). Matters were not much better at Dover, as rain on the first day damped the outing of the local holiday-makers, and paltry wind spoilt the racing. In the Cutter Match, Neva managed to drift better than the new Formosa, which took second prize, Colonel Markham occupying the for him, unusual position of whipper-in. Coralie secured the 'forties' prize about the time average good people were getting up, or at least thinking about it, the following morning, and Vanessa disposed of the 'twenty and 'under' division. The next day Jullanar and Lufra gave up the yawl race, leaving Florinda to crawl round the course alone, and Miranda had a w. o. for the schooners' prize, which was not withheld as by the Thames clubs. Neptune again beat Opal in the second class yawls. Another good entry, for the Channel Match to Boulogne and back, lost its interest from lack of wind, and after a tediously slow day Formosa scored a victory, Florinda taking the yawl prize, and Miranda that for schooners. Handsome prizes were offered for an all-rig match from Dover to Ostend, where a liberal programme was announced for international yachting; but again, owing to lack of wind, the Channel or Ocean Match proved a most tedious affair. Suffice it to say that the ubiquitous Jullanar scored another victory, Miranda and Fiona securing the other prizes.

The recent Championship match between Higgins and Elliott resulted in quite an easy victory for the Londoner, who, after keeping Elliott fully at work for a mile and a half, went right by, and afterwards did as he liked. At the start both men put on a very fast stroke, being timed over forty-five a minute, and at this game Elliott had undoubtedly the greater pace, as starting above the Putney Aqueduct, the Blyth man led a length at the Point, and had doubled this at the Grass Wharf. Most of this time, however, he was pulling quicker strokes than Higgins, who had soon settled down to about forty, or less, and, with this comparatively steady pulling, was able to keep within hail of the north-country man, who, in spite of his magnificent physique and the advantage of youth, could not maintain the tremendous strain involved in such a demand on his powers—in fact, could not stay at the pace. His partisans, however, had no fear on this score, for, as the day approached, betting shifted to odds on the Tyne man, on whom 7 to 4 was laid at the start, and when in the first half mile he was leading, as much as 3 to 1 was offered by the coal division, whose dumbness half a mile later on was worthy of the reception given to an English winner of the Grand Prix at Longchamps. How they came to develop a confidence so overweening, it is hard to tell, as in the old days a north-country importation to the Thames, on whom the division put down their pieces, was generally a caution, and they took away more than they brought with them. Recently, however,

that canniness has been frequently lacking, and in Bagnall and Boyd, to say nothing of minor stars, they certainly discovered most expensive and over-rated idols. On the present occasion, like many of our betters, we must plead guilty to having been carried away by admiration of Elliott's pace, which was undoubted, and took on trust his staying powers, which his friends vouched for, and last month we confessed to a sneaking fancy for the younger man, partly on the ground that youth will be served, though, as in the case of the swimmer the elder Beckwith, Kelley, and other veterans, it took a monstrous long time to serve them; and this may well be the case with Higgins, who, having begun late, should reasonably be reckoned a much younger man for his age than oarsmen who have been off and on training, with alternations of relaxation and excesses, since they arrived at early manhood. Elliott's friends were, in the absurd language of challenges, 'not satisfied' (as if it were likely they would be) 'with his defeat,' and a challenge was promptly issued to 'any south-country sculler' to row the Tyne Championship course for 2007. a side. Higgins did not reply to this, but Blackman did, and a series of cross-challenges have been published, but at present none of them has said, 'I deliver it as my act and deed,' and all the races have been confined to paper. The last modification has been a proposed race between the Champion and Elliott, Putney to Hammersmith, which Higgins accepts, but declines a one-mile spin as suggested by the Northerner, though he is willing to row Elliott over the Tyne course. There are also rumours that Hanlon, who in America has recently won two-mile and five-mile races with Plaisted, and Morris of Pittsburg, respectively, and that Courtney, another American crack, may both be seen here soon; also that Trickett is to revisit the scene of his triumph; but all this is at present merely *in camera*, as they say in the Divorce Court. The professional events nearest completion are for Hawdon, a Northerner, of Delaval, to row J. Cannon of Kingston, also the ex-champion Sadler, but no dates are fixed for these proposed events, and, taking an average, odds are of course against any of them coming off.

Henley Regatta, which is unusually late this year, has secured capital entries, and the interest is enhanced by the presence of two American fours, one of whom has been at work at Henley for some weeks, while the second arrived at the scene of action on the 18th ult., far earlier than our English oarsmen are in the habit of doing; and if they are not careful the Yankees will find their increased knowledge of the water and currents scarcely compensate for the relaxing influence of the air of Henley, which, like most riverside places, however agreeable, is scarcely fitted for getting the most out of men. (We are not alluding to the efforts of lodging-letters, whose level best in this direction is up to a high standard.) With every desire to receive strangers from a distance with due cordiality, and admiring their pluck in making the journey, to somewhat stretch our rules in their favour, it cannot be concealed that the amateur qualification, as laid down on this side of the Atlantic, is a hard nut to crack, and it remains to be seen if our visitors prove their qualification to the satisfaction of those who, having visited American regattas, are really in a position to judge. According to our rules, a boat-builder, working man, or mechanic is not eligible as an amateur, and there are several conditions with which the American sporting world are, no doubt, well acquainted, which leave no room for dispute as to who or who is not eligible. Of the crews now at Henley, the first arrivals were described as a college crew, which, if it means what it would here, sounds good enough in



all conscience ; but when we hear that one of the lot built the boat in which they row, we get confused ; he must either be a gentleman with a wonderful turn for cabinet work in general and boat-building in particular, or he is a curious member of a college crew. As to this lot, they are perfectly together, steer fairly, row very clean, and are strong, tough-looking men ; but their rowing is too much arm-work, and each stroke is finished with the elbows wide instead of close to the sides, a fault which many powerful men get into, but which prevents their power having the fullest effect. The latest arrivals are known as the *Shoe-wae-cae-mette*, and are supposed to be the champions of America, having won a recent trial at Watkins Regatta. We have not seen them rowing, but from their credentials they may be supposed better than the crew first spoken of. 'Wilkes' Spirit' refers to them in the 'rough diamond,' 'nature's gentlemen,' 'as good as anybody' tone, while 'Turf, Field, and Farm,' another American sporting organ, deprecates hostile criticism on their manners and customs, on the ground that they 'are not representatives of American oarsmen, either in general 'habit or in culture and social development,' somewhat irreconcilable views of our visitors' character and status.

Amongst the invariable entries for the chief prizes at Henley comes firstly the London Club, who, since their foundation, more than twenty years ago, have never failed to send a crew, good, bad, or indifferent, to contest the principal prizes of the meeting, at which last year they had even more than average success, landing both the Open Eights, *i.e.*, all they were eligible for, and the principal Four, which they have now taken for several years running. This year they had a good chance of repeating their best performances, but at the last moment two members of the Grand Challenge crew have retired, involving changes in the stroke thwart, while F. Playford, jun., the present amateur champion, has resigned owing to disagreements with his fellows, and the boat is to be stroked by his cousin, H. H. Playford, jun., while E. Slade, one of last year's winners, has to give up, having hurt his arm. All this spoils the Club's chance, which was a very great one, and even now we hardly know where else to look for the winners. The same vital change is also imperative in the Stewards' four, which otherwise might have been reckoned a moral. The Kingston Club is another regular *habitué*, and their constant appearance is the more praiseworthy, as since some twelve years ago, when with Risley, Woodgate, Willan, Seymour, and the veteran C. Walton at the rudder lines, they nearly swept the board at Henley and elsewhere, the club has fallen upon evil days, and met with but few successes. Last year, however, under the energetic captaincy of Heatley, they landed the Wyfold, and the same crew flies at higher game this time, entering for the Stewards' Cup. The Grand Challenge eight includes some good men in Smith, Heatley, Watson-Taylor, Clowes, Adams, Crabbe, Todd, and Phillips (stroke), and with plenty of power in the middle of the boat may do well, while a second four is entered for the Wyfold. We don't remember if the K. R. C. have a motto on their official documents, but if so it should be 'Perseverentia,' or words to that effect. The Thames Club are considered not up to their recent form this year, having lost one or two of their best men ; but, however, their crews may perform. Eyre and partner must be most dangerous in the Pairs, which they won last year, beating successively Long and Gulston, and Smith and Playford. The Ladies' Plate should be secured by Jesus, Cambridge, the Visitors' by the same club or University, Oxford, the Wyford by the Thames, the Thames Cup by London, and the

Sculls by Edwardes-Moss or Chillingworth, as Playford does not scull until the championship in July.

The Ilex Swimming Club, established some years ago to induce rowing men to learn that very necessary art, and which has for years included among its members the amateur swimming champions, has at last determined to open its doors to amateurs of other branches of athletics, and with this enlarged programme there is every prospect of a long and extended sphere of usefulness to the old club.

## 'OUR VAN.'

### THE INVOICE.—Derby Doings and Ascot Amenities.'

'THE Derby Day.' Such is the label on the first parcel that comes to hand in 'Our Van,' and the Driver is reminded as he takes it up of the lapse of years. A great many things remind the Driver of that, but that by the way. It is not often given him to discourse on the great festival, seeing that it is held, as a rule, just as the 'Van' is being packed and starting on its journey. But this year the Church Calendar had arranged it otherwise, and the first Wednesday in June took the place of the last Wednesday in May. So, as in duty bound, we have to take up our parable and try to tell our readers the Derby-day story as briefly and with as little repetition as we may.

An old story and a dull one, so at least said every one before the story was told. There was no 'interest' about the race, said the organs of racing opinion, and their faithful readers echoed the cry. 'A very moderate lot,' said the organs; 'Shockingly bad,' said the readers. It may be remarked here that the reader always goes ahead of the organ, be the subject what it may, from a Bulgarian or Turkish atrocity to the last new piece at the Nudity Theatre, or the last novel of a lady novelist. If the organ says the atrocity is a good atrocity, the reader sings pæans in its praise; if the piece is genteelly damned, or the novel regretfully held to be slightly immoral, the reader execrates the unfortunate dramatist, and lashes him or herself into frenzy about the novelist, talks of the 'Fruits of Philosophy,' and the Society for the Suppression of Vice. So it was not to be wondered at that the British Public, from my Lord Tom Noddy to Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, were all full against the Derby, and looked upon it rather contemptuously, even to the extent of doubting whether it was worth going to see. Misguided public, and misleading organs. Why, the Derby is the Derby, be the field never so moderate; it sits, like a king, above all races, let the prophets say what they may. We do not mean to contradict here the assertion of the organs, endorsed by the racing public, that the field was bad. It probably was as moderate a one as ever started, but we take leave to think that there were one or two good horses in it, and that the 'curse of moderation' was *not* over it all. We feel we are on rather delicate ground when we say this, for all the talent represented by the organs aforesaid, and backed up by the B. P., is against us, and what every one says must be true. Still will we cling to a belief, until it is shattered, that in Sefton and Insulaire we have good horses, that if all goes well with them and they do not succumb to the evils that horseflesh is heir to, they will make a name for themselves, in addition to the good one they have already gained.

But this, after all, is only idle conjecture. To our Derby tale. It was not much of a Derby Day. Dull and dispiriting, very little excitement, a perceptibly diminished crowd, a hill without much beauty, and great consumption of liquor without much thirst. Shall we ever have a hot Derby again, one of those perspiring days when we wore white hats and white waistcoats, and went about with a parched throat that no amount of champagne cup would permanently moisten? A hot day, succeeded by a hotter night in more senses than one, and the chaste shades of Cremorne were alive unto the small hours with a tipsy revelry which was supposed to be enjoyment. Where do our young bloods, aristocratic, bourgeois, or of the irrepressible 'Arry' type, go to for their Derby evening, by the way, since those cruel magistrates shut up Cremorne? Do they desolate Evans's, make hideous the Aquarium, or fight at the Alhambra and the London Pavilion? But we have not come to the night yet, and indeed have jumped so far ahead that we are nearly forgetting all about the first day and the Champagne, the show for which in the paddock was the best we had seen for two or three years. Of course the crack or cracks had been spotted. Even he who used to be called 'Lord Frederick' cannot, astute man as he is, hide his light under bushels, and it was soon known that he was the fortunate possessor of a colt by Cremorne—Chance, who certainly, if he was only half as good as he looked, was undoubtedly the clinker his stable believed him to be. He was rated to be Cremorne II., only handsomer, directly he was seen, and certainly he seems to have more power than Mr. Saville's horse. Such a back and loins, and such a grand forehand, combined with beautiful action, made the Chance colt take all eyes in the paddock. His worthy owner, with characteristic modesty, sought rather to disparage his merits, but the public would not be stalled off him, and took all the fives to four they could get, and even money when that was not procurable. It was amusing to observe how everybody actually 'in the know,' or thought likely to be, disappeared from public view before the race for the Champagne. Mr. Swindells retired to his box, Mr. G. Lambert withdrew into a corner of the Stand Saloon, while Mr. Frail, who every one was glad to see looking in his old form, had managed to render himself invisible somehow, and his seat on the bench outside the weighing-room knew him not. Nobody cared much about the Mentmore-bred one, Gunnersbury, a son of Hermit and Hippia, a good-looking, powerful colt, but evidently wanting time; nor did The Admiral attract much attention. Indeed, there was only one in the race, and when at the distance Goater allowed the favourite to draw away from his horses, they all appeared to stand still, as the phrase goes, and he went in the easiest of winners by four lengths. A beautiful horse indeed, though when 7 to 1 was the best offer against him for the Derby, we felt we should rather be the layer than the taker, for taken it was in hundreds, and we were told that the taker would have the best of it. Perhaps so, and yet it is a long time to the Derby. We could not help thinking how curious the luck of breeding is. Here is Mr. Saville, with his grand brood mares at Rufford, and their unions with Cremorne, produce animals not capable of winning a selling plate. Mr. Swindells bought the Chance colt by accident, as it were, for William Goater, to whom it was knocked down for 1,000 guineas at the Sandgate sale last year, thought he was bidding for Lord Huntly, but that noble lord repudiating, Mr. Swindells came to the rescue. And to-morrow, if he wanted to sell the horse, he might put, perhaps, 12,000 guineas on him and find many cheques ready to his hand.

We saw it stated somewhere, in the columns of the 'D. T.' we believe, that

Sefton's year should be known as 'the slippery Derby,' and we think it is a good title. Personally we glissaded a good deal, both in ascending, and particularly in descending, the hill at the back of the Stand, and between the Stand and the Paddock it was not 6 to 4 that we kept our legs. The rain had made the surface of the ground greasy, while in places it was very heavy, and had, no doubt, an influence on the running.

It was, as we have intimated before, and as most of our readers doubtless know for themselves, a dull day, a day of no colour, form, or substance—unless the substance was mud, and there was plenty of that. There was but little liveliness, and to a snug cottage, which we inhabited for the week in the outskirts of Epsom, came no sound of the tootooing horn, and that perpetual roll and rumble of wheels which we associate with the day. The people were flat, too, and assuredly took their pleasure sadly on that day if never before. The paddock was the only pleasant place, and thither all, at least all, who were any, crowded, and to follow Insulaire and mob Bonnie Scotland, who were unquestionably the two heroes of the place. The sale of the latter to Lord Rosebery, had of course transpired by that time, and the reports of what the horse could do and what he had cost were among the chief topics of conversation. Robert Peck, let it be said to his honour, had acted in the most straightforward way in the conduct of the deal. Lord Rosebery expressing a wish to buy the horse, Peck asked Mr. Heneage, as one of his patrons, and likewise a friend of Lord Rosebery, to name a price that might form a basis for the deal, and this Mr. Heneage did. What was the price is of no particular importance to anybody but the parties immediately concerned, but Robert Peck finding Lord Rosebery bent upon having the horse begged of him to take twelve hours to think of it—to sleep on it in fact—and if he was in the same mind in the morning then let the sale be completed. So it was not until we were all in the paddock, looking at the chief actor in the transaction, and not, by the way, thinking him anything very wonderful to look at, [that the sale was completed: in fact Webb only received orders to put on the Rosebery colours while he was about to weigh out for Bonnie Scotland. But Insulaire had the most friends in the paddock, though 'the little hack' did not fill the eye as a Derby horse should. Still there was a cut-and-come-again appearance about him, and he looked, what he is indeed, a perfectly cool and collected gentleman to whom a voyage across the Channel was nothing, and French Derbys of small account. His sire, Dutch Skater, was of the same enviable temperament, and used to walk down the steps off Calais pier into the boat like an elderly gentleman, quietly feeling his way without being put out in the least, and we believe he was ready for his corn when he got to Dover. If people looked at Sefton they saw a perfectly trained horse, and a very good-looking one to boot, but we much fear the 'handicap form' was but little regarded, though looking at the state of the ground many more improbable things might happen than his winning. Sir Joseph did not please any one who saw him, and looked more like seven furlongs, or perhaps six, than a mile and a half. Thurio was under some sort of suspicion, what we knew not exactly, but everything had not gone well with him lately, and we doubt if his stable were as sanguine about him as they had been. Childeric was the gentleman of the party, and, as we have before hinted, Bonnie Scotland failed to impress us.

But it is time to struggle back to the Stand and watch Superintendent Gernon and his men clearing the course in that wonderful way peculiar to our police force. The task does not seem as difficult as usual, and the people

yield to the persuasive 'off the course' of the A. Division without a murmur. We are conscious, and so we think is every one we speak to, of a feverish excitement, which, though the Derby is such a 'dull' affair, seizes upon us as the time draws nigh for the decision of the race. A perfect inability to spot the winner, moderate as is the lot—a desire to back something and yet a shrinking from the task—a wild dream of some outsider (exceedingly wild this), and a final decision that the winner must be Insulaire—all these thoughts chased themselves in rapid succession through our brain. The gallops had been taken, but they did not add much to our previous knowledge. Everything went more or less well, and the critics could scarcely spy a flaw in appearance or movement. Insulaire and Childeric went perhaps better than anything and next to them—Attilus, Sefton, and Cyprus—at least so we thought. Mr. McGeorge did not long keep us in suspense, and when he dropped the flag, the idea that doubtless has occurred to many before now, that the Derby is after all a very little thing, flashed across our mind. Here was the great event we had been worrying ourselves about for an indefinite period, the subject of so many disputations and arguments, that had covered so many sheets of paper and spilt so much ink, an event looked for with anxiety wherever the English tongue is spoken and in places where it is not, and it would be all over in about two minutes. We are aware that there is nothing novel in this, but it somehow occurred to us with greater force than usual. It may be applied to all racing, of course, and what is true of the Derby is true of the Leger and of the Cesarewitch as well as other things. Still up to the time they had passed the furzes, this thought would keep troubling our mind, and we only got rid of it when we saw Sefton rush to the front at the mile post. Then the race got interesting. Evidently Constable would not have done such a thing as this unless he had found his horse going strong and well through the heavy ground, and for the first half mile and particularly through the furzes it was very holding. Here it was that Insulaire did not seem to be at home, or whether it was that Goater feared to make too much use of him, which perhaps was the case, but he was in the rear, and the little black did not cut a much better figure coming down the hill. In fact when Sefton took up the running at the mile post the race, though then we knew it not, was over. He came down the hill like a ball, and he hopped up the incline like one, easily disposing of Thurio, who looked once as if he was going to do something, and Childeric, and having only Insulaire to beat, he went on despite the rapid way in which the hack made up his lost ground, and won easily by a length and a half.

It was a surprise at first, and some people, we believe, have not got over it yet. How came Sefton to turn the tables on Insulaire was, of course, the first question. Insulaire pulled up fresh and well, only he did not seem able to act down the hill. He had laid somewhat out of his ground in the first part of the race, and though full of running at the end, he never apparently made it up. Perhaps if the winning post had been at the Paddock he would have been returned the winner of the 99th Derby, for he was overhauling Sefton at every stride. Why did he lay so far out of his ground? and why did not Bonnie Scotland give a better account of himself than he did? Perhaps before the 'Van' is finished we shall have to report that he has redeemed, or partially redeemed, his character. He was never in the hunt, as the phrase goes. Thurio collapsed from want of condition, and Childeric, who it is possible might have lowered Sefton's colours, though we don't think it is probable, would not try when Archer asked him. In our own minds we had placed Insulaire first and Sefton second; the third was beyond our

capabilities. It was a slight putting of the cart before the horse, but still, for an amateur prophet, we don't think it is so bad, and blow our trumpet accordingly. (N.B. This has nothing to do with our tip in the 'Van' for June, when a wretched friend of ours—may his father's grave be defiled!—induced us to go for Thurio and Cyprus. That was wrung from us by circumstances over which we had no control. Insulaire and Sefton, our readers will please bear in mind, were our original and only Jarleys.) We still have a private opinion as to what *ought* to have won the Derby, but don't wish to force it down the throats of other people. One thing we will declare, and challenge contradiction therein, and that is, that the first and second in the Derby are good horses.

The Oaks proved the match every one thought it would be; though there again was a slight error in the placings, and the cart would come before the horse. We thought Pilgrimage would win if she kept on her legs, for our opinion of Jannette's gameness was not a high one. About the others in the race, Clementine, Eau de Vie, &c., we had no opinion at all. The last-named filly was said to be 10 lbs. before Fair Lyonesse, which she certainly would have needed to be to have any chance of winning. We did not go to the Paddock, for the favourites we knew by heart, and Eau de Vie and Co. we did not care to see. Friday is our day for doing 'the hill' and seeing the 'boofer' ladies, a task which we generally set ourselves with much pleasure, but which this year turned out a dull one. The coaches were by comparison few, and so were the 'boofer' ladies. The leading lights of the Four-in-Hand and the C.C. were, with the exception of Lord Londesborough, absentees, and neither club showed to great advantage. We like the hill for many reasons. One is, we are sure to meet a group of friends and acquaintances on it clustered together on its brow, criticising each arrival, and the criticisms are not always favourable. There is, first and foremost, Lord Macclesfield, and with him the cheery presence of Mr. Villebois; then come Mr. Anstruther-Thomson and Mr. Lane-Fox, Colonel Stracey Clitherow, and Captain Bastard. A good jury of experts, but not one which perhaps a novice would select to pass his ordeal before. They are a merciful jury, however; and unless there is a very glaring case of utter inefficiency their comments are subdued. Here and there a straggling arrival is visited with the double thong; but, as a rule, a *sotto voce* remark one to another, keen and cutting, and which would cause the ears of him that heard it (if he did) to tingle, suffices. The hill is much quieter than it used to be we perceive. Lais and Phryne—not to put too fine a point upon it—don't get quite so drunk as they used to do, and are besides in much diminished numbers, which is a blessing. Society is pretty well represented, but only pretty well; and altogether it is rather tame for the Ladies' Day. A barouche and four, with postilions in the cockades and black jackets of royalty, dashes up the hill and creates a momentary excitement. We prepare to take off our hats to, perchance, a smiling Teck, or, it may be, a gracious Connaught; but it is only a harmless gentleman from South Kensington, Corbet by name, who has a weakness for indulging in these displays. May he long enjoy them. And now it is time to get back to the Stand.

The course was clear, and presently from the paddock emerged the eight runners. Pilgrimage walked badly, and when Cannon set her going she did not do much better, being unable apparently to take her legs from the ground. The stable had had an anxious time with her it was well known; but though evidently very dicky on her fore legs, she kept her place pretty firmly in the market, though at one time there was something like a demonstration against

her. She warmed up and went a little better in her preliminary canter, but her backers could not have been encouraged by the display. Jannette looked a different mare from what she did on the One Thousand day; and of the others, Eau de Vie was a big strapping-looking animal, who covered ground in her stride, but did not look like staying. The Pulsatilla filly, started to make running for Jannette, did her task well, and when at the road her bolt was shot, her place was taken by Jannette, who had then a clear lead of Clementine. Pilgrimage, however, like Insulaire in the Derby, came on hand over hand, and if she had only been able to go down the hill as well as she came up the straight, she would have won the Oaks. But Cannon was evidently obliged to nurse her, and she could not make up her lost ground. Indeed, as it subsequently transpired, she had broken down before she reached the chair, and her racing career was finished there and then. A real good mare, the superior, we take leave to think, to her conqueror, and glad should we have been to see the two renew the struggle, both sound and well, on the Town Moor—but this was not to be.

And Epsom over and done, the sawdust of the Agricultural Hall claims us, and there is the hearty welcome of Mr. Leeds and the courteous greeting of Mr. Sidney, whom we find in all the bustle and excitement of the opening day and the judging. Various are the opinions expressed by many critics as to the merits of the Show; but the general idea is that it is hardly up to the mark, though here and there are horses of class and character. We have barely time to run our eye over them at our first visit; but we are able to have a good look at Mr. Harvey Bayly's Tavistock, the gold medallist and general prize winner—a grand-looking horse indeed, and rare judgment did Mr. Bayly exhibit in his purchase. We cannot, however, quite give up our favourite of last year, Rossington, the perfect gentleman of the Show. He had more quality than Tavistock, and we believe he has the most perfect manners possible for horse to possess. At least, that is his character in the Rufford country, where he is, of course, well known. Some of the hunters were but sorry-looking animals to carry fifteen stone across a stiff country; but we made the same or similar remarks about the Alexandra Show. The weight-carriers were but ill represented we thought, with here and there a notable exception; and the harness horses were below par. That was the impression we brought away from our first hurried inspection, but on the occasion of our second visit it was somewhat modified. The Princess of Wales had signified her intention of being present on the Wednesday, and of course every horse and man was preparing to put their best leg foremost on this occasion. Hardly so crowded as on the same day last year, but still every reserved seat was taken; and Mr. Leeds and Mr. Sidney, in their anxiety to oblige their friends, were hard put to it to provide accommodation for them. One thing they could provide. Hospitality is a virtue much practised at the Agricultural Hall, and the board room of the Company gathers a goodly gathering of honourable sportsmen, noble judges, and prize winners, to whom Mr. Leeds' first question is, 'Have you had any lunch?' There we meet representatives of broad Yorkshire and squires of the West country, a large Welsh contingent, with Sir Watkin as their guide, as well as many from the Cheshire border land, headed by the pleasant presence of Lord Combermere. That 'our Sir George' is there goes without saying, as well as that he is a prize winner with his beautiful Fairy Queen and Sunbeam. Lord Portsmouth looks in to criticise the critics in his quiet way; and there is Lord Carington come to find if there is anything tempting to carry him next season, and come also in the train of our Princess, where there

is something perhaps more attractive than prize winners, at least that noble lord seems to think so.

Some of the judging did not give satisfaction. Rossington we consider a better horse than Baldersby, and the blue ribbon ought to have been the former's at first instead of at last. Perhaps we are a little prejudiced in favour of our favourite, but as many good judges agree with us, we will proclaim our belief in Rossington. Another mistake was made, we think, when in the class for riding horses, where the Duke of Cambridge only took the third prize, having to play second fiddle to Strasburg, a circus performer, who crossed his rather queer legs in a very queer fashion. We believe he got his ribbon more by the way he was ridden than his own merits. The park cob class was perhaps about the best in the show, Fairy Queen, Maud, Lady Rowley, and Queen Adelaide being steppers that it would have been difficult to find fault with. To say that Mr. Frisby took a prize for phaeton horses may be expected, but how the judges came to pass over Mr. Groucock's pair in favour of Miss Moffatt's skewbald and piebald we are at a loss to conceive. The jumping, of course, was the great attraction, and whatever our private opinion may be of that part of the exhibition, there is no doubt it is the paying part, and so the directors and Mr. Sidney are quite right to encourage it, and give prizes to the successful competitors. Altogether the show was an undoubted monetary success.

Ascot, ho! The final touch has been put on our preparations in the matter of locality, meat, drink, and clothing. The advertisements of eligibly situated villas and cottages, all within a mile of the Grand Stand, have disappeared, and the proprietors of these eligible properties have either landed their fish, or in their over-greed the net has broken and the prey has escaped them. Waterloo Station on the Ascot Monday, towards four of the clock, was a scene of confusion quite equal to any pantomime 'rally' we saw last winter. Unfortunate people who wanted to go to Datchet and Windsor were peremptorily ordered into a Kingston and Esher train, and when they had seen their luggage safely in the van, were straightway told that they were wrong, and that the Windsor train was going from another platform. Such frantic rushes at the last moment, such a hurrying of heavy-laden porters staggering under Ascot *impedimenta*, could be only equalled by Victoria on a similar occasion, as Goodwood Monday. But we all get righted somehow, and shake down into our places, and a very charming place it is the good fortune of the Van Driver to shake down into. Hard by 'Datchet mead,' facing the silver Thames, into which the dishonest knight was 'sighted with 'as little remorse as if he had been a litter of blind puppies,' &c., do we find an Ascot *villeggiatura* that suits us, in the phrase of the day, down to the ground. It has only one fault, it is too pleasant for one who has to burn the midnight oil, and must not listen too long to the voice of the charmer. Imagine a midnight oil burner, with harassing thoughts about 'copy,' being invited by the crew of 'The Sisters,' for a row up to Windsor or thereabouts, and imagine him yielding to the soft persuasion; see him luxuriously seated listening to the intelligent and soothing talk of 'bow,' who knows everything about the river, and imparts her knowledge, assisted by the maturer wisdom of No. 2, freely. Imagine him also in the later hours, if our readers will care to follow, under the spell of a kind hostess and a disciple of Chaumont, the latter singing songs that soothe yet excite, aided by the appearance of the sisters in quite a new rôle (No. 2 is first violin)—and then let our readers wonder with a great wonderment how they are to have any account of Ascot at all. It was a very near thing, we can assure them. The filly by Success, out of Chaumont,



was first favourite for some time, and it was only a resolute plunge that brought the outsider by Hard Work—Determination to the front. The Chaumont filly was difficult to beat, and stuck to us all up the straight, but by a vigorous effort we were able (time, 11.30 p.m.) to stall her off, and win by a bare head.

But this is idle talk, and our readers will be jogging the Driver's elbow and requesting him to get on. The poor Driver (but this is in the strictest confidence) having, unbeknown to Mr. Baily, written a very brilliant account of Ascot for the 'Upper Clapton Advertiser,' is very much at a nonplus. What on earth can he say that Upper Clapton does not know? Upper Clapton, by-the-way, being a highly respectable suburb, and following such form as it knows, has gone for Sefton from its earliest moments, and having been well beaten, has collapsed. Upper Clapton has not fared worse than its more aristocratic neighbours. Who could back Glengarry, and who would not back Bonnie Scotland with the allowances? It really looked a good thing, bar the ground, but the ground was fatal. Sefton could not get to the front under his weight, and so the horse who was said to be 21 lb. behind Attalus, though we cannot for a moment suppose that such was the case, won pretty easily. But before this Verneuil had beaten Lady Golightly in the Queen's Vase, with odds of 5 to 4 on her ladyship, and more than a bad beginning waited on the first day.

The Ascot Stakes with its big field was hardly the betting race it ought to have been, though a good deal of money went on Zucchero and Finis, the latter especially, for he was known to like soft ground, and it was this at Ascot with a vengeance, the top turn near the hotel stables being more like a quagmire than anything else. We think Finis would have won but for being cannoned against by Jester half way up the straight, which lost him his place, and Wood, bringing up Chesterton, won easily by a length and a half from Advance, whose running was certainly very good to get where he did, and the ground in such a state. No one except those immediately connected with the horse thought much about Chesterton, and 100 to 6 could have easily been got about him. Mr. Houldsworth pulled out his good-looking colt by Adventurer—Lady Morgan, for the Biennial, but owing to the horse not having done well since his arrival at Ascot, he was afraid to tell his friends to back it. The horse won, however, and beat Strathern so easily that he is probably very smart, and Mr. Houldsworth did the wise thing of sending him back to Newmarket that evening instead of running him for other races. As Attalus ran badly the next day in the Twentieth Biennial, it is more than probable he was amiss, too, and we had better not trust to that form. In fact form was so upset that we cannot with safety affirm that any of the running at the royal meeting on the first day was strictly true. Things mended on the Wednesday, that day of comparative quiet, when we enjoy racing without a crowd; but still it was by no means pleasant, though here and there a favourite did win. It was the old story; however, of laying money when Finis cantered away from Pardon, and Lady Lumley led her field in the Fern Hill Stakes. The plunging, the fatal plunging, began on the Ascot Derby, when Jannette was considered certainty enough to lay 6 to 4 on, it being supposed that Insulaire must be a little stale after his heavy work the last three weeks. The little black looked anything but stale in the paddock, on the contrary he was quite corky, but the talent would not have him, though some few did take 6 to 4 instead of laying it. The mare ran very badly, being beaten on entering the straight, and she could not hold her own with such a commoner as Con Cregan, while Insulaire won in the commonest of canters. This, supposing

the running is true, would seem to make Jannette's Leger prospects look very moderate, but the probability is that it is not correct, seeing that it is too bad to be so. The Hunt Cup did not give us any very warm favourite, Kineton heading the quotations for want of a better. If Rosbach and Warrior had gone to the post there would have been some heavy wagering between the two, but both horses had suffered from the pencil fever, and so of the old favourites Avontes was the only one left. Balance was a new-comer from Wadlow's stable, with whom Lord Wilton declared to win, and as Post Haste had run a good trial on Tuesday, when he beat Hesper so easily, he was of course fancied. The start was not a very good one, and Balance was left at the post, but he managed to make up his lost ground and be in a good place opposite the Stand. Nothing, however, could have beaten Julius Cæsar that day, for he went to the front at the road, and without being headed won with great ease by three lengths. Owing to the horse running so close to the rails on the Stand side few people saw him till he was close home, and we were all more intent on the scarlet jacket of Avontes in the middle of the course, which presented a bold appearance once. The three top-weights were first, second, and third, and a very effective *coup* would have been made if Belphebe had won. There was some talk about an objection, Jones, who rode Balance, declaring that the advance flag did not fall, a manifest untruth. Of course Lord Wilton was bound to investigate the matter, but when Mr. McGeorge declared it to be a start there was nothing more to be said. Redwing, a roarer, beating Strathfleet in the Coronation Stakes, was another surprise. It was a fine race, and the roarer stayed the longest, a curious fact. With the defeat of Attalus, before referred to, a disastrous day terminated.

The neighbourhood of Ascot is early astir on the Cup morning. It is as much a holiday now as the Derby, and the crowd nearly as unpleasant. It was a grand day, however, as regarded the weather, a real Ascot festival bar the dust and the grand costumes. No pretty specks in the royal enclosure, but a good many pretty faces both there and on the coaches, the latter, we think, for choice. Very charming was the sight about the luncheon hour, when the vista from the Four-in-Hand enclosure to the Spagnaletti telegraph board is as one long table loaded with good things, surrounded by lovely faces aglow with excitement, and the air is charged with laughter and the popping of champagne corks. Then is Ascot Cup Day a good thing. The sport, too, was worthy of the occasion, and the two chief events, the Cup and the Rous Memorial, were carried off by horses of undoubted excellence. So many horses run nowadays whose merits are rather doubtful, that it is a good thing to have a winner or two about whom there can be no dispute at all, and no one will venture to call in question, we fancy, the excellence of Petrarch and Verneuil. The latter, indeed, was the hero of Ascot, and deserves all the honour we can pay such a stayer, who cut to ribbons the best that could be brought against him. If ever a thing was more firmly impressed on our belief than another, it was that Silvio was the greatest of certainties for the Cup. He had run so like a stayer at Newmarket, had grown into such a handsome specimen of a racehorse, that what was to beat him we could not see. Grand-looking horse as Verneuil was, and wonderfully easy as he had beaten Lady Golightly in the Queen's Vase on Tuesday, somehow we never thought of him, and it was only the after-wisdom of the event that told us we ought to have done so. The first blow of the day, however, was in the New Stakes, for which the grand-looking Chance colt looked as if he had only one to fear, Lansdown, the recently named Gentle Mary colt, who was unpenalised, while the Woodcote winner

had to put up 7 lbs. extra. But this, in general estimation, he could do, so there was nothing else backed but her and Lansdown, 20 to 1 going begging about Strathern. Imagine our horror when at the Stand we saw Goater riding the Chance colt, and a few strides further the despised Strathern collar Lansdown, whom he defeated cleverly by three-parts of a length—a very unexpected blow indeed, and one which we venture to indorse as correct. We heard the favourite spoken of as a bad beginner, not quite upon his legs, and it may be that this was so. At all events, we will not give him up, and shall still believe, until we see him beaten again, that he is a good horse. Only four runners for the immense piece of silver that this year did duty for the Ascot Cup, and one of these, Hampton, the undoubted stayer, was under some slight suspicion of a leg. So the way, we thought, was clear for Silvio, and 700 to 400 was laid on him readily. But Verneuil, taken at once to the front by Goater, made the running, and down the hill had such a perfect Gladiator lead that there was really nothing else in it. The four took closer order after passing the brick kilns, but without in the slightest way making the result in the least doubtful, and when once in the straight, Silvio and Hampton drew up to the leader, he only required the smallest hint from Goater to draw away from his horses and win by ten lengths in the commonest of canters—a great horse indeed. That Petrarch should win the Rous Memorial looked a foregone conclusion, but it was a closer thing than we thought, for Dalham stuck to him, and a grand race between the two resulted in Petrarch's favour by a neck, the latter running as game as a pebble and finishing his racing career (for he pulled up so lame that it is more than doubtful if he will ever run again) in a blaze of triumph.

Friday's racing was as good as all that had gone before, and Verneuil crowned the edifice of his fame by winning the Alexandra Plate, again making all his own running, as easily as he had done the Cup. Count de Lagrange ran St. Christophe as well, and would have given his eyes, as the phrase goes, to have won with him, but, though Fordham was up, he could never get on terms with Verneuil. Trappist and Warrior made a match of it in the Wokingham, for, though there was a large field (twenty-three runners), nothing was in it but the above pair, who had made the pace so hot that before they reached the Stand enclosure pursuit was hopeless, and all eyes were on the two favourites, Trappist, who had always held the advantage, winning by three parts of a length. It was a worthy termination to four days' grand sport; and if the meeting lacked some of its pomp and circumstance, if the splendour of royalty and the splendour of dress were alike absent, the racing made full amends.

We ought not to take leave of Ascot without adverting to the reported large stakes won by the backers of the 'popular jockey,' as the Press delights to designate F. Archer. We all know many of this class of backers, who rely upon a good start, a square rider, and the probability of a good horse pulling them through time after time, in the face of the shortest of odds; for that the odds *are* short as a rule we shall presently show. Of course it appears at first sight an impertinence to dictate to any turfite, on a subject which affects his own pocket and not ours; but there is another side to the question which we will venture to say has never struck three-fourths of those speculators who, race after race, 'dash it down' upon Fred Archer's mounts. What is the position of that jockey's employers? Is it a fair thing that because they avail themselves of his services, they should find three or four thousand pounds in the market ready to be invested directly the popular jockey's number goes up? Of course under these circumstances, the owner

must either accept a false price about his horse, or in many cases see him win without a farthing of his own money on him. Now let us go one step farther. We believe the general employers of this jockey to be honest and high-minded gentlemen, but, alas! there exists also a class of men owning horses on the Turf whose motto is—

'Si possis, recte—si non, quocunque modo, rem,'

and who are quite capable of either putting Archer on the veriest dummy of a horse in training, or on one whose chance of winning they know to be *nil*. They know also well enough that some infatuated backers will as usual follow Archer, and it is not difficult to divine into whose pockets their money will go. These are hard words, some will say, but we maintain that they are justified by the state of things now existing, and in defence of the interests of honourable employers, and of Archer himself, we feel bound to speak out. There is a certain amount of forbearance and good-feeling which should be felt by owners towards the British public, and it is no less true that that feeling should be reciprocated by allowing an owner a fair opportunity of backing his horse. Whether the continued following of any one jockey is or is not successful is entirely beyond the question; in our opinion it never has been, and never will be—but in any case the plungers upon Archer's mounts will have no sympathy from us when the evil day of reckoning at last arrives, and they will have their own blind selfishness alone to thank for any consequence that may ensue.

The Annual General Meeting of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, according to its invariable custom held in the Subscription Room at Tattersall's on the day after the Derby, was a great success. The Duke of Grafton, in the absence of the Duke of Buccleuch, the President, was in the chair, and well supported by several masters of hounds and gentlemen well known in the hunting world, who are honorary members of the society, amongst whom were the Marquis of Worcester, the Marquis of Waterford, the Earl of Radnor, the Earl of Zetland, the Earl of Haddington, Viscount Galway, Sir Watkin Wynn, the Hon. Francis Scott, the treasurer; the Hon. Robert Grimston, Sir Reginald Graham, Sir Claude C. de Crespigny, Mr. George Lane-Fox, Master of the Bramham Moor, one of the trustees, and his son, Captain Lane-Fox; Mr. J. Anstruther-Thomson, the honorary secretary, Master of the Fife; Mr. W. E. Oakeley, Master of the Atherstone; Mr. T. C. Garth, Mr. W. Mortimer, ex-Master of the old Surrey; Mr. E. St. John, Mr. Robert Arkwright, Master of the Oakley, Mr. John Arkwright, Mr. T. Harvey D. Bayly, Mr. W. W. Tailby, Mr. Walter Long, jun., Master of the Hambledon; Mr. George A. Fenwick, Mr. Anthony Hamond, Master of the West Norfolk; Mr. G. Troyte-Bullock, Mr. Charles Wickstead, Master of the Ludlow; Mr. R. King-Wyndham, Mr. P. A. Carnegie, Mr. Edward Bromley, Mr. James Philcox, Mr. Stephen Soames, of Cranford Hall, Major Bethune, Mr. Frederick Heysham, and Mr. W. N. Heysham, the honorary auditor. Mr. Anstruther-Thomson read the report, which stated that there were now 1850 honorary and 300 benefit members, that the capital of the society amounted to 14,000*l.*, and that thirty-eight benefit members had joined during the past year. Lord Galway said that the society was excellently and economically managed, and that the more widely the benefits which it was the means of conferring on its members became known, the larger would be its list of members. The treasurer, with his usual eloquence, then preached his annual sermon to the benefit members, urging them to use the

society more as a provision for their wives and families or relatives they might leave behind them, than as a remedy for a broken collar-bone or a cut finger; and he 'regretted to see that there were still thirty-four 'Masters of Fox Hounds who were not yet honorary members of the society, 'as he always considered that it was incumbent upon every Master of 'Hounds to become a member of the society, and never to engage a single 'servant unless he was also a benefit member.' The Earl of Haddington moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, and said he was certain they would all agree with him that the society not only commended itself to Masters of Hounds, to sportsmen, and to servants, but also to every right-thinking man, as it was a society which enabled the men to help themselves, which encouraged provident habits, and thus rendered them independent in cases of accident, old age, or infirmity. We are glad to record that some who only gave a donation when the society was founded in 1872 have lately added an annual subscription of one guinea into the bargain. This is as it should be, for several honorary members have since then gone over to the majority; so we hope that many others who have had five years' fun, and look for more, will also become annual subscribers. After the meeting between fifty and sixty benefit members dined together as usual at the White Hart in the King's Road, the dinner being provided by subscriptions amongst some generous honorary members, who kindly lend their support to it year after year. A very fine full-length portrait of Mr. J. Chaworth Musters, late Master of the South Notts and the Quorn, holding his horse and looking at his hounds, which have just run a fox to ground under a tree in Annesley Deer Park, in the cub-hunting season, was universally admired, and it was agreed by all present, perhaps some of the best judges in England of hounds, that it was by far the finest hunting picture that had ever been exhibited; we specially wish to record that the painter is Mr. Samuel Carter, of Rich Terrace, whose picture of 'Little Foxes' is known to every man, woman, and child who have ever looked at the prints in Ackermann's or Fore's windows, and it will scarcely be credited that the wise men of the Royal Academy did not think it good enough for their walls, which are covered with rubbish in comparison, and we are sure that not one of them could have painted those hounds as Mr. Carter has to save themselves from hanging. Another picture by Mr. Lucas-Lucas, a young artist of Clifton Road, Rugby, also attracted our notice as a work of considerable merit. It was a portrait of George Castleman, the huntsman of the Atherstone, on Carlist, a well-known hunter belonging to Mr. W. E. Oakeley, the Master, which can be seen at Mr. W. H. Tuck's, 204, Regent Street, and of which photographs, plain or coloured, can be obtained. We may here add that Mr. Tuck has recently taken a capital portrait of Tom Firr, the well-known huntsman to the Quorn, which no doubt will be highly approved of by his numerous friends in Northamptonshire and Leicestershire.

Reverting to the dinner after the meeting reminds us of a most amusing incident which occurred opposite Mr. Tattersall's office, in the passage leading to the yard. A little sandy-headed individual, with a brown leather bag in his hand, came up to Mr. Heysham and asked for a ticket for the dinner. 'Are you a 'hunt servant?' was the natural query. 'No.' 'Do you belong to the Press?' 'No.' 'May I ask why you should apply for a ticket?' 'I do a good deal of calling on huntsmen, and want to meet them and be amongst them.' 'Indeed! for what purpose?' 'I sell a good deal of dog biscuit to them.' 'Are your firm subscribers to the society?' 'No.' 'Then you want me to give you a ticket to enable you to tout your dirty biscuits, &c., &c. But

we had better drop a veil over what occurred further, though we may add that a huntsman who heard it, with a quiet wink, remarked *sotto voce*, 'If neither he 'or his biscuits, or, for that matter, any other biscuits, were ever heard of 'again, it would be no great matter.' We have often heard of the impudence of commercial travellers, but fancy this gentleman could be handicapped before any of his brethren at least twenty-one pounds, and beat them. In fact, as a huntsman from the County Cork said, 'He should have been an 'Irishman, and he would lick even them.'

That was a burning Saturday which found us around the ring at Cobham, seeing as good-looking a lot of yearlings disposed of as ever have been seen there since the establishment of the stud. The Company had had heavy losses by death—Carnival's was a sad one—but the health of the youngsters offered for sale had not been the least affected; and Mr. Bell's anxieties must have been relieved when the hammer fell to most satisfactory prices, and the very good average of 361 guineas was the result. One of the biggest yearlings ever foaled, a colt by Carnival out of Juanita, was a wonder to look at, but there were others more beautiful than he was; and, to our thinking, one in the next box to him, though he did not realise such a high price as many others, was nearly the best of the lot, the colt by Blair Athol—Armada, that Mr. Naylor secured for 1050 guineas. The George Fredericks were taking in quality, and the Doncasters and the one Galopin did not do their respective sires much credit. Blair Athol and Carnival were the heroes of the day, and there was scarcely a bad-looking one to be found among their stock. The high-priced one was the colt by Carnival out of Curaçoa, whom most good judges had picked as the one likely to take the prize. He was put in at a monkey, and Captain Machell immediately said, 'A thousand;' and, though Captain Patrick carried on the contest for some little time, Captain Machell was not to be denied, and the hammer fell to his last bid of 2500 guineas, the highest price ever given for a Cobham youngster. The sister to Ecosais went for 800 guineas, and there was a sweet-looking filly by Wild Oats—Era, that Robert Peck gave 1,300 guineas for. Bowler, the trainer, was a good purchaser; so were Mr. Gretton and Mr. Beddington. The heat was tropical, the consumption of fluids great, and a drive to and fro on the Guildford coach, which ran that day to the sale, was not the least agreeable part of the proceedings. There were other agreeables too, and the presence of many ladies in the luncheon tent and around the ring gave a charm to the show, which hitherto it has lacked.

Not only was the first annual sale of yearlings at Marden Park favoured by fine weather, but Mr. Hume Webster may consider himself fortunate in the prices realised. The attendance of buyers, though somewhat scanty, was not wanting in pluck or determination to secure some of the choicer lots, as the handsome average of 288 guineas will speak for itself. The presence of several ladies, one of whom, Lady Sebright, made sundry purchases, gave additional interest to the scene, and we have no doubt these reunions at Marden Park will become as popular as those at other well-known resorts, where the annual sale of blood stock forms one of the pleasantest features of the London season.

It has been decided that the whole of the valuable hunting stud of the late Sir Francis Goldsmid shall be brought to the hammer at Tattersall's on Thursday, July the 4th. The animals are all first-class hunters, and as fit to go as Brignall can make them, and the bidding is sure to be brisk.

Hurlingham has had some very successful days, so has Ranelagh. The latter club has this advantage, that there is no pigeon-shooting on the Polo

days, or, we believe, on any other. The Committee of Hurlingham have tried to stop shooting on what are called the big days, when the gay world comes down to see some polo, stroll about the lawn, dine, and generally enjoy themselves. But the shooters will not forego their favourite pastime, which, we think, is hard. The Ranelagh has been very successful with its Pony Steeplechases, and the show of hunters there during the Ascot week was very good. Both clubs are in the full beauty of 'the time of roses.'

Those of our readers who have not seen the 'Two Centuries of Hunting,' which we referred to in the 'Van' for May, may now enjoy an additional pleasure by paying the Dickenson Gallery in Bond Street a visit, where they will find 'The Badminton Hunt,' a clever painting of a lawn meet, with portraits of the leading members of the Duke of Beaufort's hunt. The horses are better than the riders. Here and there a familiar face looks out upon you from the canvas, notably Mr. Baillie, Mr. Arthur Sumner, Colonel Hale, Her Grace, with Lord Tyrone by her side, Lady Waterford, Lord Charles Beresford, &c. &c.; but the great majority are not satisfactory. The horses, on the other hand, are wonderfully drawn. The Duke's grey, Lord Worcester's chesnut, and, best of all, the horse in the right-hand corner, ridden by Barnard, the second whip, are portraits that any artist may be proud of. We congratulate the artist on his picture; and if the Messrs. Dickenson would kindly mention his name, we think many people would be glad to know it. The Dickenson Gallery is all Dickenson.

We have had our attention called to something which should interest those of our readers who preserve pheasants, and wish to preserve their poultry or waterfowl. It is a restorative which can be given either in water or mixed with the food, and appears to have the effect of keeping them in condition, and restoring those that are out of health. This must be of great service in covers that have been thinned by disease, and to exhibitors at poultry shows. It is prepared by Mr. Baker, the well-known purveyor of live birds, of Leadenhall Market, and can be ordered through any local chemist.

Messrs. F. Warne and Co. have just issued a handsome illustrated volume which will be of great use to those gentlemen who have not the advantages of living near to a highly educated veterinary surgeon, or to those who like to dabble in physic themselves rather than call in professional aid. It is entitled 'Every Man his own Horse Doctor,' and is from the pen of Mr. George Armytage, M.R.C.V.S., author of 'Every Man his own Cattle Doctor,' &c.

The Grand Military is to be held next year at Aldershott, of all places in the world. There is a certain fitness, we own, about the selection in one way; but how about the course? Sandown was much found fault with at the meeting held at the Badminton Club on the Saturday following Ascot; but is Aldershott better than Sandown? Is it so convenient? and what about our Irish friends who come over in great numbers to the trysting? Will they like Aldershott? We looked upon the soldiers as fixtures at Sandown, and should be glad to know why they have left it.







*Charles F. Russell*

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# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### LORD CHARLES RUSSELL.

'BUT for all that it was a fine display of the pluck of the English gentleman.' So wrote 'Octogenarian' in a cricket article in our April number: we have now the pleasure of giving the portrait of Lord Charles J. F. Russell, of whom our contributor was writing. It is many years since Mr. Harvey Fellowes was in his zenith and Lord Charles Russell played him 'with all the coolness imaginable'; but there is hardly a first-rate match at Lord's in which he may not still be seen keenly watching the game and the working of the ball from the top of the Pavilion—and we are not sure that he may not enjoy the critical part quite as much, if not more, than he ever did the playing part, as he never claimed a share in a first-class match, but was always regarded by his friends as a 'good judge of the 'game.' The late Mr. Benjamin Aislabie, in a famous cricket song written many years ago about a match at Chislehurst, thus introduced the noble lord amongst other well-known members of the M.C.C.:

'What is all this noise about?  
And all this wondrous bustle?  
All the people turning out  
To peep at Lord Charles Russell'

Probably, however, it is hunting, even more than cricket, that through life has possessed his inmost self. Before his prosperous Oakley days it seems probable that his hunting consciousness might have been first stirred when quite a little boy at school at Rottingdean, under the well-known Dr. Hooker, who, three days in the week, would exchange the birch rod for the hunting-whip and cap, occasionally mounting his monitors, and taking the lead with the then full-toned Brookside harriers, as they crossed the downy sky-line of the playground or ran down to the gardens of the village. His entry to foxhounds was with the Oakley, just at the time that Lord Tavistock retook them from Lord Ludlow. We learn that as a cornet in the Blues, Lord Charles Russell from Windsor followed the stag under Lord Maryborough and Mr. G. Berkeley, and as a captain in the 52nd the fox from Gosport with Mr. T. Smith and the Ham-

bledon, and with the H. H. under Mr. Villebois and Dick Foster, and, when banished to Nova Scotia, we find him establishing a drag over the four-foot stone walls of the Halifax Peninsula. Soon after his return home from colonial service he was sent to Parliament as Member for Bedfordshire, the county of the Oakley, and before long he had for his colleague the late lamented Lord Alford, and though sitting on different sides of the House they were always found side by side in every good run, with those mutual feelings of goodwill that good company over a stiff country is bound to produce. About this time, to fill up the off days, Lord Charles Russell hunted hare with a pack of dwarf foxhounds, fully sustaining his theory that the hare will show good sport with hounds in an inclosed country if properly pressed and forced beyond the narrow limits of her knowledge. Our columns in past numbers having recorded the prominent position of his lordship with the Oakley while under Lord Tavistock, and subsequently under the Committee with George Beers for their huntsman, we will only say that his riding to hounds was that of a sportsman, who rode that he might see hounds work, and possessing but a younger brother's stud, he found it advisable to economise it by always keeping a sharp look out for the cream of the thing, content to leave the lot of skimmed milk for the unappreciative many. And he has been heard to say that the only remark on his riding that he cared to remember was one of the late George Beers, who one morning at the cover-side in reply to Captain Wemyss, who had left the Fife and John Walker for Lathbury Inn, and had shrieked out in his high key and broad Scotch accent, 'Well, Mr. Beers, my lord there can ride to your hounds,' and received in answer, 'Yes, sir, his lordship knows when not to ride.' And as things turned out, it was well for him that he had that knowledge, as for a series of years half the winter was a time in which he was not to ride. From 1848 to 1875 he held the honourable and exacting office of Serjeant-at-Arms, attending the House of Commons, and so irksome was a life of half-time to him that we find him preferring voluntary abstinence to compulsory temperance, and actually for awhile foregoing the pleasures of the chase. But there was a good time coming; and at the close of twenty-seven years of service, Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, speaking of the office of Serjeant-at-Arms as one that 'requires at the same time patience, firmness, 'and suavity, and that is a combination of qualities which unfortunately is more rare than one would wish in this world,' proceeded to move and carry, *nem. con.*, 'that Mr. Speaker be requested to acquaint Lord Charles J. F. Russell that this House entertains a just sense of the exemplary manner in which he has discharged the duties of the office of Serjeant-at-Arms during his long attendance upon the House.' Released from his honourable thralldom, he, true to his first love, at once returned to her with all the zest of former years, and is now to be seen at the cover-side whenever the Oakley are south of the Ouse, or Mr. Selby Lowndes in The Vale, or the Hertfordshire on their Bedfordshire side; and if a recent writer in

the 'Field' on the Oakley is to be credited, he is still 'bad to beat.' Be that as it may, it would be hard to surpass him in his firm devotion to our national sport, and we find him only a few weeks back writing, in reply to a request from the Bedfordshire Agricultural Society that he would act as their President for the ensuing year: 'On one condition; it is found in this; that if chosen, I shall give '25*l.* for prizes for foxhounds of the five packs within my reach, it 'being my opinion that no domestic animal is of more importance to 'the agricultural interest than the foxhound—an opinion which it is 'my joy to think I share with the best part of the agricultural community.' It is needless to say that the condition was accepted by acclamation, and the owners of four of the five packs having kindly consented to compete, and Mr. G. Fox Lane, Bramham Moor, Mr. Foljambe of the Burton Hunt, and Mr. Harvey Bayley, late of the Rufford, to act as judges, it is clear that the opinion is shared by these seven redoubtable champions of the chase.

Lord Charles James Fox Russell is the son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and was born in 1807 in Dublin Castle, during his father's viceroyalty. Educated, as all the Russells have been, at Westminster, he entered the Blues in 1825, and retired from the army with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in 1846. He has sat for Bedfordshire, as above mentioned, and for twenty-seven years he was Serjeant-at-Arms to the House of Commons. He married in 1834 Isabella Clarissa, daughter of William Davies, Esq., granddaughter of Lord Robert Seymour, and he is a D.L. and J.P. for Bedfordshire.

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SIR,—

As you have asked me for some memories of the personal experience of a long life not insensible to the charms of sports and pastimes, I am impelled by my respect for your publication to attempt a reply. Now, although I have dabbled a little in most sports and some pastimes, yet, as hunting and cricket have mainly *pulled me through* both 'winter's cold and summer's parching heat,' it is to them only that I will allude. As to cricket, I will merely say that a cricketer 'in his time plays many parts.' I have been alive to the game all along, often playing it, always stickling for its being played strictly and as cricket, constantly watching it with a jealous and scrutinising eye, and have lived to see my highest cricket aspirations more than realised in Mr. W. G. Grace. My experiences of hunting can only be of value in proportion as they must be strange to others. Few now can have any recollection of the sports of the year 1821-22; while my remembrance of some of it is more vivid than that of any of intervening years, for though 'tis nearly sixty years since,' I am no Waverley in the matter of hunting, and now venture to offer to you a very brief notice of my first six days with the Oakley at that time, thinking it may be of service in aiding the present generation to balance the merits of the past and present of the chase. At Christmas, 1821, I first met the Oakley at Holcut Spinnies, drew

them blank, found in Moulsoe Wood, ran by Bromham, Astwood, Turvey, back to Moulsoe, on to Cold Splash, by Cranfield open field, in the middle of which, after three hours of heavy country, to the utter amazement of the tyro, his horse stood still. The second jocund day of the Christmas holidays was assuredly one of note, as being that on which a good man now flourishing won his spurs. Found in Cross Aubyn's wood, made the circuit of Olney open field, crossed the Ouse, round the Gayhurst covers and park, recrossed the river near Tyringham, and killed in Chicheley Churchyard, where Billy Levi was blooded before his friend had the chance. The third day was from Marston Thrift to Wootton, back to the Thrift away at the top on to Robinson's Spinnies, in one of which, yclept Longcraft, long since grubbed and forgotten, the fox was killed and the writer invested with the red ribbon of the chase. The fourth was from Moulsoe to Marston Thrift, over Cranfield field, a long check outside the Thrift, got on and up to him, and killed at Grub's wood. A second fox from the neighbourhood down to Turvey Park, by Frere's wood, Great Oaks, on to Stevington Park opposite Oakley House, when the schoolboy was whipped off and bade to seek refreshment for man and beast. Christmas comes but once a year, but it came again in 1822, and with it the happy hunting days of schoolboy holiday. Moulsoe was true to its tradition, and a good fox broke from it to Aspley, where he reached the sand hills, through Aspley wood, right across Wavendon Heath to Bow Brickhill; he there took to the Vale again, with the Milton Keynes pastures and brook staring him in the face, and here I earned my first shilling, and nineteen others, by jumping it—on by Broughton and North Crawley, and killed between it and Chicheley. Next came a 'frost, a killing frost,' but at one o'clock we threw off, and after some work in Marston Thrift, flew across the vale to Ampthill Park, where the hoar frost on the north sides of the hill stopped us short. I conclude that these six consecutive holidays' hunting must afford a fair criterion of the sport of the time. The Ordnance Map will give most of the points. As to distance I may say that the first Moulsoe run could not have compassed less than twenty-three miles; the fifth day, or third from Moulsoe, between seventeen and eighteen; while the second day from the same covert would describe somewhat more with its two foxes. As to pace, I distinctly remember the hounds running right away from the horse-men over Cranfield field without a twig to stop them; and of the burst to Ampthill Park, an old sportsman said, 'I thank thee for 'teaching me that word.' No one could *command* hounds at that pace.

The winters succeeding that of 1822 were doomed to me to be passed in modern Athens in pursuit of knowledge apart from that of hunting; while my brother, Lord Tavistock, was recruiting the Oakley by his infallible Hercules blood, the entry of whose famous son, Hazard, I well remember at Knotting Sheep-wrack wood, in the last week of one July. He was a smart twenty-three inches hound,

black-and-white and tan, more white than black, with a full light-tanned head ; eventually he passed with the pack with George Mumford as huntsman, and George Beers as second whip to Lord Southampton with the Quorn, and on his lordship's relinquishment of the country retired with him an honoured pensioner to Whittlebury, and became the sire of Mr. Drake's Hector, and through him the ancestor of many of the best hounds of the present day. And now that you have had my early apprenticeship in the plough, let me turn to the more attractive theme of Hazard's career on the grass. It is chronicled in a record made at the time, and held as a muniment from that time to this.

Sir Francis Burdett, writing in 1830, to Mr. John Moore, of the Old Melton Club and the yacht *Elisabeth*, says, ' You must come ' and see the best pack of hounds I have ever known in Leicestershire.' Another account, ' The only sport in Leicestershire has ' been with your old hounds ; they never go out a single day without capital sport. The Duke of Rutland has deserted his hounds and ' hunted twice with us this week, when his own have been at their ' best places.' Again, ' I have heard a great deal from Bob Manners ' of the Quorn hounds ; he was out with them on Tuesday, and ' though a ring he describes it as the most perfect hunting he ever ' saw, but 'twas so quick he could not see it all. He says they never ' were for one single moment off the scent ; that, in fact, they never ' are.' Again, ' Wonderful sport ; tired horses every day ; foxes ' always killed, or accounted for, and made to fly to distant points ' instead of running like rabbits.' Again, ' I write a line to say that ' I have more details of magnificent sport in Leicestershire. My ' correspondent says, " The sport with the Quorn is truly astonishing. ' " The hounds never go out without a run. The runs appear to me ' " of a description quite unusual—foxes taking straight and unprece- ' " dented lines into the Duke's and Lord Lonsdale's countries, and ' " generally killed ; that they sometimes escape is not to be wondered ' " at, for such runs must beat the horses. Think of from Rolleston ' " very fast, through Tilton, Owston, Ranksborough, and lost near ' " Langham." ' Again, ' From Barkby Holt, without check, to Twy- ' ford, Baggrave, to Gartrey Hill in fifty minutes, and killed on the ' other side of the Melton and Oakham road.' Many more of this description. Sir, this is the case ; and before giving their verdict, I would remind your readers that the question is not one between plough and grass, but between past and present, old and new. I know that it has been wittily said of the ' good old times ' that no times are so old as the present, and probably none so good. I reply on behalf of old days, as George Mumford pathetically said to Sir Harry Goodriche, on his determination to draft the Oakley sort, ' I ' wish you may mend them,' and I may add that I still linger on in the hunting field, because I rely upon the sympathy always generously extended to those who have seen better days.

C. J. F. R.

## OUR GOODWOOD SATURDAY.

IN our undergraduate days, after all possible methods of spending a festive and rowdy night had been exhausted, every amusement of the season having been crowded into the 'flying hours,' which began to drag on so wearily at last, a 'finish' to the 'evening from home' was invariably sought in scenes not perhaps fitting to be recalled in these moral pages of evergreen 'Baily,' but sufficient to illustrate the prevailing taste for winding up the period of time devoted to sport and pleasure in a manner worthy of its happiest recollections. And as no convivialist of well-regulated mind cares about rising from table without his coffee and *petit verre*, so the palate of the turf *gourmet* requires some final stimulant to wind up a heavy week's campaign, the Saturdays of the season being generally reckoned as *dies non* by clerks of courses, and caterers for the racing tastes of the sovereign people. The perusal of the sporting papers being, in most cases, like heavy drinking of whisky in Scotland, postponed to the 'Sawbath,' something is required to fill up the afternoons of the last day of the week, and so we betake ourselves to the yearling sales of the season as a matter of course. We fear that no more pleasant hours under the elms at Middle Park may be in store for us at the close of the Derby week; but surely as Ascot comes round does the cheerful visage of Mr. Manager Bell bid us heartily welcome to the hospitable shades of Cobham, and last year witnessed the highly successful institution of a 'finish' to the glories of Goodwood, such as we hope to assist at for many years to come. Sandgate was found to be a remarkably easy and convenient halting-place between the quiet purlieus of Goodwood Park and the roar and turmoil drowning the echoes of the sad sea waves at Brighton, and the cloud of migrants needed scant persuasion to avail themselves of Mr. Gibson's hospitality in scenes pleasing no less by reason of their freshness and novelty than the intrinsic beauties which lent additional enchantment to the view.

It was felt to be something gained that the acquaintances with yearlings were made in their own quiet homes, that no invasion of the great unwashed marred the pleasures of a summer afternoon's outing unknown to Saturday half-holiday makers, that the garish and hungry crowd of 'professional lunchers' was conspicuous by its absence, when the cry arose, 'to your tents, oh Israel,' and finally, that Goodwood pilgrims were enabled to reach their seaside destinations in good time to catch the welcome echoes of 'that tocsin of 'the soul, the dinner bell.' Therefore we heartily commend to all who open their 'Baily' on this Goodwood Cup morning, so far as waking thoughts of Verneuil or Kincsem will allow them to penetrate its pages, to register a vow to take Sandgate on their way from the toils of extortionate landladies in Chichester, the Capua-like attractions of Bognor, or the myriads of quiet retreats where the fleecing process is quietly, but none the less surely, set in motion against the flock which follows the bell-wether Fashion wherever

she may choose to lead. Believe me, ye who have hitherto preferred the iron way skirting the south coast, your inland route shall lie along many a picturesque lane on the branches of whose over-shadowing trees hang golden trophies snatched from passing loads of wheat, over rolling downs depastured by black-faced flocks, it may be in the act of 'changing pastures' in a scene worthy of the brush of David Cox, through woods in the prime of their summer vesture of deepening green, and past watercourses all unseen for the growths of bramble and briony and bracken, in which the dark alder stands 'knee-deep' listening to the music of the ripples that lave her feet. Anon, you may catch distant glimpses of grey castle walls and ivied keeps, with a group of deer in the foreground, and the peaceful Arun on his seaward way, winding through lowlands set with many a willow, and feeding herds of Sussex steers, such as 'Cow Cooper' has wedded with colour to canvas in every variety of grouping, and under skies both stormy and serene.

As no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down for the *quantum sufficit* of sleep for each individual, so we will not attempt to indicate the wise or foolish man's allowance of time among the yearling boxes, amid the congregation of sober matrons with their frisking foals, or at the headquarters of the fathers of the stud. But as travellers invariably seek out the greatest in the land on the occasion of a first visit, so it will be meet our steps should be straightway directed towards the stallion boxes, and after audience had of the gay and gallant Grand Vizier of the Silver Tail, we should approach the Sultan of Sandgate. Fiddler and Philosopher! Each of them has points differing according to difference of type, but mostly excellent of their kind; and if, as several of our best judges assert, a horse is nothing without that mysterious attribute to the unlearned—'character,' its presence in this pair is good proof of the wisdom of their owner's choice. Standing in the box of the black brown, those who knew him in his Leybourne Grange days will not fail to notice the change wrought in Rosicrucian by a system of mingled firmness and kindness, and it were difficult to recognise in the staid, stately, and withal gracious gentleman before us the fretful, fractious creature 'weaving' savagely to and fro, to which four years ago we were presented at the place of his birth. Not but that the 'old Adam' may occasionally manifest itself, but Rosicrucian can no longer be described as the 'noble savage' he showed himself in his early years at the stud, having settled down into the reverse of his former self. 'Tis a moot point whether he or Blue Gown is the best horse to follow in England, but the relatives may fairly challenge all comers, and to their former owner breeders may well be grateful for the results of patient waiting for and constancy to the good old Sheet Anchor blood, which Sir Joseph always insisted must make its mark in the long-run. To the truth of this augury let The Palmer and Pero bear witness as well as the sojourner at Cobham and the puissant lord of the Sussex Stud.



But it is to the rising generation rather than to the 'past grand 'masters' of the Turf that the thoughts of our readers will be directed, and we would fain dwell on the merits of each youngster as box after box is opened, but our 'nesting' space in the leaves between these green covers is limited, and stern editorial scissors threaten superfluous 'copy.' Here, however, is something calculated to suit all tastes, both of home and foreign produce, and lovers of the Newminster blood we would recommend to 'interview' a Hermit colt in the corner box, and if they can tear themselves away from contemplation of so grand a specimen, to go the 'visiting 'rounds' of other boxes occupied by scions of Adventurer, notably his colt from Cantinière and his filly out of Clianthus, and another of the same sex from Armistice, which would be hard to beat in any collection. Does the intending purchaser's fancy point in the direction of elegant, well-turned 'quality' youngsters, let him see paraded one of the last of the Parmesans, a chestnut colt from Cherwell; a sweet chestnut filly, for which that rising young sire Kingcraft and Chatelaine are responsible; or one of the first Doncasters, from Fairy Footstep; and these will form admirable foils to such yearlings as the strapping son of Favonius and Village Maid, a brace of lengthy Queen's Messengers, a stalwart descendant of the Palmer and Popgun (Neasham-bred to the back-bone), and two colts by Cathedral, cast in a similar mould to Mr. John Watson's favourite. For a thick-set, bull-dog of a yearling, commend us to the white-legged, blaze-faced, and weird-eyed brother to Plebeian, a veritable pocket Hercules, with quarters like a dray-horse; while those who go in for bone and substance will not fail to note the 'Mandrake brothers,' both out of Newminster mares, and coming of a strain as fashionable as rare in these days, when a slice of Weatherbit is worth the proverbial Jew's eye; and before long we may be as anxious to recall the former companion of Adventurer at Sheffield Lane as we were ready to part with him to the 'foreigner,' ever on the alert to snap up sound, well-bred horses.

As for the Sphynx colt, it will be matter of astonishment to believers in fashionable sires only, how Friponnier ever managed to father so grand a specimen, and some good judges have gone so far as to place him quite at the top of the class at Sandgate; while a strapping Victorian yearling has been greatly admired, and not a few have mentally registered vows that the colts by Knight of the Garter and Paganini, and the fillies out of Queen of Scots, Lady Flora Adrastia, and Germania shall not be given away on Saturday afternoon in the ring at Sandgate. A very fair proportion of those which were paraded in that magic circle a year ago have since earned brackets in the recording pages of Weatherby, and on yonder breezy ridge, rising like the mounded barrow of some mighty giant between valleys standing thick with corn, and the 'many-twinkling smile of 'ocean,' a certain 'great unnamed' has swept bravely along in many a morning gallop, and breathless backers have gasped out 'Alice 'Lorraine' on Ascot hill and in the Danebury hollow. Far away

eastwards, on the borderland of Sussex and Kent, Dewhurst Lodge stands deserted by the Chief and his clans, but a great thoroughbred nursery will not be wanting in the county so long as matron after matron of racing merit or of stud renown is added to the Sandgate collection, and so long as the best-approved sources of blood in England and France are drawn upon to furnish the banquet provided so lavishly each year for the Goodwood Saturday. As in racing, so in every venture, a good start is half the battle; and there is no fear of public support being withdrawn from a sale where there is 'no reserve' upon the yearlings nor upon the hospitality of their breeder; and so we would fain drain a cup to the prosperity of the undertaking, and go on our way rejoicing, with the echo of the benison upon our lips, *stet fortuna domus*.

AMPHION.

## MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.

### CHAPTER XIV.—*Conclusion*.

'Think you the chase unfits him for the Church?

Attend him there, and you will find his tones

Such as become the place; nay, you may search

Through many counties, from cathedral thrones,

And lofty stalls where solemn prebends perch,

To parish aisles which are not cells of drones,

But echo the sweet sound of psalm and prayer,

And you will hear no voice more earnest there.'

H. S. STOKES.

In the early autumn of last year, that is, on Tuesday the 14th of August, 1877, Frank Goodall, the Queen's huntsman, accompanied by Mrs. Goodall, paid him a visit at Tordown; and on that morning Russell, who was to meet his guests at Cloutsham Ball—that being the first grand fixture for the season, the opening day of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds—varied his usual mode of going to cover by taking a servant with him, and driving thither in a gig—a conveyance and attendant expressly meant for Mrs. Goodall's return to Tordown; while, at the same time, he led a spare horse to carry Goodall during the chase. Although now in the eighty-second year of his age, so unusual a sight as Russell upon wheels attracted, of course, universal attention among the large field assembled at the meet; some of whom jumped at once to the conclusion, not an unnatural one too, that the long distance to cover on horseback, just twenty-five miles, had at length become too much even for him; others, with more humour, but with little ground for their advice, prescribed a list-shoe, giving him a broad hint that, if port wine were his liquor, the sooner he put on a muzzle the better.

An old stag-hunting farmer, however, whose feelings were really touched by the spectacle, created no little amusement as he said, pathetically, 'Zec! there he go'th; Passon Rissell in a chaise;

‘ never seed un afore off a horse’s back, never. But there, us must ‘ all come to’t ; you can’t have tew forenoons to one day.’

Grand and striking, indeed, must have been the contrast to Frank Goodall’s eye between the deep, romantic combes of that country and the gentle verdant slopes of Sunning-hill ; between the wild, tumbling torrent of the Lynn and the ‘ silver-winding way ’ of Father Thames ; as, among water-lilies, weeping-willows, and

‘ Meadows trim with daisies pied,’

he glides gently and pensively seawards, lingering still on his downward course, as if loth to leave the peaceful and happy scene. Fair and graceful, however, as the landscape is in the region of Windsor, Frank Goodall must have been more than a philosopher if a twinge of envy did not seize him as he viewed the sparkling brooks, the ferny combes, and the open, heathery wastes of Exmoor, so attractively romantic, and, above all, so suitable to the chase of the wild red deer ; and on comparing, as he must have done, these rough and almost trackless hunting-grounds of the west with the fair and cultivated inclosures enriching the valley of the Thames, how ardently he must have longed, on behalf of the latter, for a touch of old Nature, as he saw her then in her russet and untrimmed garb, in the solitude of the glens, and the grand, sweeping moorlands ‘ immeasurably spread ’ around him.

But it was far from Russell’s object that his guest should moralise in such fashion ; he brought him there to enjoy a good day’s hunting ; but that, unfortunately, Mr. Bisset and his hounds were, for a wonder, unable to show him. So many deer were on foot in Horner Wood, that when, at 5 P.M.,

‘ The antlered monarch of the waste ’

did at length vouchsafe to exhibit his royal head to the public, he soon managed to beat the pack by a change in the depths of Badgeworthy. Consequently, the sport, on the whole, proving indifferent, Goodall and he turned homeward, but did not get back to Tordown before the late hour of eleven at night.

On the following Friday, August 17th, Russell again met the staghounds at Hawcombe Head ; and if, on the last occasion, he had enjoyed but scant opportunity of satisfying the ‘ field,’ that, with respect to their vaticinations, the farmer and his friends were little better than false augurs, he must now have convinced them, beyond all doubt, that his power of endurance in the saddle was yet vigorous as ever ; and that, notwithstanding the weight of years he carried so bravely, to challenge him in a long day’s work, on horseback, would still be ‘ more than the stoutest dare.’

He had ridden nearly thirty miles to cover over highways and byeways, such as MacAdam would have blushed to own, remained with the hounds all day, and then, from a yet farther distance had returned to his own homestead ; where, at half-past ten, he sat

down to dinner without a symptom of exhaustion, and then fed heartily, as a man might be expected to feed through the inclosure of whose lips no food had passed since seven o'clock that morning.

Having followed him thus far in his fox-and-stag-hunting career as closely as the scent would serve and materials permit, it will be necessary now to revert to a period somewhat previous to that with which the writer has latterly been dealing, and although Russell himself might say that '*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*' is, as it ought to be, one of the golden rules of a foxhunter, still, exceptional cases do occur even in that go-ahead school, when its non-observance becomes not only admissible, but at times imperative.

Russell had found a fox on a certain occasion somewhere in the neighbourhood of High Bray, when, just before the hounds had killed him, he was joined by one John Zeal, a man who acted as factotum to Mr. T. Palmer Acland, on whose business he was then going to Bideford. Now John, as Russell well knew, was an enthusiastic foxhunter, and chuckled cheerily over his good luck in having fallen in even with the tail-end of so pleasant an episode during his solitary ride.

Seeing him so elated, Russell said, 'You'd better stop, John, and 'see me find another fox.'

The man hesitated a moment, as if weighing the urgency of his mission against the prospect of sport—duty in one scale and pleasure in the other.

'But, will you kill him, Sir, if I stop?' inquired John, gradually yielding to the stronger impulse.

'Oh yes! I'll kill him; so come along.'

'But, will you promise to kill him?' repeated the man, still wavering. 'Only say the word and I know you'll do it.'

'Then,' said Russell, 'I'll promise to kill him.'

That was enough; up went the scale of duty to the beam; John instantly turned his horse's head and followed the hounds. Russell kept his word, had a fine run and killed his fox; but alas! John Zeal found himself, when they finished, not only twenty long miles away from Bideford, but on a horse utterly used up and scarcely able to crawl back to his own stable.

The cause of his servant's detention became of course known to Mr. Palmer Acland; nor is it at all unlikely that Russell's chance of promotion to a better living was more or less unfavourably affected by that circumstance. The rectory of High Bray had fallen vacant; and being in the gift of that gentleman, he was asked by a mutual friend to give it to Russell.

'No!' he said, somewhat curtly; 'not to Russell; I shall be 'hunted to death if I give it to him.'

Although living in times when cock-fighting was regarded as no crime, but, on the contrary, was upheld as a popular pastime, in which the squirearchy of Devon played a conspicuous part; when friends of his own, gentlemen of such standing in the county as the Hon. Newton Fellowes, Willoughby Stawell, Stucley Lucas, and

Dr. Troyte of Huntsham, held annual bouts for that purpose at their respective homes; and when cocks of the choicest blood, reared expressly for the pit, were put out to walk, as hounds are at the present day, Russell held aloof from the meetings, maintaining that he saw no sport in the fierce and savage exhibitions.

And with respect to the turf, perhaps no man ever loved to see an honest struggle between two good horses better than Russell; but, on horse-racing in general, coupled as it is inseparably with betting and other dark doings, he has ever looked with a wary eye. In alluding to it he would say, 'Have a care, my old friend; that is a game in which the best horse is not always the winner—very different from hunting, with twenty couple of hounds racing over the moor; there's no "pulling" nor "roping" then; every man does his best to get at them; that's the racing to my mind—nothing so honest under the sun.'

It would be travelling beyond the compass and object of this memoir to tell of the various agricultural meetings and hound-shows at which Russell has taken a prominent part, as judge, during the last twenty years. Suffice it to say, with respect to the latter, that in Yorkshire he has acted twice in that capacity; twice at Plymouth; once at the Crystal Palace, and lastly in Dorsetshire, where he was invited in March, 1878, to judge the puppies of the Blackmoor Vale Hunt. At that meeting what reminiscences of fifty years ago must have rolled back on his memory! what thoughts of his two gifted friends, the Rev. Harry Farr Yeatman of Stock, and George Templer of Stover—the latter his beau-ideal of a gentleman-huntsman, and the former the well-beloved Master and founder of that Hunt—each a consummate judge of all that pertained to hounds. He must have wondered, too, if one drop of the old Stover blood—that of Guardsman or Pantaloon—could still be traced in the veins or looks of those young beauties, over which he now lingered with a fixed and loving eye. Nor could that memorable ride to Bath on the Warminster poster have been forgotten at such a time; nay, every incident of the journey must have recurred to him as freshly as on the dark night when he first crossed that garran's back.

At an agricultural meeting held at Exeter some years ago, Russell, while busily engaged in inspecting the blood-stock of a neighbouring squire, was told by an old friend that he had brought a young cousin to the show-yard, who was very anxious to be introduced to him; 'And let me tell you,' said the friend, by way of commendation, the young man being close at his elbow, 'that he is an ardent sportsman, and has already broken his leg by a fall in hunting.'

'Then,' said Russell, 'he ought to be bred from,' giving him, as he did so, a hearty shake by the hand.

When the Royal Agricultural Society of England held its meeting at Plymouth in 1865, Russell, by command of the Prince of Wales, was invited by Admiral Sir Henry Keppel to meet his Royal Highness at dinner, the Admiralty House at Devonport being the rendezvous for the distinguished party assembled on that occasion. The

banquet appears to have been an unusually pleasant one; nor is it at all extraordinary that it should have been so, for, in addition to the Prince's wonted affability and love of hunting, the Admiral and his Flag-Lieut., Lord Charles Beresford, besides being the best of company, were both men after Russell's own heart—enthusiastic sportsmen, and regular attendants on Mr. Trelawny's hounds.

In strolling through the show-yard on the following day, Russell whispered to a friend that 'The ship commanded by two such officers must be a jolly-boat indeed, for they were the jolliest set of fellows he had met for many a day.'

Sailors, when they take to hunting, proverbially do it *con amore*; and certainly it may be inferred that those gentlemen were no exceptions to that rule; for, when they left Plymouth for other quarters, Mr. Trelawny could ill disguise the regret he felt at losing two members of his 'field' whom he valued so much for their companionable qualities, not only with hounds, but at 'table-board.'

Russell, then, had fallen fairly on his legs by dropping into so genial a groove; and it is quite certain that, if form and ceremony had been the order of the day, instead of good-fellowship, seasoned, it may be, here and there, with a spice of horse-and-hound talk, he would never have enjoyed himself as he did, nor so cordially appreciated the honour done him by that gracious invitation.

Not long afterwards, however, he was destined to see something more of H.R. Highness's society than, from his position in life—that of a rural, west-country parson, only known to fame within the limits of the hunting world—his home-spun habits could have led him to expect.

In the winter of 1873, by the kindness of his friend Mr. Harry Villebois, he was invited to spend a week at Marham Hall, the ancient seat of that gentleman's family, 'to meet,' as the invitation expressed it, 'the Prince of Wales and a party of friends.' It is doubtful, however, if even so fair a promise of hospitality, combined with the prospect of meeting such goodly company, would alone have tempted him to turn his back for six hunting days on Lord Portsmouth's hounds, or Mr. Froude Bellew's, or the 'Stars of the West,' and that, too, in mid-season; but, when Mr. Villebois added, 'and have a day or two with the West-Norfolk pack,' he added a bait that was irresistible, and Russell jumped at it as a trout would at a May-fly.

It boots not here to tell how rapidly that pleasant visit was brought to a close; the happiest moments have always the fleetest wings, and are apt to take flight ere we can well enjoy, or even realise, their presence. The day before the party broke up, however, a most agreeable surprise awaited Russell, ere his steps were actually turned on his long journey homewards. The Prince coming up to him said, 'How long are you going to stay here, Mr. Russell?'

'I must be at home on Saturday, sir, without fail.'

'Then,' said the Prince, turning to Mr. Villebois, 'you had better bring him over to our ball on Friday.'

Accordingly, instead of returning on that day to Devonshire, as he meant to have done, Russell hunted with Mr. Villebois' hounds, dined at Marham, and at night, accompanied by his host, whisked off to the ball at Sandringham. It was a late and lively affair, the dancing being kept up with unflagging gaiety, and Russell taking an active part in it, till four o'clock in the morning, when 'God save the Queen' sounded the signal to halt, and reminded the guests of that salutary hint so well given in *Hudibras*, that,

'Night is the sabbath of mankind  
To rest the body and the mind ;'

a hint which all, with the exception of Russell, seemed quite ready to adopt forthwith ; but he, at that chilly hour of the morn, buttoning on his top-coat—the wool of which had been grown at Eggesford, and, when manufactured into good broad-cloth, had been presented to him by Lady Portsmouth—started for Lynn ; and taking the first train thence for London, he reached home at a late hour that same night, 'All the better,' as he told his friends the next day, 'for change of air and a pleasant outing.'

That the Prince and Princess were not unfavourably impressed with their west-country guest, during his first flying visit, may be inferred from the circumstance that, shortly before his departure, the Prince sent Colonel Ellis to invite him again to Sandringham for the approaching Christmas week : 'And, as we hope to hear him preach,' said the Prince, 'tell him to put a sermon in his pocket before he leaves home.'

A story went the rounds of the London clubs, that Russell, on accepting the Prince's invitation, inquired of Colonel Ellis how he was to get to Sandringham from the Wolferton station. 'The Prince will send his carriage for you,' replied the gallant equerry.

'Be good enough to write that down in my pocket-book,' said Russell, 'that there may be no mistake.'

Colonel Ellis did so.

'Now,' said Russell, 'please to add your initials.'

The tale travelled into Devonshire, and when it first reached Russell's ears he laughed aloud, saying, 'A very good story against me ; *if* only it were true.'

The annual tenants' ball being about to take place on the last night of the year, a flutter of excitement pervaded the neighbourhood for many a mile round Sandringham, and expectation rose, not on tip-toe only, but to fever-heat, in anticipation of that joyous event. It was looked upon as the fête of the season, when the Prince and Princess were wont to mingle merrily in the dance, and delight their country guests not less by the welcome they received than by the simplicity, and almost homeliness, of their own manners. No wonder, too, if Russell felt somewhat stirred by the coming event ; nor if, remembering the seventy-eight winters of his life, he might have wished for the magic cauldron of Medea to restore him again to the vigour of youth, and bring back, at least for one night, that

‘freshness of morning’ which, with ‘her clouds and her tears,’ the poet tells us is—

‘Worth evening’s best light.’

That would certainly have been his first wish, had he foreseen the honour that awaited him at the forthcoming ball. On that night, a little before the clock struck twelve, and a few minutes before the old year had passed away for ever, Russell received an intimation that the Princess was about to favour him with her hand, and welcome the in-coming year by taking him for her partner.

It would be trespassing beyond the due limits of this memoir to take more than a passing glance at the mysteries of that festive scene, the success of which, had the Muses been present, Terpsichore herself would have been charmed to witness. Russell, inspired by his happy lot, and forgetting all time, except that of the music, stepped out like a four-year-old; and if, in the course of that brief enjoyment, he had not been the object of many longing, not to say envious, eyes, there must have been Anchorites in that assembly with whom he certainly would have had no sympathy.

It was whispered about by that little bird, to which, from our earliest years, we have all been indebted for so much authentic information, that Russell, on hearing the tower-clock announce the birth of the new year, turned to his fair partner and said, ‘Now I can say what no man else can ever say again.’

‘And what may that be?’ inquired the Princess, with an interested look.

‘That I’ve had the honour of dancing out the old year and ‘dancing in the new (1874) with your Royal Highness.’

‘Quite true,’ replied the Princess; ‘no one else can say that ‘but yourself.’

But Fame, that worst of all gossips, relates of him on that occasion—though he himself stoutly repudiates the impeachment—that, in setting the Princess right as to some remark she had made, he forgot for the moment whom he was addressing, and said, ‘No, no, ‘my dear; ‘tisn’t so.’ But if, in truth, his tongue did so slip, the pure Devonshire strain, in which he is wont to use that familiar expression in speaking to ladies, if it did not astonish, must have amused Her Royal Highness amazingly.

At dinner, on the first day of that week’s visit, Russell’s country manners cropped out somewhat conspicuously. He had been helped to fish, and, wishing for more, had sent his plate off for a second ‘helping,’ when the Prince, observing the vacancy before him, asked if he didn’t like fish.

‘Yes, sir,’ replied Russell, ‘I’m very fond of fish. I’ve been ‘helped once, and I’ve sent my plate up a second time; and now ‘I remember, that’s the very thing my wife charged me, on leaving ‘home, not to do.’

The Prince nearly laughed out, but took care that every day afterwards Russell should be helped a second time to his favourite dish.



Under the conviction, in which he was not far wrong, that his guest, like every orthodox parson of the old type, would prefer a glass of good 'red port wine' to Bordeaux of the finest vintage, or to Falernian, though 'kept with a hundred keys,' the Prince called his attention to a bottle of '20 port, of which, on being invited to say how he liked it, he at once expressed his unqualified approval. The next day, however, a different and a somewhat thinner port was put before him, and again the Prince asked his opinion of that wine.

'Very good, sir,' replied Russell; 'but not quite so stout a wine as the port you gave me yesterday.'

The Prince at once, inferring that his guest preferred the more generous wine, ordered the bottle to be changed, and thenceforth Russell enjoyed his glass of '20 port daily at the royal table. He is, however, no gourmet; plain food and sound home-grown cider having been the chief diet on which he has depended through life; and these, sweetened by mountain air and strong exercise, appear so far to have agreed with him admirably. Horace, living on the simple products of his Sabine farm, was not far wrong when he wrote :

'Jejunus rarò stomachus vulgaria temnit.'

After dinner, on the first day of his arrival at Sandringham, a large party being present, Russell became the subject of a harmless, but very amusing, practical joke, which, as he said himself, 'for the life of him he could not at first understand.' Mr. Anthony Hamond's fox-hounds were appointed to meet in the neighbourhood on the following day, and that gentleman being then present, a telegram was brought in, which the Prince, amid the breathless silence of his guests, opened and read aloud. It ran thus :—

'Bill George, Canine Castle, Kensal Green, to Anthony Hamond, Esq., at Sandringham, Wolferton.—The Rev. John Russell having disappointed me in not calling for a bagman as he passed through London this afternoon, shall send him down to-morrow by first train to Wolferton. Hope he'll arrive fresh.'

Such a telegram, as might be expected, called forth a peal of merriment at Russell's expense, but by whom it was concocted remains a mystery to the present day.

At table, the *carte-de-menu*, exquisitely designed, and very superior to anything Russell had ever yet seen, attracted his especial admiration. On the top appeared Sandringham House and the date, with a border on one side filled in with game, and all beautifully painted. 'Isn't that very pretty?' said the Prince, observing his guest's eye fascinated by the design. 'It was done by a bedridden girl, and you must take that home to Mrs. Russell from me.'

On the Sunday, as requested to do so by their Royal Highnesses, he preached at Sandringham Church, the Rev. W. Lake Onslow, the rector, placing his pulpit at his service, and afterwards thanking him cordially for his able and interesting discourse. And that the

Prince and Princess must have been equally impressed by the clear enunciation and earnest manner of the preacher there can be little doubt; though, on that point, if anything were said, history is silent.

Perhaps no portion of his time was more pleasantly spent than the quiet half-hour he passed one morning with the Princess, who, followed by her two eldest boys, then respectively nine and eight years of age, invited him to accompany them to the stables and inspect the stud. 'It was a delightful sight,' said Russell, relating the circumstance to an old friend shortly afterwards, 'to witness the utter freedom of the youngsters as they tumbled and plunged amongst the straw, and ever and anon begged for a bit of chopped carrot, which the Princess carried in a basket, in order to feed some gentle favourite on which they had set their hearts. A more natural sight I never saw in my life; and, mark my words, those two boys will be as fond of horses as ever Castor and Pollux were.'

The agreeable party at Sandringham, on that occasion, was brought to a close by the departure of the Prince, who, taking Russell with him as far as London, started off for St. Petersburg to attend the wedding of his brother, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, an event that took place on the 23rd of January, 1874.

A lady, who had read a letter of Russell's describing the pleasure of his visit to Sandringham, wrote thus in allusion to it:—

'What a list of things he got through in those ten days, and what a delightful picture he gives of the family circle at S. ! I don't wonder the P. and P. made much of their guest, for all England may be proud of such a man as Mr. Russell. I only wish there were hundreds like him. Fox-hunting for ever, say I, if it helps to make such men.'

In the autumn of that year, 1874, a heavy sorrow awaited him—the heaviest he had known through life—by the serious illness and subsequent death of Mrs. Russell; with whom, had she lived but one year longer, he might have celebrated his golden wedding-day. On the 22nd of October he thus wrote:—'The dear old missus is, I grieve to say, very ill; and I can't leave her for many hours together. Still, she is cheerful when any one comes in, and *will*, as usual, "stir her stumps" to make them comfortable. But that sort of exertion does her no good; and sometimes I am led to believe she can't live through the day.'

On the 1st of January in the following year the long-dreaded blow fell at last; mercifully releasing the patient sufferer, but overwhelming him with unutterable grief.

Writing subsequently at intervals to an old friend, sometime his curate, he alludes thus painfully to his bereavement:—'I am at home again, though it no longer seems like home to me, for there is a vacant chair in every room, never again to be filled by her, the dear old soul, to whom I was united forty-nine years ago, come Sunday.' Again:—'If the sympathy of friendship could soothe my grief, I possess it to a very great extent; for I have received upwards of a hundred letters of comfort and condolence

‘ from friends, far and near. Among them, one from the Prince of Wales, most kindly and feelingly expressed.’

On hearing from the friend, already so often referred to, that he would like to see what the Prince had said, Russell wrote as follows :—

‘ My dear old friend,

‘ I have sent a copy of the Prince’s letter to Lady Westbury (*nee* Luttrell), who will give it to you ; but, please remember, ‘ not for publication either before, or after, I “ sleep the sleep that “ knows not breaking.” Love to you all.’

During a portion of that eventful year (1875) his time and thoughts were much occupied in preaching for charitable institutions ; in behalf of which he not only took an active interest, but proved himself, as before mentioned, a most successful advocate. So truly, indeed, were his services appreciated that, at the proposal of Earl Fortescue, he was constituted an honorary governor of the North Devon Hospital. ‘ I am worked to death,’ he wrote, ‘ at ‘ this season of the year (November) ; going about from church to ‘ church on working days as well as Sundays, preaching and begging ‘ for the N. D. Infirmary and similar institutions ; and finding, ‘ when I come home, heaps of letters to answer, but no one there to ‘ cheer me in my labour—alone ! alone !’

In the same year, as if well aware that occupation is one of the main secrets of life’s happiness, he accepted the office of Chaplain to the High Sheriff of Cornwall, Mr. George Williams of Scorrier, who, in most complimentary terms, offered him the appointment. Of course he rode to Bodmin, whence, in his epigrammatic style, he thus described the duty he had just performed :—‘ Here I am, ‘ doing Chaplain to the High Sheriff of Cornwall, George Williams, ‘ M.F.H. ; and am just returned from preaching before the Judges— ‘ Lush and Piggot ; both of whom thanked me for my “ discoose.” ‘ I do like Cornwall and Cornish folk ; but must be back in my old ‘ earth by the end of the week. A day with the Duke will be a ‘ real treat to me, when I come up to see you.’

He alludes to the Duke of Beaufort, who, when Russell paid the promised visit to his friend—an old parson residing some sixteen miles from Badminton—very kindly wrote to say he would send a horse for him every morning to the cover-side ; but, alas ! six days of hard-hearted weather forbade it ; frost and snow covered the ground ; and Russell, though rising each morn at seven to look at a vane and hope for a thaw, went back growling to bed. So, on that occasion, he never once saw the Duke’s hounds.

In all his letters, terse and brief as they usually are, he displays to a remarkable degree the power of making all who read them feel and comprehend thoroughly what he himself feels and what he would describe—a power said to have been possessed by Nelson beyond any living man of his day. In writing to a lady on the 6th of March, 1877, he says :—‘ Alas ! my head and neck are now

‘garnished with all the colours of the rainbow. The good old horse I have so long ridden, while galloping over a grass field, fell on his head, and pitched me I don’t know where—but certainly on my head—for my hat was “bitted in,” and I saw more stars in the farmament than ever was a put there—ask your old daddy to explain that to you.’

Again, in the same year, he writes thus to a brother sportsman, and claims his sympathy: ‘Last Thursday Lord Portsmouth’s hounds met at Castle Hill; and, while they were running, I suffered such agony in my teeth, that I requested a medical gentleman present to rid me of the chief offender. “In lieu of a better instrument, a bit of whipcord,” he said, “would serve the purpose;” and verily with that hempen appliance out he lugged the supposed culprit; but

“Eheu, quid volui misero mihi!”

‘It proved to be a valuable friend—a tooth as sound as the day it was “dropped.” You’ll pity me, I know, when I say this is not the first time I have suffered a similar loss.’

His habitual conversation, too, lacks nothing of the epigrammatic style so conspicuous in his letters; in it he goes straight to the mark; and, if called upon to make a speech, he invariably does so in a few words, always pointed and often humorous. ‘If you have anything to say, get up and say it, and then sit down,’ was the advice of the great Iron Duke; and that is precisely Russell’s plan.

While dining out, not long since, with a party of gentlemen, most of whom were old West-country friends, one of them, a most agreeable Cornishman, who was always on the move, always wandering about like a Bedouin, from place to place, nobody knew whither, and was never at home, complained to him that he did not feel at all well, and that he thought he should go away for change of air.

‘Then,’ said Russell, ‘go home.’

Had he studied the rules of ‘Lacon’ all his life the pithiness of his advice could scarcely have been more complete.

In 1876 he again paid a visit to Sandringham; but this time there was no ‘dancing the old year out and the new year in.’ ‘The Prince’s time is so occupied,’ he wrote, ‘by a house full of foreign grandees and other “swells,” that I wonder he can find time to pay, as he does, minute attention to all.’ Among these Russell found himself little at home, and of course saw less of his royal hosts than on the former happy occasion. He left, however, in high spirits; the Prince promising to come down and enjoy a day or two with the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds, and see the red deer hunted in his native wilds.

But—when the season for that sport had at length arrived, and Nature was now clothing the deep-wooded glens of the moor in varied and glorious apparel; burnishing the golden furze, the ruddy

heather, and even the fern-clad rocks of Watersmeet with the loveliest of Autumn hues; and now, when the 'stag of ten,' rudely wakened by the tufters from his long and idle summer-dream, is roused from his leafy haunts and forced into view, displaying, to the hunter's delight, his big haunches, stately form, and magnificent head—the bad news reached Dunster Castle, where quarters had been prepared for him, that the Prince was unable to leave home, owing to the serious illness of one of his boys. So the project fell through, to the great disappointment of Russell and every other stag-hunter, man and woman, from the fair maids of Taunton to the hardy yeomen of the Western moors.

To enter minutely into the abstract question of Russell's clerical life would scarcely be consonant with the general tenor of this memoir; still, as all his life he has represented a phase of English character which, by the moderation of his opinions, and the unconventional manliness of his conduct, has been a daily protest against the forms of one party and the cant of another—against Stiggins on one side and 'dear Mr. Oriel' on the other—a brief allusion to it cannot be avoided.

To hold the line and maintain a steady middle course amid the host of skitters, now dividing and confounding their flocks, not less by the motley variety of their views than by the contempt they exhibit for the law of the land, is unquestionably a feature of the highest value in a clergyman's character at the present time; for never was the sectarian spirit more rampant in the Church of England than it now is within her pale; and, unless a larger element of secular ways and principles be infused into the clerical mind, woe awaits her at no very distant date.

The very union of Church and State depends mainly on men who, like Russell, are holding fast to English habits of thought and the text of the Reformation, guarding against divergence towards either extreme—that of the 'self-willed' formalist on one side, and that of the shallow fanatic on the other. The narrow and exclusive grooves in which the latter move, Russell would denounce as not only opposed to St. Paul's view of being 'all things to all men,' and hence anti-Catholic, but absolutely inconsistent with the simple and comprehensive religion of the New Testament.

'Our grand old Church,' as a gentleman writing to Russell remarks, 'like other old houses, will last a good many years yet, if it be left in the hands of its original architects; but it will not bear an incursion of amateur builders. . . . If then,' he adds, 'it has been the business of your life to maintain and exhibit sound and not ephemeral principles; and you have helped to sustain the reputation and power of the English character by simply cultivating the gifts (which we in our blindness call tastes) that God has given you, are you not "a representative man?" But you will, I know, still sing "Non nobis Domine," and in your modesty confess yourself to be an "unprofitable servant."'

Notwithstanding the iron arm and Draconic rule of Dr. Richards, happy still are Russell's recollections of his school-days at Tiverton; and thither he periodically goes to promote the celebration of the 'Old Boys' Day'; when he and all good Blundellians testify with gratitude to the beneficence of the founder, and to the high scholastic advantages conferred by that excellent institution. On one occasion he told the once-dreaded Doctor—then, however, no longer in authority, but a visitor like himself—that 'he was the only man he 'was ever afraid of.'

'Nonsense,' said Richards, good-naturedly; 'and was I so 'terrible?'

'Yes,' replied Russell, 'you were. I've set-to with some of the 'hardest men in England, and never found one who could hit like 'you.'

At a recent meeting of the 'Old Boys' at Tiverton, Russell was invited to preach the sermon, which he accordingly did; a local paper observing that 'the discourse was a very able one.' In addressing some remarks to the present boys, he especially alluded to the brilliant example of Dr. Temple, once a Tiverton scholar, and now the Bishop of the diocese—a beacon, he told them, they should never lose sight of. And again, so lately as the 28th of June, 1878, he attended a similar meeting; and at the special request of the trustees occupied the chair on that occasion.

To him it has ever been a genuine pleasure to fall in with his old school-fellows—a pleasure which, ever and anon, he is still permitted to enjoy, though at rare intervals; for now, as he himself would say, 'tis like 'gleaning grapes when the vintage is done.' A few only are afloat, and they are drifting rapidly away on the gulf-stream of time.

When, in 1877, the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society held its centenary meeting in that city, two 'old Tiverton 'boys' met by accident at a friend's door in the Circus—Russell was one, and a gentleman, whose initials (H. A. P.) can now only be given, was the other. The occurrence not only delighted the twain, but proved a lucky windfall for that institution, the prosperity of which has long been an object so very near to Russell's heart. It gave rise also, a few months afterwards, to a letter, of which the following is an extract; the writer being the other 'old Tiverton 'boy' mentioned above, and Russell the recipient:—

'Queen's Hotel, Upper Norwood.  
'26th November, 1877.

'REV. AND DEAR SIR,

'My friend, the Recorder of Barnstaple, was dining with 'me a few days since, and of course talked over our pleasant inter-'view with you, when we last met at your friend's door in the 'Circus. You will probably remember that I then volunteered to 'send a donation through you to the North Devon Infirmary. But,

‘ I did not tell you that, while staying at Linton some years ago, it was my good fortune to hear you preach an admirable sermon for the benefit of that institution, a sermon the force of which I still cherish with a lively recollection. With pleasure, therefore, I enclose my cheque for 5*l.* 5*s.*, which please do me the favour to convey to the proper quarter, as from a “Friend, per Rev. “ John Russell.” In that form it can be entered on the Hospital book, as I’ve no wish that my own name should appear in the matter.

‘ I have no direct interest in the “North Devon Infirmary,” beyond that which I derive from your unflagging exertion in its behalf; and, let me add, the great respect I bear for your individual character. Ever since my Tiverton school-days I have often thought and talked of you, especially when in company with Mr. Karslake or any other of your Devonshire worthies.

‘ I am not quite sure that you had not left Blundell’s before I arrived there in 1814, but that we afterwards met at some of those “Old Boys” gatherings on St. Peter’s Day, when you visited the place as a past “swell,” is quite certain. In a “Scholando” of the year 1816, which is now before me, the name of “Russell” appears between Dunsford and Stoneman at the head of the list; but this may have been your brother William.

‘ However, if I cannot claim the honour of having been an actual schoolfellow of “Jack Russell” (forgive my reverting to the old familiar name), I can truly assert that I formed in my school-days, and among his old associates, a respect for his ability, love of fair play, and true manliness of character, which, though now in my seventy-fifth year, I still entertain for him as freshly and strongly as ever.’

Having travelled with him thus far on the road of life, it remains to be said that time, if telling upon him, has done little as yet to tame the wild fire of the chase with which, from his earliest boyhood, his whole nature has been charged; indeed, while life lasts and memory serves him, to whatever condition of human infirmity it may please a merciful God to bring him, it may well be doubted if aught but death will extinguish that fire.

But while still, happily, among us, still enjoying life, and duly grateful for its enjoyment, yet looking forward ‘in trembling hope’ to a brighter and a better world; well may those exquisite lines of Mrs. Barbauld find an echo in his innermost heart:—

‘ Life! we’ve been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
’Tis hard to part when friends are dear;  
Perhaps ’twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time,  
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me good-morning.’

## BOUGHT AND SOLD.

By R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

UP stood the auctioneer, and while  
His customers he scann'd  
The smile upon his features  
Was insidiously bland :

' I have now to offer, gentlemen,  
An animal—Lot three—  
Both power and pace his make and shape  
Will fully guarantee.

Tho' qualified at Melton,  
Or at Quorn to play his game,  
All fences and all countries  
Are alike to him the same.

They tell me, who have ridden him,  
' That thro' the longest day  
He, when the best are beaten,  
Never fails to stick and stay.'

I look'd him o'er, perfection quite !  
A hunter every inch !  
And at once, whate'er the figure,  
I determined not to flinch.

Quickly started at ' one hundred,'  
He as quickly sprung to ' two,'  
As down the ride they ran him  
Up and up the bidding flew.

A pause—then ' Going, going, gone !'  
Three hundred held him fast ;  
The bidding stopped, the hammer dropped,  
And mine he was at last.

They who came to see the beauty  
I had purchased at the sale,  
They all pronounced him perfect  
From the forelock to the tail.

Then came the wished-for morning  
When I mounted first my steed  
In triumphant expectation  
That the gallop I should lead.

Off ! and hustling through the *mêlée*,  
At the foremost fence we fly ;  
One and all my rivals cleared it,  
One and all—but where was I ?



Like some equestrian statue  
Made of marble or of brass,  
Or like a tree deep rooted,  
We were fixtures on the grass.

I turned again and faced it,  
Dealt the whip and plied the spur,  
He touched it with his nostril,  
But no further would he stir.

In vain I tried to coax him,  
Tried to rouse him with a shout,  
I raced him round the pasture,  
But I never got him out.

In despair I view'd the fast ones,  
Speeding onward in their flight;  
Ey'd with envy every straggler,  
Till the last was out of sight.

Good indeed he was at staying,  
For no power could move him on;  
What mockery, remember'd then,  
Was 'Going, going, gone!'

Then the secret unsuspected,  
The truth till then unknown,  
Came out,—the splendid creature  
Had a temper of his own.

'Rarey upon Restiveness,'  
Who now that volume heeds?  
Hunting days are far too precious  
To be spent in taming steeds.

If on horseback at our fences  
We must permanently stick,  
A donkey far more cheaply  
Would suffice to do the trick.

They say, in love and warfare,  
All is fair that serves our end;  
They who say the same of horseflesh—  
Would have sold him to a friend.

But sound as when I bought him,  
Neither blemished, blind, nor lame;  
I sent him with clear conscience  
To the hammer whence he came.

## MORAL.

Youth, bear in mind that beauty  
 Lies no deeper than the skin,  
 That which maketh or which marreth  
 Is the temper hid within.

Whether horse it be or helpmate,  
 To your lot whate'er may fall;  
 Still that which can and will not,  
 Is the saddest lot of all!

## THE ECONOMY OF A GROUSE MOOR.

GLOWING accounts are coming to me from the Scottish moors; from the vast heather wastes of Perthshire; from the less crowded shootings of Forfarshire, and also from the deer-forests of Argyleshire, of abounding coveys and of birds which are already strong on the wing. I am writing before the 12th; but disease, I am told, has ceased, and the grouse population throughout the great ozone land of brown heath and shaggy wood has been endowed, for the season at least, with a clean bill of health. A dead bird, it is true, has here and there been picked up on Morayshire and Banffshire heather, but it is only one among thousands, and signifies nothing in the general account. Soon now I shall read of the plethoric bags of the 12th and following days; of wondrous feats of sport, and the autumnal glories of the moors; of 'the sheen of the purple heather 'bells,' and of well-filled luncheon baskets and joyful refectious partaken of in the keen and appetite-creating atmosphere which pervades the 'land of the mountain and the flood.' Alas! I shall not this season be with the sportsmen. Roderick, nor Angus, nor Malcolm—those faithful henchmen of bye-gone days; those men of might upon the heather—shall not see my face this season, nor receive from me the accustomed golden portraits of our good queen, upon which they used to gaze with such a gracious eye. It is not possible to be in Paris and upon the heathery steepes of Glenlarch at the same time, but, as was said by one of the characters in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, 'I thank my Maker that he has bestowed upon me some small power 'of imagination'—as much, at any rate, as will enable me to revisit the moors in the spirit, if not in the body. I can listen in my mind's ear, even on the Trocadero, to the whirr of the blackcock and the sharp crack of the death-dealing rifle, and in my mind's eye I shall try to see the 'antlered monarch of the forest' in his sylvan home in some of the gloomy corries of the western highlands; in short, if I cannot this season plant my feet upon the heather, I can summon hither the grouse, and so relieve my pent-up feelings by writing about them and their belongings. The theme, I know, is one of perennial

interest to all sportsmen; it seems as if the discussions that every now and then arise about the economy of our grouse moors, once evoked, would never cease, but often as they recur they lead to nothing—to speak the truth, they only lay the foundation of future wrangles. The criticism and discussion of the last thirty years ought to have given us by this time such a theory of moor-management as would have set at rest all disputation, and placed the *l. s. d.* of grouse shooting on a secure and sensible basis.

The cost of sport is, however, annually becoming more and more onerous. At the present time there are at least thirty shootings and deer-forests which are let in Scotland for 1000*l.* and upwards per annum; five of these alone yield to their lairds the handsome amount of 20,000*l.* a year! Grouse moor and deer-forest rentals ranging from 1000*l.* downwards to 100*l.* are numerous. In the county of Perth alone—but Perthshire, it must be borne in mind, is *the* grouse-breeding county of Scotland *par excellence*—there are about four hundred different shootings, let at sums ranging from 10*l.* to 1750*l.* per annum. Perthshire contains, it may be mentioned *en passant*, nearly two million acres of surface of one kind or another, corn, heather and water; its moors and salmon-streams alone yield a rental of well-nigh 100,000*l.* a year, and it has been computed that the sporting rent-roll of the ‘land beyond the Tweed’ is not less—rather more, indeed—than a quarter of a million sterling per annum! I need not enter into further details of how this large sum is made up, or the rapidity with which the sporting rental of the country has increased since the days when Sir Walter Scott wrote ‘Marmion’ and the ‘Lady of the Lake.’ The question, the argument of which I wish to promote at the present time, is, as has been already indicated, the general economy of a grouse moor—or, to put the matter in a more pertinent shape, ‘if a man pays 500*l.* a year ‘for a certain stretch of Scottish heather, what should he get for it?’

Let us pass over, in the meantime, what I call the ‘bunkum’ of the matter, the poetry of the position, ‘the voiceless charm of nature’s ‘eloquence,’ about which, of course, there is always plenty to be said. We all know about ‘those beneficial effects which result from ‘change of scene,’ about the health-giving breezes, and that sort of thing; but it is the hard prose of the question, as embraced in the *l. s. d.* of the subject, that I wish now to tackle. Not a few sportsmen of the old school are of opinion that when a man obtains a hundred brace of grouse for every thousand acres of heather which he leases, he ought to rest and be thankful. That is, no doubt, a sportsman-like way of putting a matter about which there has been a great amount of controversy. The exact economy of a grouse moor has, so far as I know, yet to be ascertained. Except in special cases, it has never yet been found easy to determine, as between landlord and tenant, how many birds ought to be reckoned a fair equivalent for a given number of pounds sterling. Ten brace of grouse to each hundred acres may be considered a good enough return, so far as mere ‘sport’ is concerned, and a man may derive as much, or indeed

more, pleasure from such temperate indulgence on the moors as is implied in the killing of ten brace to the hundred acres, as if he toiled and sweated every day to insure that thrice that number of birds should fall to his own gun. All sportsmen know very well that a given expanse of heather will only feed and breed a given number of grouse; but all sportsmen are not agreed as to what that number should be, nor are they agreed—which is of still greater importance—as to what percentage of the grouse ought not to be killed, but ought to be left on the heather to form a breeding stock. These are mercenary times, and some men who rent a great stretch of Scottish heather at a high figure feel rather anxious about obtaining a tolerably good return for their money, and therefore they arrange to sell the greater portion of the birds they kill. To the genuine sportsman, who has no thought but of the sport of himself and his friends, each brace of grouse killed on his moor represents ‘a golden guinea’—that, too, is an old-fashioned calculation, and one which it is not easy to alter; but nowadays men, ‘sportsmen,’ have arisen with more modern ideas, who decline to work on the old-fashioned lines; they calculate for themselves, and their leading idea with regard to grouse-shooting is to make their moor ‘pay,’ if they can. What some people strive at is to obtain their grouse at two shillings a bird, and dispose of them, if possible, for five shillings a brace! What, for instance, could induce one of the merchant princes of Glasgow to rent an extensive moor in the Highlands for the mere sake of sending his grouse to a poulterer? I know of a case where a gentleman sent more than eleven hundred brace of birds to a game dealer, for which he received something like 250*l.* The shooting was of large extent, and, in consequence of the inclement weather last season, only about two-thirds of the birds were shot that it would have been advisable to kill—fifteen hundred brace might have been bagged, and even then there would have been a too liberal stock left for breeding purposes. The question I wish answered is, What motive had that gentleman for becoming a pot shooter? Would he not have been better with a moor of lesser dimensions? Supposing his ground to have been 20,000 acres in extent, one would suppose that he might have felt equally comfortable, indeed more so, with a shooting of from 1500 to 2000 acres. The gentleman alluded to is dead now—he has journeyed to the happy hunting-grounds—but being a merchant prince, he had no need to sport for profit; it is said, too, that had he lived he would have organised a slaughter, for this year of unparalleled magnitude, but, as Burns tells us, ‘the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley,’ and death sometimes baffles the most cunningly devised plans:

I have now before me an authentic list of shootings, the rentals of which amount in the total to close upon 50,000*l.*, and the details of which are interesting, inasmuch as they afford some idea of what the lessee of a grouse shooting or a deer forest obtains for his money. Here, for instance, is something that looks, at first sight, like a bargain: 13,000 acres of deer forest ‘noted for the size and quality of

'its stags,' with 16,000 acres of moor ground, and in addition to this vast united acreage, all the amenities of a fine 'lodge,' with hot and cold water laid on, public-rooms, bedrooms, servants' accommodation, and garden; stables, coach-house, and game larders; whilst there are also fishings which extend to 'numerous lochs and streams,' all for a rental of 1100*l.* per annum! At first sight, I say, this looks like a good bargain, but it is twenty-three miles from a steam-boat station and post-town, and then 'the general shooting has been 'somewhat overlooked but is capable of much improvement,' which just, in all probability, means that the moors have been harried by former tenants and are now grouseless, and that deer are far to seek and few to find. If, according to the calculation of old sportsmen, 1600 brace of grouse can be got off this 16,000 acres of moor, and deer in proportion, the rent would be 2000*l.* at least. For a deer forest only of 13,000 acres, with good shooting lodge, 1200*l.* is named as the rental, and as the 'fancy price' of a stag is, to tenants, just 50*l.*, the lessee should enjoy the privilege of shooting twenty-four of these noble animals, but as this particular ground 'marches 'with several well-known forests it would easily stand thirty stags;' so says one of the paragraphs of the advertisement. It is astonishing how eagerly the fact is made known when grouse ground marches with a deer forest, that deer are frequently found upon it. It is just another way of robbing one's neighbour—he feeds and breeds the deer and you hasten to take the profit! I find in my list one advertisement which honestly says of a deer forest and grouse moor, extending to about 20,000 acres, that it will yield 300 brace of grouse and 100 stags and hinds, but then it is in the Island of Lewis, far from a market, and the rent is 1258*l.*! It must be added, however, that there is a loch 'teeming with salmon and sea trout,' and a house and offices containing much accommodation. For 2200*l.* a deer forest of about 50,000 acres of 'easily travelled ground' can be obtained, with a mansion-house thoroughly furnished, situated in a partly cultivated and wooded glen, 'within a mile of an arm of the 'sea which affords good anchorage for yachts and capital fishing.' Good house accommodation is always a factor in the account, a moor which has a good lodge upon it and is not too distant from the civilising influences of the post office will let for more money in proportion than ground which is destitute of such amenities. As another example of the kind of bargains which are to be had in the North of Scotland, there is now to be let a house of eleven rooms and 1200 brace of game to be taken from 6000 acres of moor, for the sum of 800*l.* from 1st of August to 15th of October, which time gives seventy-six days including Sundays, or at the rate of 10*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* per day. If one thousand brace of the grouse were to be sent to market at favourable times they would probably fetch a net sum of about 200*l.*, and the hares, rabbits, and other game which might be taken in the two and a half months may be set down as being of the value of about 10*l.*, leaving a rental of 590*l.* to pay, besides the expenses of removal from, say London or Manchester, to Kincardineshire, in

the North of Scotland. That is certainly paying for one's whistle, but it is, at least, honest on the part of the grouse laird to tell what may be expected: it is not every landlord of heather who is so frank.

It is unnecessary at present to continue these illustrations. They show, however, the entire want of concurrence in any system of moor economy, and that the percentage of birds killed on a moor is just as haphazard an affair as the percentage said to be left for stock. I have never yet found two men who agreed on the number of grouse that ought to be left on a moor to provide the future supply of birds. Granting that 100 brace to 1000 acres is enough for sport, it might be assumed that twenty hens, to lay ten or twelve eggs each, and as many cock birds, are all that would be necessary. But besides these, it would only be prudent that a few extra nests should be provided for the various contingencies and natural calamities that may arise in the course of the hatching season. Sometimes a shepherd puts his foot on a nest and crushes a dozen of eggs into a pulp—many shepherds have a bad habit of doing this, and it is recommended to all gentlemen who lease a moor to be careful to tip the shepherds in a liberal way. The plain truth is, that the sheep farmer and his men can make or mar a shooting: they can do much evil by driving the sheep over the nests at collecting and counting times, and in many other ways besides. In my opinion, whatever number of grouse may be shot, I think a moor ought to be able to carry 500 grouse to 1000 acres, and to keep the birds healthy and insure future supplies four-fifths of these should be killed every year, which would leave fifty brace for breeding purposes. This is, of course, offered as my own individual opinion, which I do not state dogmatically but rather with a view of eliciting the ideas of those better able, perhaps, than myself to lay down the law. There is, I fear, very few men left who are imbued with the old ideal views of sport, the men, I mean, who willingly trudged twenty miles a day over the heather and thought themselves wonderfully well rewarded if they could count twenty brace of birds to each gun when they heard the sound of the dinner-bell.

One remarkable feature of our grouse moors must now be noted, and that is, although they have been often rendered nearly barren by grouse disease, they have such a wonderful power of recuperation as to become, in a year or two, more populous than ever! This grouse disease continues a mystery, and nature being unaided by any physician, has to provide her own cure. Experts and naturalists of all degrees of eminence have in vain sought for a cause, nor have they been able to provide a remedy. The grouse-ill is as great a mystery as to its cause as the cattle-plague, the cholera, or the potato disease. In my humble opinion the disease must just, till we know more about it, be looked upon as an effort of nature to thin over-populated moors. It is, at all events, remarkable that there are, in all probability, more grouse on the hills to-day than there ever were before, and yet we know that the fatal scourge has, two or three times within the last twenty-five years, swept over the moors

with such appalling virulence as to strike down nearly every bird that had found a home upon them. 'Burn your heather more than you do,' says a friend of mine; 'wherever the heather has been on fire birds increase.' There is, I believe, a good deal of truth in this assertion. It would be an improvement to many moors if the heather were oftener burned, but then heather burning is one of those vexed questions of moor economy about which no two men hold the same opinion. An old Ross-shire gamekeeper gave me, three years ago, as his opinion, that on a 20,000 acre stretch of heather, at least 3000 acres should be burned annually; he is of opinion that the renewing of a moor at some part or another should be in constant progress, and I am inclined to agree with him, and that at two or three distinct places a couple of hundred acres should be fired every year.

There is another point of moor economy on which I shall venture here to say a few words. I want to see on our moors an interchange of blood; there is, I fear, too much inbreeding, especially on small and isolated moors. It would be an easy matter, I fancy, to exchange eggs. The finest birds in Scotland, in my opinion, are those on the Caithness and Campbeltown Moors, and as there is now rapid communication between these places and the most distant parts of Scotland, I would suggest that eggs should be procured and exchanged, say the Campbeltown eggs to Perthshire and the Caithness eggs to Lanarkshire, or some even more southern district, such as Kircudbrightshire; such an experiment would, to say the least of it, be interesting. The eggs of Scottish grouse, too, might be sent to Yorkshire, and *vice versa*. It may not be generally known that the Duke of Hamilton exchanged the eggs of two of his moors. A stock of birds from the Duke's grounds on Avondale, in Lanarkshire, were sent to the Island of Arran, the effect produced being very satisfactory. The cross was known for some time as the 'new grouse,' and were recognised as fine, large, healthy birds. A trial of the same plan might, in some degree, serve as a shield against the disease. Birds breeding for ever in one district must weaken down in time. It would be quite practicable to bring grouse eggs from Cumberland or Derbyshire and hatch them out in Forfarshire, or in the West Highlands. There are, doubtless, those who will pooh-pooh these ideas, but I feel sure they could be worked out. Let it never be forgotten that change of blood has greatly improved our domestic fowls as well as our pheasants and partridges. It is more a question for lairds than tenants that is involved in this suggestion, and as 'moor-letting' has now become a trade, 'grouse lairds' must bestir themselves to effect improvements; they derive large incomes from grounds that, were it not for the grouse which they breed, would be almost of no value. Less has been heard these two years about moor swindling than usual, but it is still carried on, the lairds, it must be said, being as often victimised as the tenants. I knew a billiard-marker who once took a moor; he was a rapacious shot; he scarcely left so much as a feather upon it by Christmas-day. He entertained, 'at so much

'per head,' some half a dozen men throughout the season, and they worked so well for him that he not only cleared rent and all expenses, but a handsome profit as well. That, however, was an exceptional case in an exceptional year. There once lived in the capital of Scotland a pawky poulterer who rented a moor in the Pentland district, and paid two men weekly wages to clear it! These were pitiful cases for the succeeding tenants, but such cases do occur. It is on record that last year a gentleman rented, and paid for, a high-priced shooting in Inverness-shire, and his total sport for the season was twelve birds! There is a yet harder case than that: it is on record that a gentleman who tabled down 600*l.* for a shooting only obtained for his money three brace of grouse, which was at the rate of 200*l.* a brace!

In conclusion, although the subject is far from being exhausted, I can only hope that what I have said will evoke discussion and lead to an interchange of opinion and knowledge; there is much that could be elicited about the economy of our grouse moors that would be of great value to sportsmen and all concerned.

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## THE CRADLE OF CRICKET.

THE BAT AND BALL,  
BROADHALFPENNY DOWN, HAMBLETON,  
*Sunday, June 16, 1878.*

IF old John Bowyer had never been taken ill on June 14th last I should never probably have seen the Cradle of Cricket. Observe, Mr. Baily, where I date this article from. It fell out in this way. I was dining with the officers of the City of London Volunteers at their camp on Mitcham Common, and after a very hospitable dinner, when we were settling down to a bottle of claret with a prospect of camp fire and singing to follow, a message came to me that old John Bowyer, who wanted four days of eighty-eight, was dying, and wished to see me directly. No one, except a man with the heart of a stone, would resist such an appeal, especially as the old man had been amongst us on the green the day before and had dined with the cricketers in the middle of the day. However, it had to be done at once. On coming home I found another source of disturbance, as I learnt that I was bound to go to Southsea the next morning, till Monday, and of all places I dislike the most on a Sunday give me the sea-side. The sea looks different from the week-day sea somehow, and well-intentioned ladies, with mortified bonnets, will seize on you, as you are quietly smoking a pipe, and hand you tracts, such as 'The Sunday Stroller reclaimed,' about Sabbath-breaking; 'Put down thy Glass,' about drunkenness; 'The Devil's Weed,' about the evils of tobacco—as if one's conscience was a common on which every one had a right to turn out their geese



and donkeys—and they *will* stick little moral pins all over you, just at the time perhaps when your mind is at rest and your thoughts are happy.

Well, Southsea had to be done; and on Saturday evening I was thinking how to get through the Sunday, when the idea struck me that there was a place called the Bat and Ball, Hambledon, where the old Hambledon Club was started in the latter half of the last century, and against many of whose members poor old Bowyer, when a young man, had played. On searching guides, railway books, &c., I found that Hambledon was nine or ten miles from any railway and thirteen from Portsmouth, and that on week-days only there was a van from that place which arrived at Portsmouth about mid-day, and returned in the evening. So there were three courses (*à la* Gladstone) open to me: (1) to drive over, which meant a guinea for carriage; (2) to leave it alone; or (3) to walk; and so walk we (my son and myself) did, on a very hot morning. After about six or seven miles in the sun, assisted by a dusty road, such a noble thirst was established that it was necessary to 'knock 'in as travellers' at the Leopard, at Pirbrook, and thus we 'struck 'oil,' as the Yankees say, most unexpectedly, for pending the consumption of some soda-water, with a very little whisky in it, we inquired about Hambledon, and fortunately found the Landlord of the Leopard was a cricketer. To our disappointment we heard that the Broadhalfpenny Down had been inclosed and ploughed up (as I had made up my mind to have had one 'over' there), but that the old house remained. In course of conversation, the landlord said he had an old cricket picture somewhere, and somewhat half-apologised for its being all over dirt. On being produced, there was a very good engraving of a cricket match in 1787, with the rules of cricket, as settled by the noblemen and gentlemen at the Star and Garter, in Pall Mall, in full, printed underneath; and moreover, it was in the very identical old oak frame in which it had been placed ninety years ago. I know all the old prints and pictures at Lord's and many other places, but I think this print is unique. On inquiry about an historical screen, which I heard of from a gentleman at Southsea, the landlord told us that he was sure the owner at Hambledon would gladly show it; but of this hereafter. Wandering on through very beautiful country with grand sweep of downs interspersed with rich woodland and gentlemen's country seats in spite of the miles lengthening out, every two miles turning out to be three, and so on, we got to Hambledon, and I knew the place in a moment, though I had never been there before. If Hambledon was not the 'Our Village' of Miss Mitford—if it was not the scene of many of Miss Edgeworth's tales, or if Mrs. Hofland's beautiful story of 'Mortimer Lascelles,' I can only say it ought to have been. I am certain as I am writing this that it is the place—twelve miles from Winchester, mind you, the exact distance mentioned in the story—from which the old Admiral, in 'Mortimer Lascelles,' went to Winchester to fetch a bird-cage; and don't tell me, Mr. Bailly, that it is not the

village where Lazy Lawrence (in Miss Edgeworth's tales) robbed poor Jem, and where Tarleton stole Farmer Trueman's apples, for I know it must be. I won't give a straw for a man who does not read the books of his boyhood, and believe in them too. I trust there is no sound Churchman alive who disbelieves 'Robinson Crusoe' or 'Gulliver's Travels.'

Now this Hambledon is a charming village, and you could see at a glance a happy and prosperous place, with good landlords, with a grand old church, recently restored, and a grand old yew-tree split into four or five pieces with great gnarled trunks as old as the church, underneath which generations of patriarchs must have sat. It boasts many pretty country-houses with large grounds, good substantial farm-houses, and pretty thatched cottages, all in good repair, with the little front gardens and the cottage windows a blaze of flowers, and a goodly show of bee-hives; and all is shut in by steep wooded hills and rich meadows on either side. It is the kind of place where the late G. P. R. James would have pictured the three historical cavaliers who 'towards the close of a summer's evening' might have been seen descending a hill, &c., &c., though the three cavaliers would have to be well mounted to ride up the hill-sides. And, by-the-by, to digress for a moment, I must record Thackeray's witty remark about the fate of literary men. In one of his works, he says, 'And my friend Mr. G. P. R. James, now Consul at Venice, is possibly in the only place in the world where it would have been impossible to see three cavaliers riding down a hill.' Hampshire miles are like the Irish ones, and the mile and a half to the Bat and Ball seemed very much like two and a half; but steady plodding on at last brought us to a lone wayside inn standing on an eminence, where two roads meet, and I felt much as a Crusader might in sight of Jerusalem. Barring the absence of the old bow-windows in the first floor, which was the club-room, and a new sign, *vice* the old sign, blown down a few years since, the old house, outside, is as it was in the days of the club. The old doorway, and the iron-clamped door, and the old bolts are all there, and though 'the punch which would make a cat speak—sixpence a bottle,' and the ale, 'genuine Boniface-ale, that would flare like turpentine,' which Nyren talks of, are things of the past, some good light bitter beer did not drink the worse from knowing the fact that I had entered the house through the doorway where Lord Tankerville, Sir Horace Mann, Lord Winchelsea, Noah Mann, Bill Beldham, and those worthies who brought the noble game to a scientific contest, had passed, and who, I believe to this very day, could throw and catch as well as we can now, and better than very many of the flippant new school who forget to wash their hands after bear's-greasing their hair, to which is facetiously attributed their dropping two catches out of three.

O Goths and Vandals of this present, how many sins you have to answer for! There is not much to complain of in the old chimney having been closed and the settle removed—though I am glad the

old bacon-loft remains—because wood-fires now are much dearer than coals since railways have existed ; but where is the old iron gauge with which the Hambledon men measured their opponents' bats ? Where are the old club chairs ? Where is the old sign-board which was blown down a few years ago ? Alas ! the gauge 'was 'took away.' Farmer someone, whose name I forget, 'a very 'heavy-sterned man,' as the landlord told me, 'sat in one of the old 'chairs, and come right down ;' and some one else, probably some one with equal physical development as the farmer, sat in another, and the only remaining vestige is the back of one old chair roughly made by some village carpenter, and intended to represent three stumps and two balls. The old sign was burnt ! *Sic transit, &c.* The club-room, as I said, was on the first floor, now screened off and turned into bedrooms, and the old cricket-ground, which was opposite to the inn, was in wheat, and now in hay, and was inclosed about twenty years ago ; but, alas ! again, the authorities had a right to claim six acres for recreation, and they *rejected* the old ground and took some somewhere else in the village. No doubt the landlady thought me slightly insane as she watched me staring out of the bedroom window at a hay-field with no ostensible object. The old Broad-halfpenny ground must have been much like the Harrow ground on a slope, and difficult to play on, particularly as our forefathers had not begun roller-cricket in those days, and players, as Nyren describes, must have been knocked about in the field and in batting most terribly.

From information I received, as policeman X says, there was a match every Sunday afternoon until the ground was inclosed, and possibly this might have been fatal to its continuance, as we are not educated up to the days of Miss Mitford's time, for on the Sunday evening's practice before her celebrated match, she says :

'Give me a parochial patriot, a man who loves his parish ! Even 'we, the female partisans, may partake the common ardour. I am 'sure I did. I never, though tolerably eager and enthusiastic at all 'times, remember being in a more delicious state of enthusiasm than 'on the eve of that battle. Our hopes waxed stronger and stronger. 'Those of our players who were present were excellent. William 'Grey got forty notches off his own bat ; and that brilliant hitter, 'Tom Coper, gained eight from two successive balls.'

And in describing the delinquency of the deserter James Brown, who had been 'ticed away' by a pretty girl on the enemy's side 'At ten on Sunday night (for the rascal had actually practised 'with us, and never said a word about his intended disloyalty), he 'was our faithful mate : at ten o'clock in the morning he had run 'away.' Upon my word : when I read Miss Mitford's 'Cricket 'Match,' I feel quite 'spooney' over her ghost, and the greatest compliment I ever had was from some editor (unknown) of an Indian newspaper, who, reviewing a little cricket work of mine seven years ago, said it was a monstrous pity that I had not been born years before, as I could have married Miss Mitford,

I should be very sorry to see Lord's or the Oval opened of a Sunday or public matches played on village greens, but in out-of-the-way places if the young villagers who work six days a week come out on a Sunday evening as our forefathers did, I don't see why they shouldn't. And I don't forget that the immortal Keble, of 'Christian Year' notoriety, boasted that he had not a young fellow in his parish who was a drunkard and who did not go to church, and could not play cricket, and unless his memory is wronged, that good man used to watch the Sunday evening's cricket at Hursley with great pleasure. We all know Charles Kingsley's opinion on these subjects; and many of the very High Church party are quite coming round to Sunday cricket for the real villagers. A few years ago I was an honorary member and vice-president of a Sunday club who played on Figg's Marsh on the Epsom Road, and the rules of their club were two only, a fine of threepence for any rough language, and a fine of a shilling for bringing beer or spirits on the ground, and I don't regret having held office. The members were industrious, sober men, and played from three o'clock till seven and then went home.

Here is a practical solution of a difficult question, and these facts I know to be true. Given, 1, a pretty parish on the Thames; 2, a good parson; 3, a good boating club; 4, a fine Sunday morning; 5, a lot of young fellows who have been at work all the week—result, on Sunday morning a large number started off for a long row and let the church slide; 6, given the parson's good sense, which he showed thus, viz., he asked the club to meet him, and complimented them on their quiet and orderly management in everything, expressed his regret that they did not go to church, and offered them an hour's service at eight o'clock every Sunday morning—result, the ruling fashion of the club was changed, and a new state of things started up, and the custom was, church at eight A.M., breakfast at nine o'clock, start at ten o'clock, and not only the boating club, but very many others went too. All constitutions cannot stand taking a week's mental food at a meal, and to have a week's appetite arbitrarily ready between eleven o'clock and one once a week, as if we were boa-constrictors.

I was not going away from Broadhalfpenny without a sketch of the old house, and my son made one under considerable difficulties, as he was surrounded by a party of lads of the village who criticised his skill, scrupling not, when anything struck their fancy, to point it out boldly with a good broad thumb on the paper, so that it was hard to say which was the old clubhouse, or which were thumb-marks at the finish of the performance. I took stock of these lads of the village, and a sturdy lot they were, hard as nails, like the New Forester's, and handy fellows for a recruiting sergeant, or, in days gone back, for the prize-ring; many of them with a dash of gipsy blood in their veins, with black curly locks, fit descendants of Noah Mann and the merry men of his time. A thunderstorm came on, and, in an exposed place like Broadhalfpenny Down, the people were bound to give all surrounding neighbours shelter, and I

will give you my honour, Mr. Baily, that no police rules were broken, as I and my son alone, as travellers, were served, and *of course* he and I consumed the gallon or two which were supplied to me. There was one silent member, who looked on in astonishment at the drawing, and spoke once only, and after a long steady gaze, said, 'Well, I'm d—d if he hais'n put in the new chimly as true as 'any printed book I ever see!' And so back to Hambledon on wheels, the landlord of the so-called 'New Inn' (though the rafters are not over-modern)—where we had a capital dinner and hearty tea for seven and fourpence for two of us—having very considerably sent a carriage for us, as a thunderstorm was raging.

I don't think much of the Hambledon sexton's powers of imagination. I heard with glee that he could show me graves of old cricketers, but most of them were no use to me—mere boys, who died at seventy years old or thereabouts—and the only real old Hambledonian's last home I could find was Tom Sueter's, whom Nyren thus describes:—

'The name and figure of Tom Sueter first comes across me, a 'Hambledon man, and of the Club. What a handful of stout-hearted 'soldiers are in an important pass such was Tom in keeping the 'wicket. Nothing went by him; and for coolness and nerve in this 'trying and responsible post I never saw his equal. . . . He was the 'first who departed from the custom of the old players before him, 'who deemed it heresy to leave the crease for the ball. . . . He was 'the pet of the neighbourhood: so honourable a heart that his word 'was never questioned by the gentlemen who associated with him; 'and dame Nature gave him a voice which, for sweetness, power, 'and purity of tone (a tenor) would, with proper cultivation, have 'made him a handsome fortune. With what rapture have I hung 'upon his notes when he has given us a hunting song in the club-room after the day's practice was over!'

If I had been that sexton, I would, to an ardent admirer who was ready with a shilling, have shown half the old Eleven, as the stones were illegible; just as, in 1846, to please an old gentleman who was utterly ignorant of the appearance of public men, and who was dying to see Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Richmond, after an honest search through the committee rooms to find those two statesmen, I used the late Fergus O'Connor for Sir Robert, and the late Alderman Humphrey for the Duke, and sent the old boy home happy as possible; and just as during the Crimean war, when I missed, by about five minutes, seeing the Guards leave London, a dear old parson and his sons, who were equally unfortunate, enjoyed my description of the scene, and were as much affected at the story of a parting between a young officer and his *fiancée* as if I, the narrator, had really seen it myself. I still think the sexton should have found more graves for a shilling.

There was yet one thing more to see, which was the cricket screen, which has been seventy or eighty years in the possession of the family of Colonel Butler, of Hambledon. In answer to a note sent from the inn, stating that I was a cricketer and Wykehamist, who happened to

be in the neighbourhood and unable to come at any other time, the Colonel sent me a cordial welcome; and I saw in his dining-room a screen with the original scores of the Old Hambledon, commencing in 1787, printed on paper as our scores are now on card; most of the matches being headed, 'Grand Match, 1000 guineas a-side.' My kind host turned out to be a brother Wykehamist, a tremendous cricket enthusiast, twenty years older than myself, and therefore twenty times madder about the noble game than I am. What a glorious future for me, if I live for another twenty years!

Well, Mr. Baily, treading in these old footsteps has been a great pleasure, though I am very glad the 1000 guineas matches are at an end. Beldham told Mr. Pycroft that there was much roguery. Mr. Budd, in records of his life, complained of two or three pieces of practice of which a noble lord (no matter who he was) was guilty, sharp both in cricket and running; and old Bowyer told me, a day or two before writing this, how, in a match, when the same noble lord drew himself in the guinea lottery for runs, and was in with him (Bowyer), he would not run any runs hardly but his own, if he could help it, in order to get the lottery, 'and,' said old Bowyer, 'Lord Ponsonby, who had drawn my name, promised me two guineas if I got most runs, but Lord —— went backwards and forwards to the scorers to count his notches and mine, and the end of it was that he got sixty-four and I only got sixty. Though,' said the old man, 'he did give me a guinea, Lord Ponsonby would have given me two, and I call that kind of thing which Lord —— did "cheating," and nothing more or less.'

And now I am happy, as I have in my bedroom a plan of the Field of Waterloo prepared by order of H.R.H. the Duke of York after the battle, every inch of which battle-field, both on the English and French side, I have walked over more than once and know thoroughly. I have a picture of the Bat and Ball, of Bill Beldham, taken when he was ninety-one, in 1862, and of John Bowyer, the last survivor who ever played against him, taken in 1877, when he was eighty-seven. I have seen the place where Sayers and Heenan fought, and I have seen the 'Cradle of Cricket.'

By-the-by, the old spelling books have come true, for, if you remember, we learnt B A T bat, C A T cat, &c. There is at the Bat and Ball something *like* a tortoiseshell cat, who was expecting an increase when I was there, and I am promised a kitten. If I should have a tom, I shall give him a collar and bell and christen him 'Noah,' after Noah Mann, but if it is a lady, and she should be blessed with offspring (and I have two of the blackest and wickedest and most blackguard toms ever seen—named the Deuce and Beelzebub—who have written their autographs on the nose of many a dog) you shall have a kitten, Mr. Baily. I think the Hambledon and Mitcham cross ought to produce a cat who would be a pretty smart field amongst the mice.

*Mitcham, Aug. 1878.*

F. G.

## A MODEL PUPPY SHOW.

THERE is no need for us to impress on our hunting readers the vast importance that attaches to good walks for puppies. With them, any man possessed of sufficient knowledge may breed a first-rate pack of hounds; without them, all the science of Meynell, Tom Smith, Musters, Osbaldeston, Anstruther-Thomson, John Walker, Will Goodall, or, in fact, a legion of kennel giants could do nothing. The time is past, or nearly so, when great landowners hunted their own countries, at their sole expense, and could *command* walks amongst their tenants and tradesmen. Very few of these *grand seigneurs* remain in the ranks of Masters of Hounds now. Most countries are, in the present day, hunted by subscription, and Masters must depend on the good nature of neighbours and farmers to walk puppies for them. All young things are mischievous, more or less; and perhaps the greatest imp of created things, save and except a schoolboy, is a fox-hound puppy; hence it is not to be wondered at if he is viewed with no very favourable eye by the non-hunting part of the community. ‘Drat that puppy! he’s a-been and killed five ‘young turkeys,’ is a sound, we fear, but too often heard from the lips of the good wife, where the son of Rallywood and Bondmaid has his temporary residence. Perchance his sister, some two miles off, has seized a corner of the best damask tablecloth, as it fluttered in the breeze, from the clothes-line, and dragging it down has worried it into a thing of shreds ere her misdemeanour was discovered. A first cousin on the other side of the country has feloniously taken the cook’s Sunday boots, eaten the coachman’s wash-leather, or mayhap, like the Quorn Vanquisher, the mistress’s prayer-book. In fact, where fox-hound puppies are nothing is safe; like the clown in the pantomime, their mission is to steal, destroy, and render the rest of the world as uncomfortable as possible. Yet for all this, they must know no collar, and the kennel door must swing loose on its hinges; nay, we venture to assert that, unless taken *flagrante delicto*, when a home cut may be administered with a suitable whip, once and no more, they must not be punished for the offence, for at that tender age a very little bullying would cow them for life. As to a besom or mop sent flying into space by the cook, Jollylass will soon learn to avoid it, as dexterously as she does the endeavours of the wheezy old coachman to reach her with his whip. Were we writing for an ordinary magazine, we should expect our readers to throw it down and say, Who on earth would be bothered with the brutes? But the readers of ‘Baily’ know better: they know that unless some one takes them in hand and puts up with their little eccentricities, hunting is a doomed sport; and they know also that country gentlemen—and ladies, be it said to their honour—as well as those good fellows the farmers, not only tolerate them but are delighted to have them.

Like everything else in hunting, it is a case of individual conve-

nience being sacrificed for the public good and enjoyment. There is a give-and-take principle, unknown in any other sport, which characterises the chase; and nothing brings it into fuller light than the custom of providing walks for puppies, for the most part gratuitously, though in some instances, we believe, their board and lodging is regularly paid for. That is a business transaction, and enters not into our present argument. Masters of Hounds are, as a rule, no stingy race, and they have devised a means of acknowledging the favours shown them, which must be equally pleasing to themselves and those who have lent them a helping hand. Many a sturdy yeoman would be offended were he offered payment for the care of a puppy, but when he takes his chance amongst his neighbours of winning a piece of plate for the best sent in from walk, it is altogether another matter, and he feels it is a thing which the Master may offer, and he accept, without lowering his self-respect in any way. This is the origin of puppy shows; and we now purpose to say a few words about what we consider to be a model one.

Let us take a fine day late in May, or early in June, and transport ourselves to the Witherley kennels, near the dull one-streeted town of Atherstone. It is not bad to get at, by the London and North-Western, though, perchance, as you stroll up the long, dreary street, you will be exercised in mind as to why such a town should ever have been built, how the inhabitants thereof exist, what they do with themselves, and, most of all, why a railway ever came near it?—a lot of questions to which it would be very difficult to find suitable solutions. We once walked through it with a friend, bound then, as we are now, to the Witherley kennels, who told us that a few years ago he knew some officers in a regiment of Dragoon Guards (we think it was) who had to halt for the night at Atherstone. My friend, knowing something of its resources, asked them afterwards how they got on, and learned that, finding the innkeeper to whose hospitality they had to trust possessed some very fine old port, they lived on that and bread. Well, they might have done worse, and many a poor fellow would be glad, in actual field work, to live, like Sidonia, on corn and wine.

The kennels are so near that we may as well walk to them, and, in passing, note the residence of Mr. Robert Harper, at Mancetter, who has one of the neatest packs of harriers in England. The longest and dreariest part of our journey is through the town, and when once its precincts are passed we quickly find ourselves turning down the lane by the church, and at the snug hearthstone of either George Castleman or John Pye, who rule respectively over the kennels and the stables. We are no strangers here, and will take leave to make ourselves at home in either place, sure of a hearty welcome; for many years have come and gone since we first knew Castleman, ere he left the service of 'Young John' of Danebury (we fear the cognomen scarcely holds good now), to try what turning hounds at Milton was like. We never meet him but we think of the old happy days, when all was *couleur de rose*, when horses galloped



faster, and jumped bigger than the best of them can do now, when eyes were brighter and lips rosier, and we had no fear of indigestion, and laughed at the idea of gout. We could have dropped into the saddle at eight seven then, and did it more than once. And now—but it is not a pleasant theme, so let us say with Kingsley—

‘Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away.  
Young blood must have its fling, lad,  
And every dog his day.’

If our day has been shorter than some, perhaps it was merrier. What matter! Let us look back and be thankful for the fun we have had, and console ourselves that the moments have not sped by neglected, but each has been made to yield its greatest share of pleasure.

Heigh-ho! How we are running riot, and all through meeting an old familiar face. By the powers, Sam Hayes ought to get round us with a sharpish rate! But here is John Pye ready to take us through the stables, ere operations commence on the flags, and something well worth looking at he has to show us. They keep a grand lot of horses here; and a south-country friend, running his eye over them, remarked, ‘They call these fourteen and fifteen-stone horses, ‘but we should think them up to twenty stone at least.’ And so, no doubt, they would be in many countries. They have the knack of buying good clever big ones, here; and you may walk off the soles of your boots in the endeavour to find a weed amongst them.

Now let us get to the kennels, for a goodly company is already assembling, and it is only to look at the faces gathering round to see how popular is the Master of the Atherstone, and what a red letter in the counties’ annals is the Puppy Show, to which many of the farmers look forward with as much interest as to the first meet at Bosworth. We may talk about making sport popular, but it is not every one who has the tact to do it, and we recommend those Masters of Hounds who cannot make things work smoothly to go to Atherstone, another year, and see how the springs, which cause a hunt to work evenly, can be oiled. Let them see what a hearty smile lights up every countenance as Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Oakeley come on the scene; how those who think they may win, and those who know they cannot enter with equal zest into the whole affair, and then see what a meeting of this sort can do to promote sport and good fellowship in the country. But the judges are already on the bench, good men and true, every one, keen of eye, prompt of decision, and quick to note the slightest want of power or symmetry. Amateur and professional take their stand upon the flags, and it would be difficult to pick a bench in whom more confidence could be placed.

What Gloucestershire recollections it brings up to see the Marquis of Worcester and Jack West once more side by side, as they often have been in a quick thing across the Vale or wall country.

Colonel Anstruther-Thomson recalls old Atherstone and Pytchley remembrances and a half regret that he had not lingered on yet longer in the happy hunting-grounds of the Shires ere his native county in bonnie Scotland once more claimed him for her own. Mr. George Fenwick represents the border land, and when we remember the hounds that we have seen from the Tynedale kennels, we are fain to confess that the march men know as much of fox-hounds now as they did of sleuth-hounds in these good old times when it was the correct thing to cut your neighbour's throat, burn his house, harry his cattle, and put him into uncomfortable circumstances generally, as far as lay in your power. Alfred Thatcher takes us in mind from Berkshire to Lincolnshire, recalls an especially hot day we once spent on the Bedale flags, and thence back to the oldest pack in England, where he now reigns in the place of Nimrod Long, to whom for years he so worthily acted as first whip. If we have less to say of Will Dale, happily fast recovering from his broken leg, and Jones from the Cheshire, it is simply because, unlike ourselves, they have the best part of life before them.

That the young ones to be judged are a good lot goes without saying, for no pack of hounds in England has improved in appearance more rapidly than the Atherstone, and while still retaining the fine voice and tender nose that was imported from Wales, they have now put on so much quality that they can compare favourably with packs that have been going for years. Perhaps it would not greatly interest our readers to go into the merits of individual hounds, and we may content ourselves by saying that the first prize for dog-hounds went to Dancer, walked by Mr. John Till of Shelford, and the second to Bertram, walked by Mr. Savage of Norton, and Beadsman, who had enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Radcliffe of the same place, was commended. Amongst the ladies, Laundress won first prize for the Hon. Mrs. Colville of Lullington Hall, who, however, was satisfied with the honour only, so that Bridget carried the first prize in reality to Mr. Thomas Wood of Grendon, and the second thus fell to the lot of Mr. T. Watson of Whiteacre, who walked Alma. So ended the puppy show to the satisfaction of all concerned, but the day's doings were by no means over, not a bit of it. In the Atherstone country they do not stop short at prizes for the best young hounds, but extend their liberality to horses also, and thus we find a prize of 10*l.* given by Mr. Oakeley for the best four-year-old mare or gelding for hunting purposes, and 5*l.* given by the Hunt Club for the second best, while for three-year-olds Mrs. Oakeley gives 10*l.* for the first, and the Hunt Club another 5*l.* for the second.

This is a feature we wish especially to notice, for herein we think lies the germ of a system which is calculated to benefit our breed of horses, and we should like to see the Atherstone plan adopted in every hunt in the kingdom. It may not be every Master who can afford to do as Mr. Oakeley does, but surely there is no hunt so poor that means could not be found to give at least one prize for young hunting stock bred within its boundaries.

Horse shows, as a rule, are not gaining in popularity, in fact there can be but little doubt that they have seen their best day, and will, in all probability, soon experience the truth of the saying, *facilis descensus Avernii*. Even Mr. Sidney, their great high priest, has been induced to admit that carried out, as they have been at Islington, they do absolutely nothing as regards improving the breed of horses, and that their utility is confined to the advantages they hold out to people anxious to sell. Well, we can get plenty of coping without paying entrance fees and going through the farce of a competition, and if that is all that is to come of them, probably no one but a few individuals who lay themselves out for prize-taking would regret their extinction. A show such as is held at the Atherstone kennels is, however, quite a different affair, and distinctly holds out inducements to people to breed horses, which should be the end and aim of every show. In the conditions we notice that no horse or mare can compete whose sire's fee for service exceeds 3*l.* 5*s.* This is as it should be, because it brings the affair within the range of tenant farmers and tradesmen, and acts as an inducement to owners of horses to bring forth the great want of the present day, *cheap and good sires*. There are too many *cheap* and nasty ones already—perhaps, however, a range of five guineas would not be too high.

We go to one show and another where prizes are given for the best thoroughbred sire calculated to get hunters, and we see the same prizes carried off by horses year after year whose fee effectually puts them out of the reach of half-bred mares. The consequence is that the prize is simply so much money wasted. As far as the end in view is concerned you might just as well give it to Blair Athol, at one hundred guineas, as say Citadel at twenty-five, and both would be equally likely to become the sires of hunting stock. But in offering prizes for the sons and daughters of horses whose services are obtained at a little money, you hold out direct inducement to owners to bring them into the district, as well as to men having mares to use them.

Mr. Oakeley's wish is, that every one possessing a mare should have an opportunity of breeding from her, if so inclined; and, beyond keeping up this show, to encourage them to do so, he also places a sire of good blood within their reach at the reasonable sum of one pound and a fee of five shillings to the groom, to tenant farmers within the boundaries of the Atherstone Hunt. This horse is Watchman, a chestnut over sixteen hands high, by Rattle, a son of Fallow Buck by Venison, blood which is noted for producing hunters.

This is exactly what is wanted to stimulate horse-breeding once more. In old days, when we were noted for our hunters, hacks, and carriage horses, the best sires could be procured for less money than broken-winded weeds serve at. It is only to take up an old magazine or stud-book, to see horses of note advertised at very low fees, and many of them travelled, the mighty Blacklock amongst them—for we have talked with the man who led him.

There is nothing of the kind now, for very inferior blood sires are put at prices which make it hopeless for tenant-farmers to think of using them; and the consequence is they are generally forced to fall back on cripples, or give up breeding, as gentlemen who in the present day keep a horse suitable for their tenants are, we are sorry to say, few and far between.

It may be asked why, in this competition, the sire's service should be restricted to such a low fee as 3*l.* 5*s.*, but it is very obvious that a man of greater means or more enterprise than his neighbours may go to some horse of repute, and then, whether he really got a better animal as a hunter or not, he would be pretty sure to frighten all other competitors away, and defeat the object aimed at, which is to induce the breeding of horses on such terms that it shall be remunerative. We by no means say that he would have a better hunter, for it does not follow because a horse is successful as a racer that his stock should be good hunters, as a different kind of action is wanted in hunting and racing; but such is the force of fashion and prejudice, that if a man was known to have a useful colt, say by Pero Gomez, his neighbours would be very shy at showing against him.

How well the system works we can see by strolling out into the adjoining meadow, where the Marquis of Worcester, Colonel Thomson, and Mr. Fenwick have not an easy task before them, for there are no less than twenty-three present out of twenty-eight entries in the three-year-olds, and in the fours, fifteen compete out of an entry of twenty-two. We may fairly say that there was scarcely a rubbishy one, or a horse in bad condition, amongst them, while two years ago when the horse show was inaugurated there were only about 16 entries in the two classes. In the three-year-olds, Mr. Mackness' chesnut by Thunderer, dam by Brown Middleton, was first, Mr. J. K. Bowne's Atherstone by Young Dutchman second, Mr. Stratton's grey by the same sire highly commended, and Mr. Geary's brown, another Young Dutchman, commended. In this class, however, the winner was subsequently disqualified on account of his sire's service not coming within the required fee, and Mr. Bowne's horse promoted, but he generously declined to take the prize, leaving five pounds in the original winner's hands, and the other five was given to the highly commended horse. In the four-year-olds Mr. Nurse was placed first with Warrior by Garibaldi, and Mr. Knight's filly by Sportsman was second, Mr. Dummeller's filly by Watchman highly commended, and Mr. Dester's colt by Marble Hill commended.

Thus ended a really useful show, one that does good in the country, and such a one as we should like to see established in every hunt in the kingdom. We could then very well dispense with the big coping circus affairs. But even when the horses are judged, all is not over, for Mr. Oakeley would take it ill indeed did not one and all stay to break bread and eat salt in the spacious tent erected close at hand. By-the-way, we do a great deal more than break bread, or eat salt either, for men of all classes meet here on friendly terms and have an opportunity to find out and appreciate

each other's worth ; and the whole thing tends to bring about that good feeling which is so essential, not only to the successful management of a hunting country, but oiling the wheels of society generally, and smoothing away little difficulties which must occasionally occur in all relations of life, and we feel sure that any of our readers who have, like ourselves, had the privilege of being present at one of these jovial gatherings will agree that we do not err in describing it as 'a model puppy show,' and such a one as may be imitated to advantage in other hunts.

## AN OLD STAGER ON THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

WHAT did I come to London for ? Why, to see the Australians. I could not stand Smith any longer. That I, the great authority on cricketing, should be put down by the remark, 'Ah, you should just 'have been at Lord's,' whenever an opinion was asked, was destructive of every principle of order, in fact quite revolutionary. So, with business as an excuse to my wife, a north train and a cab landed me at Prince's last Monday. Now this ground is associated in provincial minds with that class of game which is announced so—'A 'band will attend,' and the skill usually witnessed is supposed to be on a level with university billiards and military whist. On the present occasion hints were thrown out that the old trouble as to what constituted an amateur was likely to interfere with the English team. This trouble always will exist until every one accepts the usual honorarium for playing. The number that do so at present is far greater than the public imagine, though the multitude do not take the slightest interest in the question. If money is paid to see a gentleman play, who derives the benefit from his not being paid ? He can return it in many shapes to his club or county if he likes. At present many young gentlemen are debarred from county matches by their not being willing to do what the richer ones don't do ; and, on the other hand, there have been instances of amateurs, calling themselves gentlemen, not only having champagne, &c., at the expense of the club, but passing all night at billiards, and turning out next morning utterly unable to play. However, all difficulties appeared to have been arranged, as the announced teams set to work. I did not care much for the Colonials' batting. They have been told, apparently, that no straight ball must be hit ; and so pitched-up ones were given in the most confiding way, whilst point kept creeping in, until they were regularly fiddled out. Now the ring was not very large, not beyond the limits of an ordinary lofty drive ; on the other hand a bowler cannot stop every ball sent back to him, and, even if backed up by a fielder, some must pass ; then there is the moral effect and physical discomfort to hands and shins. We had heard that C. Bannerman was a free hitter—has Midwinter calmed him down ?

Luckily, the Gentlemen won ; but I hope our friends will not

imagine that one lob and two slow bowlers are all that England can produce. When the Colonials went into the field, hopes rose. In spite of the weather and the accommodation leaving everything to be desired, there was at last a chance of getting something for the extra five shillings; and I think that to see Boyle bowl and Blackham keep wicket was worth the money. As regards the latter, at the present time there is no equal to him; and during thirty years' experience, I have never seen his superior: in fact, when Spofforth was bowling, the wicket-keeper was the only one who had any idea of the probable course of the ball after pitching; as the wild and useless attempts of Messrs. Grace and Hornby showed. I am afraid that the blow on the arm which Blackham received from a leg-ball, when the sight was interfered with by the batter, may prove troublesome; yet the way the bails were removed shortly after was a rare treat to see. Of course, Spofforth's bowling was the curiosity, *par excellence*. Imagine a tall thin man, taking a quick run and then preparing to do what the boys call a wheel: at the moment when the head being bent over, the arms are quite straight and perpendicular, the ball is delivered, the impetus being given with a whirl in which the shoulder-blade and muscles of the back are the principal items. The speed is altered at times, but the pitch is a matter of absolute uncertainty. If the arm and hand are brought straight down, the bowling ought to be always straight. This the new Colonials appreciate, and they all deliver with arm well up. As the hand cannot let the ball always go perfectly even from each side, so there is at times a little spin depending on whether the fore or little fingers are most adherent. It is evident that at times, with Spofforth's pace and some fortuitous assistance, the most deadly results may be attained, yet I should not think he could last long at once. Allan is a very nice medium pace left-hand bowler, but he bends his elbow and delivers the ball, after a preliminary pat in the air. Boyle repaid the Gentlemen in their own coin: with a perpendicular delivery he has great command over the ball. The field being placed well out, he commenced pitching the balls well up in the most easy and judicious way; he appeared to want nobody but himself with a mid-on, and together they managed the Gentlemen with the greatest ease. Mr. Grace tried to put a straight home-toss to leg. The fielding of the Gentlemen was superior to their opponents as a whole; but all might take a lesson from the admirable way in which the Australians returned the ball to the top of the stumps, and the ease with which the ball was taken. The generality of English players consider that the wicket-keeper's toe is the object to hit, and they very successfully aim at it.

To an old stager, like myself, it was singular to observe how tooted all the batsmen, on either side, were to their ground. There appeared to be no one with sufficient confidence to take one step to either drive or play a ball, and to do this judiciously.

Now I think you have had enough. The journey was worth the trouble; and, as I looked in at the Aquarium on my return, you will be glad to learn I am a 'whale' ahead of Smith.

## YACHTING AND ROWING.

YACHTING on the Thames has been pretty much at a standstill during the past month, the more indefatigable owners having been scattered far away in search of sport, whilst others await the coming great doings round the Wight, where a brilliant season may be expected. With the exception of a few races for small yachts nothing has occurred, and the barge match was a perfect failure as a test of sailing qualities owing to lack of wind, so that the competitors were helped over the course more by their sweeps than their sails. As an outing the day was perfect, unless perhaps too conducive of thirst, though this is scarcely an objection once a year, as many of the visitors appeared to think. Already the Conqueror, a previous winner, has challenged Saucy Kent, this year's champion, and the drifting match will probably give rise to several offers of the kind.

Matters are somewhat slack among professional rowers, though both North and South are exerting themselves to find crews for the so-called International Regatta at Putney, which commences at the end of this month. The amateur events are discontinued, and large money prizes are offered for professional races, each variety being duly considered. As for watermen's challenges, after all the recent wordy warfare, the only events fixed are for the 14th Sept., when Hawdon, a northerner, is to row Sadler, and a fortnight later Cannon, over the London course. Courtney, an American crack, is said to be coming here to challenge Higgins, but similar rumours are so frequent that we can only hope it is true, believing that our man on his recent form can account for any candidates, unless, indeed, he seriously overrears himself at the banquet to be given in his honour at the Alexandra Palace on the 12th, when there is sure to be a large gathering of oarsmen of all classes.

Henley Regatta was this year, contrary to its too usual traditions, honoured with charming weather, and as after a heavy storm on the Sunday preceding the event there was practically no rain during the week, visitors who arrived a few days before the races, and remained to see the town settle down again into its customary quiet, had an unwontedly pleasant opportunity, as the practice of the crews made the river lively during the greater part of the day. The entries, though numerically inferior to some previous anniversaries, were generally up to the mark in quality, and the presence of the American contingent made the races in which they were engaged specially interesting. Last month we alluded to the amateur question, which the entries of our visitors have again brought to the surface, and we do not therefore wish to enter too fully on the subject. It was quite on the cards that one of the competitors at Henley would have entered a protest against G. W. Lee, the sculler, and the Sho-wae-cae-mette crew for the Stewards' four, but there was no united action on the part of English oarsmen, and none seemed to like to take upon themselves the invidious office, so nothing was done. We believe that there is in America a growing desire to assimilate their qualification to that which obtains here amongst Thames and University oarsmen, and there is a society in the States known as the Metropolitan Association, or some such title, in which amateurship is defined pretty much after our fashion; while the National Association, which, in spite of its high sounding title, by no means includes the great body of amateur rowers, lays down laws admitting almost anybody, and it is this latter society which sent the Shoes (as they are called in England for brevity) over here to enter at Henley. Mr. G. W. Lee probably sails under the same flag, while the Columbia men

belong to the Metropolitan Society, and appear reasonable representatives of the amateur class. In justification of those who disputed the eligibility of the Shoes and Mr. G. W. Lee is the assertion, which has not been contradicted, that the quartette are engaged in felling timber, or something of the kind; while the sculler's status is described as something akin to a bum-bailiff, or man in possession. All this may not be gospel, but is probably pretty near the mark, and English oarsmen may reasonably regret, if they consider the matter at all, that America did not send men about whom there could be no dispute, nor the possibility of objections which, however legitimate, are at the best ungracious, and seem doubly so when the subjects have travelled thousands of miles for a praiseworthy and sportsmanlike object. The fact, we believe, is that, excepting College crews, the sport of boat-racing is not, as with us, popular with the higher and middle classes, and its followers are mainly recruited from men who, like the performers at our coast regattas, after appearing as quasi-amateurs for a period, are quite prepared, if good enough to join the ranks of the professionals from which the vaguest division line has separated them.

Of the Grand Challenge entries London and Kingston were pretty generally considered the pick, but getting the worst station both were beaten in their heat by crews certainly not superior, if equal to them; indeed, the unfairness of the Henley course has seldom been so ridiculously demonstrated. The Berks station has so great an advantage in the turn at three quarters of the distance that a crew must be decidedly superior to win from the middle or Bucks side, especially since under the new rules of racing a boat ahead cannot take another's water, except at its own risk, so that the faster crew from the bad station has to keep wide to the corner, where the others, getting the best of the turn, and being also aided by an eddy absolutely helping them along, in many cases get level again, and have slack water all the way, while their opponents are in the force of the stream, frequently just manage to win, though palpably an inferior crew. This was the case with London and Jesus, who, though astern while in the straight, drew up at the turn, and just won by a quarter of a length. The next heat was something the same, Kingston being well up for two-thirds of the way, when Thames came on, and leading at the corner won anyhow, Kingston rather going to pieces at the finish, and not rowing up to their form in practice. In the final Thames had the station, and led throughout, winning as easily as against Kingston. Judged by subsequent events, the Henley results are absurd, as at Marlow on the following day Kingston and Thames were absolutely equal, making a dead heat of it, while a fortnight later at the Metropolitan London won by a couple of lengths, Thames and Kingston being within half a length of each other. Last month, in referring to the Henley entries, we said that changes late in the training had prejudiced the chance of the London boat. In the race F. L. Playford, the amateur champion, again pulled the stroke oar, but owing to Slade having met with an accident, his place was taken by Cowles, who, though pretty fit, had only the opportunity of two or three practices in the crew. Kingston were well together, as were the Jesus men, but Thames looked rough, especially in the bows, though they kept up the stroke Hastie piled on with great power and pluck. This club won the Grand for the first time two years ago, after several praiseworthy attempts in the minor events of the programme, and at this rate they will be worthy foemen to the London and Kingston Clubs, who are the only standing dishes of the water banquet. Jesus College, though not up to Grand Challenge form, had the pace of their rivals for the



Ladies' Plate, and in the final heat against Eton, which as usual created great interest, won all the way, though they had certainly wonderful luck, getting the station in each heat both for the Grand and the Ladies. In the Thames Cup only the London, Ino, and Thames were entered, finishing in the order named, the second London eight being perfectly together, indeed, better to look at than their first crew, Ino making little use of the station, though it gave them second place at the finish. In the first heat of the Stewards the American lots were drawn with Dublin, Columbia having the tow-path (Berks), Dublin the centre, and Sho-was-cae-mette the bushes side. Dublin were first away, but the Shoes going under the bushes soon forged ahead, rowing about fifty to the minute, and held the lead to the end. Dublin steering very wildly bored Columbia a long way and at last fouled badly, stopping them dead. Columbia was first away, and took second place by several lengths, but had no chance of catching the Shoes; though whether the station would have brought them level at the Point had they not been stopped by Dublin remained an open question; we think, however, the Shoes would have won anyhow. In the next, London starting from Bucks led Jesus and Kingston very soon, and Jesus gave up. London being well ahead took Kingston's water and paddled in. In the final London had the station, and the Shoes were so desirous to make the most of the start, that on the umpire saying 'Are you ready?' they went off without waiting for the supplementary 'Go.' They were, however, politely requested to return, and on being really started went off at a bat of 47, London rowing 40. For a third of the distance the visitors had if anything the advantage, though the boats were so wide apart that it was difficult to decide, they being on opposite sides of the river. After this London distinctly drew ahead, rowing perfectly together, while the too rapid stroke of the Shoes began to tell a tale and they were falling to pieces. Nearing the Point they came across, London being now well in front, and the Americans stopped, leaving London to finish alone. The result created intense excitement and enthusiasm, this being the event most generally reckoned the race of the day, but owing to the collapse of the Americans the bulk of the visitors, who mostly assemble near the winning-post, saw nothing of the actual struggle. Perhaps the event ranking next in general interest was the first heat of the Sculls, in which the American champion G. W. Lee was drawn against Edwardes-Moss, last year's winner. Lee, who was described as of the Triton Boat Club, New Jersey, had the station, and starting at a rapid stroke held his own for half the distance, when Moss, who had been sculling nearly as quickly, hugging the bushes on the Bucks shore, came across somewhat too soon, as we thought; anyhow, he was dangerously near the Yankee, who sheered out more than once, when Moss had of course to give way and naturally lost ground, so that rounding into the straight for home Lee led by a length, and had besides the best course. Apparently he was winning easily, holding his advantage at a slower stroke than Moss, who now again spurted. Lee, however, kept ahead until close home, when he stopped just short of the winning-post, and Moss keeping on won by a few yards. The race was perfectly unaccountable to the spectators, and we believe the real fact is that Lee stopped too soon, thinking he had won. There is on the towing-path, within a few yards of where the winning-post is erected, a withered elm, and any one asking where the course was would probably be told "from the Temple to the old tree." Lee coming to the tree naturally thought the race ended, and, foolishly cutting it too fine, was just beaten on the post. This seems a reasonable explanation, as close home he appeared to be taking it easy and have the race in hand. In the second heat Cholmeley of Kingston, from the Bucks station, won all the way from Barker; and in the third Lowndes beat

Payne, while the final was a moral for Moss, who led throughout. With Ellison he took the Pairs also, beating in the trial heat Eyre and Hastie, who won last year, and were much fancied; but after keeping level for half the distance, died away to nothing, having probably scarcely recovered from the severe race for the Grand Challenge. Hastie, owing to recent family bereavement, entered as 'Morrison,' and this alteration, assuredly innocent enough under the circumstances, was commented upon and corresponded about in sundry papers as a misdemeanor of the blackest character. If nobody does anything worse in connection with rowing we needn't flurry ourselves. In the second heat, Prior and Sandford, of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, were tremendous pots; but their opponents, Gulston and Smith, did not start, so there was no chance of testing their pace and watermanship until the final, in which Ellison and Moss, from the worst station, came right away and won as they liked. For the Visitors' Cup, Hertford (Oxford) had all the best of it with Lady Margaret, though the steering of both boats was most eccentric. In the second, the Americans (Columbia College), coming from the centre station, won from University (Oxford) and Jesus, taking a splendid course; while their opponents were sadly deficient in watermanship. In the final, Columbia again showed ahead and took Hertford's water, the Oxford men, in a desperate spurt to catch them, running ashore, or, as a 'descriptive article' in a daily had it, 'being so exhausted that they had to make for the bank.' In the Wyfold, Kingston, with the station, beat London and Thames pretty easily at the finish, one of the London men slipping his slide at a critical point in the race. The Kingston men won last year, but have made a decided advance this time, as in 1877 it was their best four, while now the second crew proved itself equal to the task. With reference to the inequality of stations, this is now made worse than it need be by the excessive number of pleasure-boats, launches, house-boats, and other lumbering craft which are moored all along the Bucks shore, so that the crew on that side, besides having further to go, loses the slack water under the bushes, being obliged to keep out to avoid the succession of pleasure parties afloat. Something might be done to equalise matters by having the winning-posts placed on a slant; but the great cure for obstructions would be to prevent any pleasure boat being afloat between the bridge and the Temple during the racing. At Henley there is ample space on the Berkshire Meadows, and the opposite grounds of Fawley Court, some part of which is already let in plots for tents, might be further utilised for the purpose of promenade. Mr. Lord, of the Thames Conservancy, does his utmost to keep a clear course, and on the Berks side pleasure-boats were zealously warned off; but as long as they are allowed to moor against the other shore inefficiency or carelessness is sure to drift some of them into the track of the competitors. The town was tolerably noisy in the evening, but the annual hubbub is principally caused by locals, who take this opportunity of getting up a mild row; though we must confess that the Emerald Islanders, and the winners of the big pot, managed to remind their immediate neighbours of their existence and vitality.

Marlow Regatta, coming the day after Henley, secured several of those entries, and the charming reach near Bisham looked at its best. A large company was assembled, owing partly to the hope that the Prince of Wales, who was visiting Colonel Williams in the neighbourhood, would honour the proceedings. As, however, we saw his Royal Highness in a launch below Marlow late in the afternoon, he was probably too late for any of the races. In the Eights, Thames beat the second London crew and Kingston rowed over, and the final produced a dead heat. The Pairs had three entries, but

all that came of them was a walk over for Eyre and Hastie. Payne, who was unsuccessful at Henley, won the Soulls, and Kingston beat Thames for the Fours. The day was perfect, but, from the number of absentees, the rowing was rather tame, especially after Henley. At the Metropolitan Regatta, the Champion Eights were won by the London Club, turning the tables on Thames; Kingston a good third. Nobody opposed the Londoners for the Fours, which is not very surprising, as this crew, with slight gradual changes, has won the big race at Henley ten times out of the last eleven, and this very event nearly as often, and it is difficult to get a good four together; but that no one would enter against Eyre and Hastie for the pairs argues little for the enterprise of the rising generation, who, if beaten by the cracks, would lose no prestige, while a turn-up *might* occur as at Henley, and then they get all the *kudos*. Payne scored again in the Soulls, and the Metropolitan Eights for Juniors, which was the origin of the regatta, secured nine entries. After three trials, London, Curlew, and Twickenham were left in, and finished a good race in the order named. At the Kingston Regatta, however, the Twickenham Club turned the tables, winning the Junior-Senior Eights against nine entries. A London four beat Kingston and Thames, and Clowes and partner won the Pairs after a foul with a Thames pair, which the umpire ignored.

The Wingfield Soulls was this year reckoned more than ever a foregone conclusion, F. L. Playford, who has held the trophy since 1875, being opposed only by Payne, who, on Henley form, was behind Moss, whom Playford beat over the long course last year, after a good race to Hammersmith. Payne, however, made much the same fight of it, perhaps a better one on paper, as he was level at the Suspension Bridge, after which Playford went away pretty easily. Had the entry of the American, G. W. Lee, been accepted, his meeting with Playford would have been very interesting, as at Henley Lee and Moss were much of a muchness, but, on grounds already stated, the refusal of the trustees of the Wingfield Challenge is perfectly intelligible.

The Guards, who every now and then, probably incited thereunto by witnessing the efforts of the Eton boys, break out into aquatic energy as a contrast to the Lotus-eating laziness of Maidenhead, got up a match downstream to Windsor, which produced a splendid struggle—four officers of the Blues against four of the Scots Greys, with coxswains. The Greys won the toss, and took the Windsor side, which gave them the best of the race down to the railway bridge. After this the Blues, who had over 2 st. less coxswain to carry, and about 5 st. more weight for propelling purposes, came up and finally won a grand race by about a yard.

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### 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—July Jottings—by River, Road, and Rail.

A SHORT time longer, a few more days of delight and nights of revelry, and then ere these pages meet our readers' eyes, all will be over, and the season of '78 have become a thing of the past. Brief but brilliant, chilled at its outset by an unkind spring, it can only be said to have lived during the last six weeks of its existence. That existence has been, however, as the Scotch young lady said at the Hunt Ball, in allusion to the manners and customs thereat, 'fierce.' The charming summer weather, the outdoor life which society now so much affects, an Alexandra afternoon, an Orleans or Hurlingham evening, a night at the Ranelagh, so bright with music, fun, and the electric light, that quiet dwellers beneath the Putney Cedars sat on their lawn and participated, like

'the teachers from France' in a celebrated song, in the moving scene—all these and much more helped to make the latter days of the season very charming. The heat was oppressive, and as we can't all live in Belgravian mansions or on that favoured side of Eaton Square where there are outdoor drawing-rooms, 'garden parties' were more the rage than ever. Most of us had to be satisfied with small mercies; but even Chelsea Barracks, under the administrative hand of Colonel Burnaby, and with the aid of flags, flowers, and bunting, can be transformed into a bower of roses; and when the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave a garden party in Downing Street, we fully expected the Trustees of the British Museum would have issued cards for an afternoon in Bloomsbury Square. And by the way, why cannot we during hot days and nights utilise our squares? How pretty would not the gardens of Belgrave, Grosvenor, Berkeley, Eccleston, &c., look with a few lamps, here and there a marquee, plenty of nice seats, and something cooling in the way of drink. Is it too Utopian an idea? Would the London rough come and howl through the railings, and insist on his making the squares, as he has made the parks, his own? Oh, the London rough! But for him, Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens might be Elysian fields indeed, where we could sit far into the night, each under his own elm and chesnut and no man make us afraid. The London rough! What do we not owe him? And will ever the day arrive when we can pay?

But these are vain thoughts begot of the heat, a natural disappointment at Mrs. Perkins not having bidden us to her last Upper Clapton garden party, and our being unable to attend on one of the 'electric' nights at the Ranelagh. We hear they are perfect. Lady Fitz-Fulke indeed did complain to us that the light was too excessive, and we remember in our younger days when in Rome, on the occasion of going to see the Coliseum by moonlight, the girls always prayed that there might be no moon—and we never could make out why. We trust, however, so good a judge as Mr. Reginald Herbert tempers the Ranelagh lights to the requirements of the ladies. But if we could not go to Ranelagh we could to the Orleans on the day and evening when the Australians came down to the shady groves of Twickenham to play an eleven improvised by Mr. Thornton for the occasion. About the game we confess we know very little, though we had a Mentor at our side to read it for us and applaud each catch of Bannerman's, each drive of Fryer's. We were more occupied with the care of the lambs of the flock, seeing to their requirements, and instructing those who needed instruction in the ways and customs of the club. Not that there were many in much want of it. Both the lambs and the ewes know the Orleans pretty well by this time from the cricket-ground to the boathouse, and even the little kiosks beyond, pleasant places when either the sun or the moon shines, and pleasanter still when they do not. The lambs know where to dine too. As a rule the clever and experienced lambs prefer the octagon-room with a little table for four near the window, and leave the big ball-room to those fond of publicity and a slight row. But the octagon-room was reserved that evening for other than lambs. 'The Mate'—may his shadow never be less!—was there, the genial host of the two elevens—the Australians in the post of honour—and as we emerged from the dining-room, where about 150 of us had severely taxed the resources of the club at a huge *table d'hôte*, and where if the food failed the Bollinger was always to the fore, we caught sight of a 'good grey head' evidently rising to respond to the toast of Sir John Astley and the Orleans Club. We would fain have lingered, but the lambs wanted their coffee on the terrace, and the waiters wanted to clear the room for dancing; besides, is not the terrace lovely under the influence of the rising moon, and would it not be better—

this from our particular lamb—to sit there than in the 'stuffy' drawing-room, and could not we stroll down to the boathouse, and see the river by moonlight, &c., &c.?—all of which, the 'Van' Driver offering but feeble opposition, came to pass. Unfortunately, we lost our Mentor at this critical period, he having to guide the steps of a lambkin through the devious paths of Orleans. But the good man turned up before the dance began, and our fears were relieved. It is a good thing, a dance of the Orleans. There are so few good things nowadays that we may be excused for laying 5 to 2 on this. If we had had such on the other side of the Ditch—but we anticipate; let us to our coffee and the Orleans certainties. There are a good many at this festive club. You might, for instance, lay 7 to 4 on Mr. Crookington Doone of the Caledonian circuit, who always comes to the front when wanted—or knows when to lie off (in the shrubberies) if required. An equal good favourite might be found in Mr. Ferdinand Fitz-urse, a gentleman good at lawn tennis and other games, best of all, though, at an Orleans dance, a capital steward, and a squire of dames generally. How pleasant it is that coffee-sipping on the terrace, when the broad moon, which, as the late George Robins said in one of his advertisements, 'in that 'favoured region is always at the full,' comes up between the trees and floods the lawn, with a light that seems to reveal while it hides. How pleasant to sit there in quiet contemplation with Amaryllys, while the gay Daphne and the thoughtless Strephon are toiling in the ball-room. How wisely have you, my Corin, chosen the better part, as under the stately cedar you hold communion with nature and your companion, the world forgetting, and, as you both sincerely hope, by the world forgot. And so the night passes away.

And we too must pass away out of the Orleans bowers into a more work-day world, a world of sport more than pastime, of hard business more than pleasure—a Bibury and Stockbridge world, and not at all a bad one if we could only win a little money therein, a task that now seems well nigh impossible. A not particularly good Epsom, a very bad Ascot, now a worse Stockbridge, to be followed by a yet 'worse' July. What has come over our chosen sport? Is it that our judgments are confused, our right hands lost their cunning? The running known as in and out, this is the cause of all our grief. Horses that are like mad horses, performing one day in direct contradiction to another, then coming back to their form, only to bring us to get more terrible grief by losing it again. What is it? Be there 'noblers' abroad as in the days of old? The most closely guarded stable cannot shut them out, the eye of the acutest master or trainer cannot be over all his boys at once. Are horses got at? A horrible question and supposition, which we think we had better not pursue. The annals of great crimes tell us that the mere fact of one being perpetrated raises imitations. Perhaps our idle imagination about the 'noblers' will help to create the evil we deplore, so let us dismiss the thought and proceed to what we have to say about Stockbridge, the pleasantest of the little meetings, a truly rural one indeed, where beauty unadorned is adorned the most, where there is no crowd and noise, and you can look at the two-year-olds in the paddock without molestation. You generally see some good young ones, too, the best we have got as a rule, and this year we flatter ourselves we have some very smart. Of course there were some mistakes made, and those noble sportsmen who are so anxious to lay 6 to 4 on a dark two-year-old came to grief on the club day over the Champagne. Because Mr. Swindell has a very good horse, or what we believe to be one, in the Chance colt, therefore he had got a better in the Saratoga colt, we forget how many pounds, and perhaps

no one precisely knew, but it was a real good thing, a dashing down of money, but to take it up again. The most extraordinary reports were about as to what Mr. Swindell had on, and some people actually laid 7 to 4 rather than not be on at all. He was a fairly good-looking colt, but we preferred Elf King in the paddock to him, and had we wanted to wager would have rather chosen to take 100 to 15 about Mr. Crawford's colt than laid odds on the favourite. The latter made a wretched exhibition of himself, being the first beaten, and Elf King getting very quickly on his legs took the lead and kept it to the end. Altire, too, was another disaster in a handicap with Archer up, but even losers were in some measure consoled by Confessor beating them, seeing that John Day won a race on his own ground at last. Melon and Caxtonian were all the rage for the Biennial, the former a Mentmore-bred one, bought by the Duke of Hamilton as a yearling for 500 guineas. He looked to us to want time, one of those youngsters who ought not to be hurried at all in their younger days, but who, as a rule, are perversely selected by their owners, and are put through the mill when they ought to be eating the corn of idleness. There was a good-looking though not particularly fashionably bred one from Findon, Scapegrace, a son of Wild Oats and Pompano, belonging to Mr. Gosden, whom his stable did not much fancy, seeing how badly the Saratoga colt had run, and the latter in private was his superior. But two-year-olds this year, at least, are 'kittle cattle,' and dark ones the very mischief. Scapegrace came to the front at the distance, and though Caxtonian and Melon did what they could they were unable to reach him, and he won very cleverly by half a length. The Cup Day is a Hampshire festival, much appreciated by 'the brave women and fair men' of that sporting county, though they did not muster in very great force on this occasion. The club stand was full of the usual Bibury faces, but the ladies were comparatively few, neither was the sport quite up to the mark of former years. The best thing was the weather, one of the glorious summer days we had before the extreme heat set in, and we could lounge about on the lawn, or partake of Danebury hospitality while Mr. Tattersall was selling his yearlings. They were not a very interesting lot, though there was a Queen's Messenger filly and a Prince Charlie filly that looked like racing and certainly were not dear. Speculation was so much better class to anything else in the Andover Stakes that it was no wonder he won so easily, and a great wonder that bookmakers did not ask for odds on him. Leopold was pitched upon by the talent as a horse that could not be beaten for the Beaufort Handicap, the form of The Reeve, who had won the Odiham Handicap two days previously, being ignored. However, the latter had Leopold beaten at the distance, and won in a canter by two lengths from Brown Archer. The most astonishing turn-up was to come. There were only Lollypop and Ecossais in the Stockbridge Cup, because Alcazar, though a runner, could not be said to be in it. From the recent form of Lollypop it looked any odds on him. At Newmarket, Ascot, &c., he had shown himself what we believe he is—a wonder; and as Ecossais had been running indifferently it was all the odds of 9 to 2 on the Duke of Hamilton's horse. Certainly Ecossais looked better than we had seen him this year, a 'big' appearance about him suitable to a horse under his conditions; but then Lollypop looked equally well; so those who cared to bet,—and remember we have quite as alarming plungers as there were ten or fifteen years ago, men who would calmly lay their 900 to 200 and come up smiling after defeat,—why, there was betting on the race. After it, and when from the start, or before they had reached the brow of the hill, it was seen that Lollypop was in dire trouble—we did hear of some superior beings who had taken

the 9 to 2 or the 5 to 1, as the case might be. We are sorry here to say we always look with suspicion on those statements. There is a class of racing men who always win. Do not our readers know them well? They are little gamblers, generally of the mildest order, but they are great in lying. They turn up after some wholesome outsider at 100 to 6 has brought it off,—something that no one has backed for a sixpence,—and you see them in a circle of perchance disconsolate faces, with a fatuous smile and a forced hilarity on their countenances. They chuckle as you approach them. 'Took '20 to 1 about that; ran against Tom Jones just as I was going into the 'ring, and he said, "Mr. Smith, I knew your great aunt very well, and I "have known you since you were a boy—so have a little on Ananias;" and so 'I did.' The lie imposes on no one; but its utterance seems to give the greatest satisfaction to the utterer. A pitiful ambition—but then, what would you, my friends? We all have our little weaknesses; and if Smith's weakness is the backing of imaginary winners, why should he not indulge in it? That old reprobate, Shyashington Doo, on the other hand, can with difficulty be brought to confess that he ever backs a winner; and yet we would lay odds on Shyashington.

But we have wandered away from the Stockbridge Cup and the totally unexpected defeat of Lollypop. That was a facer indeed; and even Smith lacked courage to say he had backed Ecosais. Only the superior beings who bet in hundreds were equal to that occasion. The running was certainly most extraordinary, because Custance on Lollypop, who had been ordered to come away with him, under the belief that he would settle Ecosais before they had gone a quarter of a mile, was never able to come away at all. They ran together to the base of the hill, and there Ecosais took a slight lead, which, improving at every stride, he finally quitted the favourite in the dip, and won very easily indeed. That this was Lollypop's true running was asking us too much to believe. It was one of those puzzling exhibitions of which this year of confusion has given us so many. And yet the most puzzling part of it was that the running was at Newmarket in some way confirmed.

Then Strathern was beaten by Scapegrace in the Mottisfont Stakes, a thing no one, Mr. Gosden and William Goater included, thought possible. Elf King went very fast for about four furlongs and then cried enough, and though Strathern's stable said it was all wrong, and that want of pace was the reason of his being beaten, yet we must perforce entertain a very high respect for Scapegrace as one of our best two-year-olds. The exact A 1 we confess we have not spotted yet, and we must see the Chance colt again, and, it may be, a dark flyer in the Middle Park before we make up our mind. Of one thing we are certain, that there are some good ones about, and our ears will not on and before the next Derby be annoyed by a perpetual repetition of 'moderate 'lot' in them. The rich Hurstbourne was a good thing for Caxtonian, who won so easily that it of course enhanced the excellence of Scapegrace. Lord Falmouth ran Ringleader, a son of Musket, who may be heard of again, and Melon ran well enough to cause us to expect him to do better in the future. And so good-bye for the present to Danebury Down.

It is the Ditch of King Offa to which we are summoned, pleasantest of spots this side of Goodwood, or indeed at any time of the year when woods are green. Why, oh why does not the Jockey Club have a second July, say the week before Goodwood, or the week after Brighton and Lewes,—a three days' meeting on that most elastic of courses? We have often pleaded for it, and now with the remembrance of a charming week spent there, partly at the old Rutland, *templum quam delectum*, partly under the shadow of the

plantation, where, assuredly, *dulce est desipere*, we plead for it again. We fear, though pleasant as we found the other side of the Ditch, our feelings were not shared by the majority of Newmarket *habituels*. These terrible horses, how they ran. Here and there a favourite was up to the form expected of him, but in the great majority of instances form was cast to the winds. Ambergris began the sport badly on the first day, by not running up to his in the First Welter, and Vril carried it on by wofully disappointing his backers, and the great Wales in the Selling Stakes. It is true Ruperra won the July, as indeed he was bound to do, much as the Gunnersbury people declared their horse had improved. Gunnersbury, however, always looks in our eyes what we may call a three-year-old horse, a fine strapping gentleman that we should not mind being on about next Leger twelvemonth if he had done pretty well in the meantime. They meant business, however, this time with him, and Jeffery brought him along at such a pace, that at the plantation corner he was full three lengths ahead, and Fordham was seen to be riding Ruperra, rather to the dismay of the latter's backers. We suppose the favourite is a lazy horse, but at all events he is a game one, for he responded gallantly to his jockey's call, and Gunnersbury coming back to him, George brought Ruperra with one rush and landed him a clever winner by half a length, a very fine bit of jockeyship. The winner is a good horse we have no doubt, for it was well known he had been amiss for some time, and was anything but fit when he ran. The only other event of the first day calling for notice was the defeat of Trappist by Chevron in the Cheveley Stakes. Captain Prime's horse was as well as ever he was in his life, but yet he was the first in trouble, and when Chevron came to the front half way down the hill it was all over. Captain Machell was astounded. He knows what Trappist is, and evinced his high opinion of him by immediately asking Mr. Leleu to put a price on Chevron. This was done, and for 1500 guineas the horse changed hands. 'Why did you buy Chevron?' said a friend. 'Because he beat Trappist,' quoth the captain.

There was one drawback to the July this time. The sun would not shine on us, or it did at rare intervals, and the Bunbury Mile lacked colour. Moreover, it was almost chilly on the Wednesday, and we could have borne an overcoat, which, at this present writing, sitting as we are in the nearest approach to a thorough draught that we can get, and with the thermometer 80° in the shade, sounds curious. The sport on the second day was not of a very eventful order, and perhaps the most remarkable circumstance was that Mr. Savile won a race, and with that Ravioli filly, who is about as common a maiden as we have seen this year. Miss Molly was the favourite, but there were several backed, including the winner, so we trust her owner had something 'on,' and that this race is a turn in the long lane of ill-luck. Vril behaved better in the Selling Stakes this afternoon than he did on the previous one, and disposed of a good field very easily. There was gnashing of teeth on the Exeter Stakes, on which Lansdown, a great favourite on 5 to 2, found the distance too short, and another furlong or so would have suited him better. High and Mity, who we thought at Ascot had a turn of speed for a short distance, beat Muley Edris cleverly, in a great measure owing to a judicious rush of Snowdon's, and Lansdown, who was just beginning to go, ran into a good third. People were rather afraid of Trappist in the July Cup after his race on the previous day, so Lollypop was made favourite, and though Julius Cæsar is not a six furlongs horse, he found many supporters as he had a pull in the weights. It was thought the hill would settle Ecossais, but it did not, and so bold did he look coming up it that his backers shouted, but near the top Trappist came out, and, shaking off Ecossais, won very easily by half a



length, and again had the great backer of Archer a good day, as 5 to 1 is not a price at which that young gentleman generally starts. Spiegelschiff beat Ambergris in the Beaufort Stakes, and Jannette over the Bunbury Mile in the Midsummer Stakes easily disposed of Thurio, for whom the distance was not far enough. On the spur of the moment 4 to 1 was the best offer against Lord Falmouth's mare for the Leger, but we did not hear that anybody was foolish enough to take it.

Thursday's card looked more like that on a big Houghton day than on the once quiet July. There were the usual amount of handicaps, only interesting to those who betted on them; but the Chesterfield Stakes is always an interesting race, in which we are sure to see something pretty good, and we were not disappointed. It was not altogether good judgment making Gunnersbury the favourite for a half-mile race, it struck us, particularly with such a racing-like looking daughter of Kingscraft in it as Leap Year, dark though she was, and suffered to start too at 7 to 1. It was said, after the race, that Lord Falmouth did not much fancy her over this distance, though her trial, some pounds better than Muley Edris, was good enough. She was much admired in the paddock, and rode in such hollow style that she is probably very smart. Gunnersbury never got on terms with his horses, and Ismael, second to the winner, must be added to the list of other French young ones we have seen this season who will run better later on. The Summer Cup looked like being a failure at one time, and there was a hocus-pocus game played with the telegraph board,—horses' numbers appearing only to be taken down,—which was mysterious, to say the least. At length it appeared there were only two runners, Lord Clive and Bonby Betty, which was equivalent to there being only one, as Lord Clive, hard held, came in two lengths before the mare, and the handsome silver-gilt flagon and goblets were not given. It is wonderful how cups do go a-begging. Turtle Dove won a Maiden Stakes for her new owner, Count Jaraczewski; and that useful colt, Bumpkin, beat Princess Charlotte in a Selling Stakes. The concluding day was dull. Lord Falmouth introduced us, in the Stetchworth Stakes, to another of his young ones, Whirlwind filly, by Thormanby or Kingcraft—Hurricane, who, with a high reputation, only just got home by a head in front of Breadfinder; and Chevron, now running as game as a pebble, won the Newcastle Stakes, after a very fine finish with Satira.

Mr. Tattersall's hammer had been busy all the week from an hour after breakfast to (with the interval of racing) close upon dinner-time, but not with any great results. Here and there something very good-looking in the yearlings way fetched a price, one or two of Mr. Chaplin's, one of the Yardley stud, &c.; but, as a rule, they were given away, those that were sold, and when Friday morning arrived, and there were about thirty people in the paddock to see the remainder of the Yardleys disposed of, the game was evidently up. The fact is that the sales here have been getting overdone. For the first year or so when they were started and the business was moderate horses sold fairly, now everybody making a rush for Newmarket, combined with there being really such little money forthcoming, has brought about failure. We are overbreeding,—a truth that we are reluctant to confess; but it may be as well to look it in the face. Middle Park has failed, and Mr. Blenkiron has wisely bowed to the inevitable, and is going to dispose of the stud. There may be better times in store for breeders when the depression which has so long paralysed the commercial world shall have passed away under the present aspect of a European peace; but we cannot promise them any revival just at present. It is true Doncaster may turn out better than Newmarket, and we hope it will; but still we cannot help

believing that we have rushed into breeding with lack of judgment and over zeal.

Yet another race meeting to add to the big volumes of races past and to come, another of these new institutions, racing clubs, which, in the case of Sandown Park, has proved such a happy thought, and which now finds a friendly rival in Kempton. We have before in these pages kept our readers *au courant* with the rise and progress of the undertaking, and need not enter more into particulars here than to say that the directors held their first meeting on the 18th of July and two following days, and that though the Club and Public Stands' Lawn, &c., were all in an unfinished state, and a good deal remains to be done to the course itself, yet there was enough to show the great capabilities of the places for racing purposes, and to enable visitors to form an opinion as to its ultimate success. A great deal of work had been got through since we paid a visit to the place about three weeks previously—thanks to a general putting of the shoulder to the wheel on the part of every one concerned from Mr. Hyde, the resident secretary, downwards. As we have before said, the success of Sandown, a success that has effectually taken away the reproach from a metropolitan meeting, prompted the idea of Kempton, and while the former club will always hold its own as one of the most naturally favoured and charming places possible where races can be held, Kempton will please a large class of sportsmen, who, not much alive to the beauties of nature, prefer a good course above everything. Colonel Peyton, the Chairman of the Board of Directors, has that amount of *amour propre* to make him determined that everything he takes an interest in shall be as perfect as judgment combined with outlay can make it, and in the getting up of the club he will be ably seconded by the secretary, Mr. Seymour Portman, a gentleman so well known in general society that his name is a sufficient guarantee for the popularity of the appointment. Of the sport at Kempton Park, which was very good, particularly on the last day, we do not propose to speak here. Our racing parcel is a heavy one, and its various items are not yet exhausted. We hope to see Kempton under even better auspices in October.

Two days at Sandown,—one, owing to the weather, rather dull,—the other, owing to our Princess, unusually brilliant and gay. A notification that she and her royal husband would drive over on the 26th from Strawberry Hill, where they had been staying for the *bal masque* given by Lord Carlingford and the Countess Waldegrave, drew together on the Club lawn and in the spacious luncheon marquees a great many of the leaders of fashion and a greater number of those who here follow in their wake. The Duchess of Manchester, Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury (a familiar figure, some time an absentee, but now happily restored to us), Prince Christian and Prince Louis of Battenberg were with the Prince and Princess of Wales, and some of the *belles* of society were scattered over the lawn. The two leading beauties were fortunately not there. We say fortunately, because we escaped the infliction of the insatiable country cousin, who at all places of public resort clutches you vehemently by the arm and demands that he or she may be immediately taken and planted *vis-à-vis* to Mrs. Langtry or Mrs. Cornwallis West, as the case may be. The much-to-be-pitied ladies in question were, we hope, resting from their labours in comparative retirement,—secure from the ruthless eye of the British matron apprising them from head to heel,—shielded from the obtrusive gaze of the British snob. There were many speculations as to their absence. As Aristides, wearied of being called Just, had the praise of their beauty palled at last on their ears? Had they abdicated their thrones? In the zenith of their power and the plenitude of their fame had they laid down their sceptres, and, like Charles the Fifth, retired

to a monastery,—we mean a nunnery,—there to meditate on the vanity of earthly joys? All we can say is, that they were not at Sandown.

The sport was good, exceptionally so, considering the near approach of the Sussex fortnight, beloved of book-makers and ladies and gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion. We never expect large fields at this period, but Sandown kept itself pretty well up to the mark; and on the first day there was a feast of good things,—Caramel, Xantho, Jupiter, Phillippina,—the latter the most particular of good things, and one about which bookmakers offered to take even money, when in reality it was 5 to 1 on her. This was very singular indeed, but it was not for backers to find fault with such bread and butter. The second day was not quite so fortunate, and 'mistakes' were made which sent us home in not the happiest frame of mind, though the men who chose to lay 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on Ecossais on the Cup, 'got it all back 'again,'—at least they said so.

Messrs. Bertram and Roberts had more space allotted to them for their particular operations, and this time there was no overcrowding in the extra marquees that had been erected. Quite a continental flavour, or rather, perhaps, that of a fancy fair, was given to the meeting by the appearance of half a dozen children in costume who handied about ices, fruit, and flowers, and waited duteously on the steps of their foster-father, Sir Wilfrid Brett, who was responsible for their appearance. Some slight improvement might have been made in the colours selected, and if the 'Van' Driver had been consulted (he was admitted to a private view, but then it was too late) he thinks he would have changed the stockings. But Mr. Baily will be pulling him up sharp if he dwells longer in such trivialities. Let him only add that that Sandown second day was perfect. All enjoyed themselves—every one was happy.

The hound show at Peterborough on Thursday, July the 4th, was such a complete success that we hope that it will become an annual one. The managers very wisely consulted Mr. Tom Parrington, whose long experience in arranging the Yorkshire horse and hound shows made him far and away the best person they could have applied to for assistance; and the result was that it was admitted by those who had never missed a hound show in Yorkshire, that the recent one at Peterborough not only equalled, but actually surpassed any that had been held elsewhere. Twenty-one packs of hounds were well and worthily represented, and the appearance of the Hunt servants in full hunting costume so enlivened the scene and formed so interesting a group, that it is greatly to be regretted that some good photographer did not profit by the occasion and take a picture, which would have been very popular and remunerative, and we hope that next year the idea may be adopted. Hounds and their huntsmen came from all parts of England; and although most of the leading packs in the Midland countries were represented, some were 'conspicuous by their absence,' at which we were not a little surprised, and we hope that next year they will put in an appearance; for if Mr. Fenwick and his huntsman, Nicholas Cornish, can come from Northumberland in the north, and George Champion from Sussex in the south, it seems somewhat strange that some who live quite close by should be absent. These hunting reunions during the summer are very agreeable, as they enable the huntsmen and hunting men to meet together on common ground, and promote that harmony and good feeling amongst them which ought ever to prevail. Unlike some other smaller shows, there is always a feeling that the judges do their best, and nineteen times out of twenty they are right in their decisions, and those who have not got a blue ribbon feel satisfied that it has been rightly awarded. On this occasion the judges were the Earl of

Macclesfield, the Earl of Coventry, and Mr. Tom Parrington, while as spectators around them was a host of talent: Masters of hounds being represented by the Marquis of Worcester, the Marquis of Waterford, the Marquis of Huntly, Earl Fitzwilliam, Mr. George Lane Fox, Colonel Anstruther-Thomson, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Galway, Lord Carington, Sir Richard Glyn, Colonel Fairfax, Messrs. Frank Foljambe, George Fenwick, Anthony Hamond, A. H. Sumner, Robert Arkwright, Charles Lindsell, John Coupland, J. R. Howell, Charles Godman, R. Lant, H. H. Langham, and some past Masters; amongst whom were Mr. Henry Villebois and Mr. Tom Duffield, the Hon. Charles Fitzwilliam; and hunting men came from all parts of the kingdom. Amongst huntsmen who were spectators, Frank Goodall from Ascot, and Dick Roake from the South Berks, to see their numerous old Midland county friends, by whom both were warmly welcomed; Nimrod Long (with a moustache—what would poor Percy Williams have thought?) from Louth to see his old pack, and Frank Beers from Wakefield Lawn were amongst the spectators, as were also Tom Champion from Lord Zetland's, Bob Worrall from the Old Berkeley, in solemn garb, having left his orange coat at home; George Orbell from the Blackmore Vale, little Jack Hazelton from the Heythrop, John Bailey from the Cambridgeshire, Stephen Dobson from Essex, looking very round and rosy, and old Jack Parker from the Sinnington, with a much smarter hat than ever we saw him wear in Yorkshire. In the first class George Carter got the first prize for Unentered Dog-hounds, for which there were sixteen entries, with his Hermit and Selim, both by that famous hound Somerset; while the second prize was awarded to the York and Ainsty for their Fugitive and his brother Fleecer. A better-looking lot of hounds rarely have been seen together. In the second class, the prize for two couple of Entered Dog hounds, for which there were eleven entries, was given to Alfred Thatcher, the new huntsman of the Brocklesby. The third class of Stallion Hounds produced a rare lot, amongst which were the Atherstone Somerset and Traitor, both rare good hounds in their work, the Quorn Governor, and the Pytchley Comus, when after due deliberation the judges again gave this prize to the Brocklesby Glider, one of the lot which had won in the class before. At this period of the day an adjournment was made for luncheon, and happy was the man who had brought his 'nose-bag' with him, for anything worse than the arrangements for refreshments could not be, as at a drinking bar in the hound-show yard not even a biscuit could be obtained. When the judging was resumed, another pause was made to make everything ready for the entry of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were escorted to the gate by half Peterborough and a very provincial band of music. Their Royal Highnesses passed through a double line of all the Hunt servants, who in their scarlet coats made a famous guard of honour. The Princess was dressed all in black, with large red roses, and we never saw her looking better—but in our idea black is becoming to all ladies, only either they don't, or their milliners won't let them think so. Then George Carter got another prize for his Harebell by Somerset, and on receiving it took off his cap and gave such a genuine hurrah that the Princess took it for a sudden uncontrollable ebullition of loyalty and admiration; at any rate, George looked supremely happy. After this, the Marquis of Huntly's cup for three couple of hounds of any age from one kennel was given to the Countess of Yarborough, the mistress of the Brocklesby, with which she seemed much pleased. Then the Prince and Princess left, and also the crowd of gapers, who had only come to the show in the afternoon to see them, dispersed; and then those who were equally loyal and came to see the hounds in the first instance

also left, all expressing a wish that they might meet again at Peterborough next year.

Our hunting readers who propose either to go to the moors in Scotland, sojourn by the anything-but-sad sea-waves of Scarborough, yacht in the Solent, climb mountains in Switzerland, or otherwise pass the months of August and September, as a cheerful travelling companion should look out at the railway book-stalls, or order direct from their own bookseller, 'Tally Ho!' or 'Sketches of Hunting, Coaching, &c.,' by Mr. Fred Field, Whitehurst (published by Tinsley, Catherine Street, Strand). Mr. Whitehurst is a brother of the gentleman who some ten or twelve years ago contributed to this Magazine a remarkably amusing series of articles called 'Paris Sport and 'Paris Life,' and 'What's What in Paris.' These hunting sketches are written very much in the same easy and agreeable style; and as time rolls on they will form a very useful volume of hunting history.

We cannot refrain from drawing the attention of our Yorkshire readers who have not seen it to the capital likeness of Mr. George Lane Fox, the popular Master of the Bramham Moor, which appeared in 'Vanity Fair' of June 29th. It is one of the best portraits we have ever seen, and we thoroughly indorse all that is said of him by 'Jehu Junior.'

Two years ago, Mr. W. H. Tuck, of 204, Regent Street, published two large pictures in medallion form of the Masters of Hounds of that date, which are now well known, and as a centre to them he now offers a most interesting collection of 162 ex-Masters. As far as it has been practicable, they have been arranged in local and chronological order. The north-countrymen being of course at the top, those of the midland counties in the centre, and the southerners at the bottom, so that with the assistance of a key, which gives the date that each was a Master of Hounds, there is no trouble in finding out 'Who's who!' As many of them died before the art of photography was discovered, Mr. Tuck has obtained the best likenesses that could be procured from prints or miniatures. At the head of the picture appropriately is placed the great John Warde on Blue Ruin, who was a Master of Hounds for fifty years. Amongst the group several of the portraits have from time to time appeared in this magazine, and of these perhaps there are no better likenesses than those of the late Lords Rosslyn, Mayo, Hawke, Chesterfield, Colville, Fitzhardinge, and Kesteven, Sir Charles Slingsby, Sir Tatton Sykes, Captain Percy Williams, and Mr. Delme Radcliffe; but it is rather those who have not been immortalised by Mr. Bailey to which we would draw attention, and few will fail to recognise Mr. Sam Bateman of York, who was Master of the York and Ainsty in 1844, Colonel Trench Nugent of the North Staffordshire, Mr. Henley Greaves of the Cottesmore, the Essex and the V.W.H., and Mr. J. L. Francklin, of the Rufford and South Notts. In the centre is the portrait of the Great Hugo Meynell, the first Master of the Quorn in 1753, who hunted that country for nearly fifty years, on whose right are some of his successors, Mr. Assheton Smith, who was Master in 1806, Sir Bellingham Graham in 1821, Sir Harry Goodricke in 1831, the Earl of Stamford in 1855, and the little Marquis of Hastings, who, with his hat very much on one side, recalls him rather plunging on a racecourse than very late at a meet at Barkby Hall; but close by is a grand old sportsman, Sir Charles Knightley of Fawsley, Master of the Pytchley in 1819, and another of Mr. George Payne of Sulby, who was twice Master; while coming down to more recent times this pack is represented by the late Lord Hopetoun, Mr. Craven, and Mr. Naylor. Mr. John Russell Cookes and Mr. Henry Allsopp represent Worcestershire; while coming toward the South we at once see

a very good likeness of Mr. J. W. S. Erle Drax of Charboro' Park, who in 1829 hunted the East Dorset country and part of the Blackmore Vale. But perhaps there is no better likeness than that of Mr. Pain, late Master of the South Wilts in 1859. Devonians will of course identify the Rev. John Russell and Captain Martin Haworth, who hunted the South Devon in 1843; while Hampshire men will at once spot Messrs. Arthur Whieldon and Edward St. John, both well known in the Vine country. By veterans, the late Major Barrett and Mr. Tredcroft of the H. H. cannot fail to be recognised; neither can the late Mr. George Wall or Colonel Bower be mistaken by those who have hunted with the Hambledon. Close by amongst other Sussex Masters nobody can fail to see that Mr. Lee Steere's is a very good likeness, as also those of the late Lord Leconfield and Squire Richardson of Pindon; while Surrey men are represented by the late Arthur Heathcote and Mr. Harry Nicholl, so many years Mr. Mortimer's partner, with the old Surrey. There are many others equally good as those we have selected, we have no doubt; but we are quite sure that this picture will have great attractions, not only for all hunting men, but also for the friends and relatives of all whose portraits are given, and we think that it ought to be purchased by every County Club in the kingdom.

The hunting readers of the 'Van' were doubtless aware that, during the summer, madness had attacked the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, and that very nearly the entire pack had to be destroyed. Nothing remained to Mr. Bisset but a couple or so of old hounds, which had not been with the infected lot, and the entry that he was about to put forward for the year. Under these circumstances it seemed more than probable that there would be no staghunting this season in the forest of Exmoor. Many kind offers of hounds were made to Mr. Bisset by Masters of foxhounds, but, except as an evidence of the sympathy and good feeling of brother sportsmen towards him, such gifts would have been of little advantage. What he required were hounds entered to deer, that would act as schoolmasters to his young ones. Devonians will be pleased to hear that Sir Nathaniel Rothschild has presented Mr. Bisset with two couple of steady old doghounds, from the Baron's pack, with nice 'ticing tongues to call the others to the line. We understand that the Devon and Somerset Staghounds are to take the field again early in the autumn, and, if the young hounds of this year enter readily, there is no reason that they should not have their accustomed sport.

If enterprise and good management are worth anything in these days of high-pressure competition, then the South-Eastern Railway ought surely to be one of the most prosperous undertakings in the country. The other day we had occasion to pay a flying visit to a favourite watering-place on their line, and we feel bound to say that for comfortable and expeditious travelling we give the palm to the South-Eastern. The moving spirit in carrying on the working of the system is, we believe, the manager, Mr. John Shaw, who has been many years at his post, and the highest compliment we can pay him is that to all intents and purposes he is the right man in the right place.

But speaking of the South-Eastern reminds us that there is another institution distantly related to it that deserves a word of recognition, the Granville Hotel, St. Lawrence-on-Sea. That nothing succeeds so well as success is as old as it is true, and we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Davis, the present proprietor, has hit the right nail on the head in connection with the Granville. No pains or expense have been spared in making the establishment what it should be, complete in every detail. In the race for popular favour the Granville will take a deal of beating.

We are very glad to be enabled to state that the 'Cooper Memorial

'Fund' has progressed in the most gratifying way to those who were its first promoters. The number of subscribers amount to 115, and that without a single person being asked to subscribe. In addition to the names we have already given in the 'Van,' we have now to mention the Dowager Donegal, Countess of Suffolk, Lady Alan Churchill, Lady Victoria Howard, Hon. Harriett Gifford, Lady Isabel Atherton, Mrs. R. L. Dashwood, Mrs. Bonsor, Miss H. Hale, Mrs. Combe, Mrs. A. G. Scott, Miss Moore, Misses Elsley, &c., &c. It is pleasant, too, to have to note so many professional coachmen, as Charles Ward, B. J. Hubble, E. Fownes, Selby, and that staunch friend to 'Cooper's Coach,' Mr. Bentley, the landlord of the Marquis of Granby at Epsom, who, with his sister, are both subscribers. All Mrs. Cooper's servants, several of the tradespeople of Cobham, and Mr. Ventham, the coachbuilder of Leatherhead, are in the list. Mr. A. G. Scott, the hon. secretary, who has laboured in the matter so zealously and lovingly, is out of town for a few weeks, but returns at the end of the month, and during his absence we are asked to say that all subscriptions should be paid direct to the account ('Cooper Memorial') with the London Joint-Stock Bank, Pall Mall Branch. It is hoped that the window will be ready to be put up in November.

We have always been about to mention that interesting work on 'The English Game of Cricket,' by the veteran cricketer, Charles Box, but pressure on our space has hitherto prevented us. It is the most complete book we have, the history of the game, both under its old and modern conditions, told pleasantly by one who speaks with authority. A very handsome volume, too, well got up, and we can conceive it being a much-coveted prize-book for boy cricketers. It will be something more than that too, a sterling work and text-book for cricketers to come. We cordially recommend it to our readers.

Amateur coaching has its advantages, and amateur coachmen, especially those within the twelve-mile radius, find the badge which they are obliged to carry a protection. A friend of ours, who drives a certain club coach in the S.W. district, tendered the other night a Hansom cabby a shilling (his right fare) for driving him to Eccleston Square. Cabby demanded more, which our friend refused, and took his number. On that cabby, after his kind, became abusive, and insisted on his fare's name and address. 'No,' was the reply; 'I won't give you my name, but this' (producing his badge) 'is my number, and you can get my address at Scotland Yard.' There was a total collapse on cabby's part for some seconds, but at length he recovered himself. 'Well,' he said, 'I am ——. Blest if I didn't take you for a '—— swell.' We need not say that our friend remained master of the situation.

And as we, burning our midnight oil, preparatory to an early start for Goodwood on the morrow, pen these last lines, we wonder what is in store for us at that ducal meeting, which, as a rule, is anything but 'glorious' to backers. There is a heap of coin owing to that noble army since the bell sounded at Lincoln in the far-off spring. Will they get it back? Will they enter the modern Capua on that Friday evening with flags flying and banners displayed; or will they creep in by twos and threes, a dejected and broken band? We have been witnesses of, and participators in, both phases of affairs. We will hope for the best, but at the same time, girding up our loins, feel equal to either fortune.







1865

1865

Prof. Douglas Whitmore

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### CAPTAIN WHITMORE.

THE broad space in front of the Magazine is at its fullest. The pedestrians are encroaching on the road, and the equestrians are encroaching on the coaches, while the inspector of police is earnestly requesting both to keep back, as he marshals into position each successive arrival. There does not seem room for another, but room must be found somewhere for that matchless team of greys coming up along the Serpentine. A meet, be it of Four-in-Hand Club or C.C., would not be a meet without them or their coachman, and the inspector is evidently of the same opinion, for he has found space for them, and Captain Douglas Whitmore pulls up in admirable order behind Lord Carington and alongside the German Ambassador.

A very old family are the Whitmores. They have been settled in Shropshire since the reign of Henry III., when the Whytemeres, as they were then called, were lords of many broad acres and fair manors. Apley, near Bridgnorth, has been their roof-tree, and for about 250 years one of the family, generally the head, represented that ancient borough in Parliament. Staunch and loyal to church and king during the Great Rebellion, they had to suffer the penalties, and Apley was forfeited, Sir William Whitmore, the then owner, being allowed to compound for that and the rest of the Shropshire estates by paying the sum of 5,000*l*. With better times came restored fortunes, and a Whitmore of Apley was to be found until very lately representing Bridgnorth. Indeed, the fidelity of the electors to the family, and the principles they represented, have passed into a proverb. 'All on one side, like a Bridgnorth election,' was a phrase often heard in our fathers' and grandfathers' days, and though uttered sneeringly, held in it the elements of much honour alike to givers and recipients. Elections, however, in old days were costly affairs. It was not to be supposed that the Whitmores would retain their hold on the loyal borough without opposition, and so in process of time Apley became to be deeply encumbered, and when Captain Whitmore succeeded to the estate on the death of his father in

1865 it was found necessary to part with Apley, which in 1867 passed away from the old name into the hands of strangers.

Captain Whitmore is the eldest son of the late Thomas Charlton Whitmore, M.P., and Lady Louisa Anne Douglas, daughter of Charles, fifth Marquis of Queensberry. Born in 1839, he was educated at Eton, and entered 'the Blues' in 1858, leaving the regiment soon after his marriage in 1867 with the daughter of Sir William Hartopp of Four Oaks Park, Warwickshire. On the sale of Apley, Captain Whitmore bought Gumley, near Market Harborough, in the cream of Leicestershire hunting. An ardent lover of the sport, he is a keen preserver also, and the Gumley coverts have been drawn as many as fifteen times in one season, and not drawn in vain. Hunting and coaching are his favourite pursuits, and no team is so well known to Londoners as Captain Whitmore's greys. He never drives any other colour, and though of course there are changes in the team, there are none in the shape and symmetry.

Exceedingly popular in society, with those winning manners and address which are such successful passports to favour, Captain Whitmore is a good specimen of the untitled aristocracy of this country, a class we are proud of thinking *per se*. That it cost such a man much to part with the home of his ancestors can well be imagined, but there is the family honour still bright and unstained, and the traditions of the old name still to be preserved, and that they will be by the present representative of the old Whitmores of Apley.

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### ROUND-ARM RECOLLECTIONS.

SIR,

Your gratifying appreciation of some hunting reminiscences of mine in your last number tempts me to offer you some almost contemporaneous of cricket. I must again revert to a long time ago, and, like Old Mortality, chisel up some monuments of departed worth. It so happens that round-arm bowling and myself attained our majorities almost in the same year. I have heard that it was first practised by Mr. Wills, a Kentish yeoman, from his having observed the twist unintentionally given to a ball which he had asked his sister to bowl to him—further, that the perfection to which it was subsequently brought by Lillywhite, the Sussex nonpareil, was owing to some defect in his arm; be that as it may, certain it is that his delivery in fielding was identical with that of his bowling. But, again, this may have resulted from his extreme jealousy of the cunning of his right hand, as he would often refuse a hard chance of C. and B., with the remark, 'Ha, where would you be without my *bowwling*?' But in a matter of moment we must pass from hearsay to evidence. In the summer of '27 three matches were played under protest to test the Sussex round-arm bowling of Lillywhite and Broadbridge, which was to be played by the batters of England. The first of the

matches was played in the North, I think at Sheffield, when Pilch emerged from East Anglia, and with good success. Mr. Ward, the great batter of the day, inquired of Sparkes who was bowling to me at Lord's subsequently to the match: 'What is Pilch?' the reply being, 'He might play in any eleven.' 'And Dawson?' he having made the second score; 'Oh, he's nothing,' was the answer. And Sparkes was right, for while the name of Fuller Pilch will be remembered as long as cricket, the name of Dawson has not been known south of the Trent from that day to this. I rather think Bowyer of Mitcham, mentioned in your 'Cradle of Cricket,' played in that match. Sussex won by seven wickets. They came next to Lord's, and there they met the great batter of the day, Mr. Ward, who scored 42 and 20, and said he should have made more in the second innings, had he not been thinking of a coming Corn Law debate, he then being Member for the city of London, so, on his own showing, a victim of Protection. Nevertheless, Mr. Aislabie pronounced: 'Ward has mastered the round-arm bowling.' If he had, others had not, and Sussex again won but by a reduced majority of three wickets, the winning hit being made by R. Cheslyn, then quartered at Brighton, in the 7th Hussars, a cricketer of enthusiasm and fun. He carried out his bat with 8 runs. So far fortune had smiled on Sussex; but the third time of asking was not propitious. The third match was played at Brighton, on the ground adjoining the old Level, the flat between the Lewes road and the present railway station. On the part of England the reserved forces were called out, and Messrs. Budd and Osbaldistone, who had been resting on their oars, came forth to meet the daring aggressors in the legitimate game of cricket, on the part of Sussex. The roads, the streets, the ground, the heights above the sublunary system of gate-money, were filled by tides of people crowding to her triumph, victory must be theirs—an ovation their county's. The match opened badly for England: Pilch, first wicket, down for 3; Mr. Ward, backed for 40, fell for 5. Saunders, to use a Sussex expression, did not seem to 'know whether he was a-foot or a-horse-back'; his mark was a cart-wheel. Mr. Budd won the Leger with 8, and Mr. Osbaldistone brought his bat out with great expression of dissatisfaction, but not much more. The innings closed for something under 30—I think 27. Sussex did not lead by more than 50, still all looked rosy for her, the more so when, in the second innings, Mr. Ward went down for 2 (bowled by Duff of Midhurst), and Searle for 7. Messrs. Budd and Saunders turned the game, the latter, finding no place for his forward play and drive, changed his action, brought his wrist to bear, cut beautifully, and though hitting left-handed with a vertical bat, and sending the ball spinning very high in the air, still punished severely to leg. Budd made 14, Saunders 44, Hampshire Beagley added 25 or 26, when the present Henry Kingscote walked to the wicket, 6 feet 3 inches in height and handsome in proportion, a very fine player, but more dangerous than dependable. His time was at hand, and a full swing from his windmill arm caught

Lilley on the rise, sent him clean out of the ground across the road into Hanover Crescent (it was a prodigious hit, portentous of that steam power which had not at that time traversed our island or the Atlantic Ocean, but was even then simmering in the cradle-kettle of its existence): 31 was his score. The innings closed for over 160; Dale at point having been most deadly. It was now a capital match, and continued so to the end. At luncheon time on the second day Sussex had two men well set, Thwaites and Dale, with a fair prospect of the game, and well do I remember the care with which the meal of these men was watched. No fighting cocks were ever more carefully tended, though probably more generously. But the Brighton Guides failed in their praiseworthy endeavours. The game turned slowly away from Sussex. Anger and discontent became plain, and it looked at one time as if the ring would be broken, and the game not played out, but happily no such slur attached to this great match. The last ball was returned by Marsden from the off to the bowler, and the wicket put down, and England won by 20 runs. Thus ended one of the 'decisive battles' of the world of cricket, without a breach of the peace. Soon after this the hand in delivery was allowed as high as the elbow; the shoulder came next; then came all freedom to bowling, and the arm might now be as high as high Olympus, as seen in Mr. Spofforth.

C. J. F. R.

P.S.—As I have mentioned one Australian name, I must be allowed, as an old cricketer and a younger brother, to thank them, one and all, for the wholesome example they have set to their older, wealthier, but assuredly not worthier, brethren of cricket.

## HUNTING THE RED DEER ON EXMOOR.

TWENTY years ago the fame of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds had scarcely spread beyond the borders of the wild west country where the red deer still wanders at will as he did in the days of the Red King. Among hunting men of other provinces there were few who had ever heard aught of the glorious chase in that land of far-stretching hills and deep valleys; still fewer who had shared the rapture of a run over the rugged ridges of those moorland wastes. To-day Exmoor is a familiar word which immediately suggests to a sportsman the idea of a gallant stag bounding over the bright heather before a flying pack and a field of good men and true. The fame of their deeds has reached to the remotest corner of England where hunting is a dearly-prized pastime, and followers of fox, hare, or stag may well regard their education in all the mysteries of woodcraft as incomplete until they have taken part in a sport which has been the pride of west-country squires and yeomen for many a century. Strangers now, from every part of the kingdom, betake themselves

to the quiet villages of North Devon and West Somerset as soon as August suns have ripened the grain on breezy uplands and the sound of the sickle is heard among oats, wheat, and barley. Instead of wandering away to distant quarters of the earth when released from the cares of political strife, the hunting man wisely sets his face westward, where, far from the smoke and din and dissipation of town life, he may breathe the purest of air and enjoy the most invigorating exercise. The time must surely come—though let us hope it is remote yet—when the red deer will have died out before the encroachments of increasing cultivation on Exmoor; and possibly only a generation or two hence men may know by tradition only, how a right royal sport was practised there after it had been perforce abandoned elsewhere. In the meantime, however, the inhabitants show a deep veneration for the pursuit and an anxiety for its perpetuation worthy of all praise. Scarcely any other hunting country in England can show a smaller number of claims for damage, and yet there is none in which more opportunities for exorbitant demands offer themselves. The ravages, real and imaginary, that are wrought on hen-roosts by the rapacious fox are slight in comparison with what may reasonably be laid to the charge of the lordly stag in his free wild state. The farmers of Devon and Somerset, however, are to a man true to their love of sport in every form, and so long as the deer are kept down to reasonable limits by frequent hunting, these genial west countrymen will be content to suffer a little personal hardship occasionally. Seldom has a season been characterised by so many good runs, ending with the thrilling ‘whoop-whoop!’ as the last, and yet deer have not often been more plentiful nor prospects of sport more encouraging than they are now, if only the young hounds can be brought to their work. The fatal disease that fell like a scourge on the Exford Kennels some months ago, and destroyed so many trusty favourites of the old pack, might well have discouraged a less enthusiastic sportsman than Mr. Fenwick Bissett, but the determination that has triumphed over many difficulties during the twenty-three years of his popular mastership was not to be lightly baulked. Setting to work with a will, he got together drafts from Lord Portsmouth’s, the Hon. Mark Rolle’s, Baron Rothschild’s, the New Forest, and the Royal Kennels, and having been lucky enough to have kept two or three couples of old hounds away from those that were attacked, he has some chance of entering the fresh ones to the pursuit of deer with the aid of the few veterans as tufters. He has also sixteen couples of three and four season hunters that have so far shown no symptoms of the fell disorder, but these are kept isolated, and only allowed to hunt in a pack by themselves. If he had taken less kindly to the country and the countryfolk to him, Mr. Bissett could scarcely have hoped to go on under circumstances of so much difficulty; but, like true-hearted friends, his neighbours rallied round him in the hour of need. With such supporters as Sir Thomas Acland, the Hon. Mark Rolle, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Poltimore, Earl Fortescue, Mr. Knight, the Lord of Exmoor, Mr. Moore Stevens, Mr. Doddington, Sir A.

A. Hood, Mr. Carew, the Messrs. Collyns of Dulverton, Mr. Worth, Mr. Froude Bellew, and that fine old sportsman and past Master Mr. Stuckley Lucas, to help him by influencing the preservation of deer or by healing the wounds, for which money is a sovereign remedy, his difficulties were met and overcome half way. Nor must we forget or lightly estimate the invaluable aid of such men as the Rev. J. Russell and Mr. S. Warren, both of whom have a widely extended influence among all classes, which they use in their own courteous way for the promotion of the sport they have loved and shared for so many years. Mr. Bissett's liberal expenditure in keeping up a fine hunting establishment with less than a fourth of the subscription which some masters of hounds demand, was worthy of all possible recognition, and it has taken the form of a cordial support from landlords and tenants which we may be sure is more acceptable to him than anything else could be. To hold the reins of Mastership amid a field of such keen and courteous sportsmen is a distinction that any man might covet; to have gained the firm friendship and good-will of all is a still higher honour. Former Masters, with two exceptions, have been natives of the soil and men of note in their country. Mr. Walter of Stevenstone hunted the district more than a hundred and seventy years ago; then came Lord Orford, Mr. Dyke, two Sir Thomas Dyke Aclands (ancestors of the present baronet), Colonel Bassett of Watermouth, Lord Fortescue, Mr. Worth of Worth House, and Mr. Stuckley Lucas, all Devon or Somerset men. Mr. Bissett came into the west country a stranger nearly a quarter of a century ago, but from that time to the present he has been the most enthusiastic follower of a sport, the history of which is entwined with that of every family of note in the country; and when his turn shall come to yield the cares of office to a successor all will say how worthily—

‘He bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman.’

A digression into the history of the hunt is beyond the aim of this article. Those who would learn more on the subject should refer, if possible, to the pages of an interesting and exhaustive work written by the late Mr. Charles Palk Collyns of Dulverton, who for ‘fifty years resided in the parish, relieving pain, succouring the poor, upholding manly pursuits, and actively performing the duties of a loyal Englishman.’ The book is rare now, but another edition would be warmly welcomed by all true sportsmen as a valuable addition to the hunting literature of the country. One quaint and curious practice, prevalent in Lord Fortescue's time, is worthy of record, and I take the liberty of quoting Mr. Collyns: ‘When a good stag had been killed the custom was for James Tout, the huntsman, to enter the dining-room at Castle Hill after dinner in full costume, with his horn in his hand, and after he had sounded a *mort*, “success to stag-hunting” was solemnly drunk by the assembled company.’ Those were days when open house was kept, not only at Castle Hill, but in all the country round, and all

who came to join in the pleasures of the chase were warmly welcomed by the hospitable squires of Devon. The spirit of genial hospitality still lingers in this pleasant corner of England, and the stranger who visits it for a few months will find himself at the covert-side among some of the truest sportsmen and most courteous gentlemen. Those who have once visited Exmoor during the hunting season will feel a strong temptation to return there year by year when the autumn days come round; and a fixture at Cloutsham, Hawkcombe Head, Comer's Gate, Yard Down, Cutcombe, or the Quantocks, revives recollections of many a glorious run over the rugged hills and through the shadowy valleys of the beautiful west. Like Mr. W. Karslake, Dr. Budd of Bath, Mr. Bolden of Northampton, Mr. Worsley Battersby of London, and many more, they will come back to take up their quarters at Dulverton, Exford, Minehead, or Lynmouth, and will be loth to leave those cheery quarters until the season for fox-hunting is at hand. Colonel Anstruther-Thomson came down for the opening day last month, and bore away with him a love of the kingly sport which might perhaps bear future fruit in Fifeshire, or some other part of Scotland, were it possible for the red deer to be preserved for the chase in their lonely Highland haunts.

Let the stranger who has never yet experienced the delight of following the wild monarch of the forest follow the example of the keen sportsmen I have named. If he determine on a lengthened stay he may send his own stud of sturdy, clever little nags, selected rather with a view to their blood and bone than to any fancied perfection of form; or he may trust wholly to local resources, which are not likely to fail him if he be not over fastidious. The young hounds will have settled into their work by the middle of September, the stags will have got rid of the 'velvet' which had previously encased their branching horns, and have put on the full glory of their beamed frontlets, 'the brow bay tray and points on top' which proclaim them 'warrantable' deer worthy to be chased by the stoutest hounds, fleetest steeds, and boldest horsemen of the land. A quick journey of little over five hours in a cosy carriage of the Great Western Railway will bring the Londoner into the heart of this wild country of lofty hills and grandly romantic scenery; and no pleasanter place to spend an autumn holiday need be desired than either of the towns and villages that lie within easy reach of all the best fixtures.

With a young pack which had never been entered to stag, the huntsman, clever and painstaking as he is, could not expect to do much during the first month. The opening day at Cloutsham on the 13th of August was characterised by boisterous weather and little sport. The following Tuesday the new pack was taken to charmingly picturesque headlands overhanging Porlock Bay and the Severn Sea, and gave a merry twenty minutes from the dense coverts there away over the moors on Mr. Knight's wide domain towards Badgworthy Water, where the young ones were beaten. The following Monday saw the old hounds released from bondage for a



day in the thickets of Cloutsham, and, though out of condition, they showed a taste of their quality by running a hind at a rattling pace over the shingle-covered hills of Dunkerry, the combes and bogs of Exford Common, through two or three deep and densely-wooded ravines, until they got on to a noble stag in the Hawkcombe Coverts, and had to be stopped, as they were rattling him through the oak-clad glens above Porlock. Two hours of harder work for hounds and horses could not well have been found, but still the coveted reward of a 'mort' was denied to the pursuers. The fixture for Wednesday, the 21st, was Comer's Gate, on the Dulverton side. Court, who does duty as harbourer in Sir Thomas Acland's preserves, announced that a gallant 'stag of ten bearing his branches sturdily,' was safely harboured in a wood by Winsford Hill, whither a move was quickly made, and a field of some two or three hundred bold horsemen and fair women cantered off in skirmishing order to take post on every lofty vantage point, whence they might hope to view the noble game break covert. Arthur, with three couples of old and young hounds to act as tufters, proceeded down wind, and then drew cautiously up to a thicket where the hart was supposed to have lain him down to rest after a night of wandering among the cornfields and turnips of distant uplands. A silence of half an hour, then a deep-throated challenge was heard in the glen below, answered by a shrill 'Tally-ho!' from the whip as the stag was viewed crashing through the twigs. Instead of the warrantable deer, one timid hind broke away, but the tufters answered readily to the 'Ware hind, get back,' and were once more on the right line. Every cunning subterfuge was tried by the hunted one to elude pursuit, hinds and brockets were turned out to do duty for him while he lay close in their beds, but in vain. At length he was forced into a corner of the covert, and to give the youngsters a chance of dealing with him on favourable terms the pack was brought up and laid on close to the thicket where he had taken shelter. There was nothing for him now but to face the open boldly, and as the woodlands rang with a glorious 'rouse,' this noble quarry bounded from covert in full gaze of the field. Raising his head, and exposing proudly the glory of his 'rights,' he gave a defiant stamp, then bounded off with a long leisurely stride, in which there seemed more of scorn than fear. But deliberately as he appeared to steal away, the hounds could not keep him in view for long, and before they had gone two miles they were baffled by getting on the track of a hind. Some two or three couples keeping to the right line were out of sight before the others could be stopped and brought back. Meanwhile some of the field galloped hard for many a mile in the hope of viewing the hart as he swept over hill and vale. No sound came to guide them, for the hounds were racing perfectly mute. At length, from one hill-side above the River Exe, the horsemen were greeted with a welcome sight of the fleet-footed quarry, skirting the precipitous heights opposite, pausing every second or two to listen for the notes of his pursuers. Threading a thickly-tangled wood, while a heavy downfall of rain pattered on the leaves, we listened and looked in vain

for any sign of the pack. At length Arthur's horn was heard; in another minute the hounds owned to the line where his majesty had broken across a roadway, and once more we went scampering down rugged paths, overgrown with oak and hazel. In the little river our quarry had soiled, and then laid up somewhere among the heather, whence it was a lengthened labour to dislodge him. Then a shrill 'Tally ho!' that could be trusted took us off at speed up the valley, then away over the heather of Haddon Hill, with a glorious stretch of pastoral scenery and shadowy combes in front of us, backed by the grey outline of the Quantocks far away in the distance. Headlong down another valley we plunged; faced a loftier steep almost without a check, and held on over rolling ridges and down deep hollows, until many a steed was beginning to feel the stress of going, slow as the pace had been up to that point. In a dark fir-wood by the River Tone we checked; then turned back, on the very line we had come, into Haddon Wood once more. The scattered pack could no longer be seen or heard, but only two or three couples hanging on to the scent. It was all over then, and another long run had ended unsatisfactorily. By what crafty means the deer had baffled his pursuers at last, none could say, but he had made his point, and gained some secure shelter where he might rest his weary limbs in peace.

Among a field that is composed of so many good sportsmen it is almost impossible to name the foremost. A stranger, however, who wishes to see most of the longest run, cannot do better than take for his guide either Mr. Russell, Mr. Walter Chorley, Master of the Quarm Harriers; Mr. Nicholas Snow of the far-famed Stars of the West; Mr. Warren, Mr. John Joyce of Allacote, Mr. Bassett, Mr. Froude Bellew of Rhyl, or Will Hawes—though to follow most of them he will often have to ride hard and straight. Some ladies of the hunt go over these rough and steep hills in a way that will put to shame the boldness of masculine followers. Mrs. Bellew, Mrs. Bouverie, Mrs. Charles Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Warren, Miss Kinglake, Miss Jekyll, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Lock Roe, and Mrs. Festing are a few among the many accomplished horsewomen who delight Mr. Bissett's followers by their appearance in the field. The veterans of the hunt are Mr. Luxton, who shares with the Rev. J. Russell the honour of seniority; Mr. Warren, 'Parson' Gould, Mr. Bassett, Lord Fortescue, Mr. Locke of Northmoor, Lord Ebrington, Mr. Knight of Simonsbath, Lucas of Baron's Down, Dr. Collyns, and Mr. Ellis of Morebath. Prominent always among the gallant yeomen are Messrs. Liddon of Winsford, Tapp of Naplock, Harding of Higher Combe, Yandle, Hepper of King's Brompton, Heywood, Davis, Paramore, Lovelace, and Baker of Torrstepe. Among the Dulverton division, who always ride well to the front, are Mr. Robinson, Mr. — Miles, Messrs. King, Tarr, Arberry, Moore, and Clarke; and among the visitors, Colonel Festing and his two very young sons, Lord Rocksavage, Mr. Wood, and Mr. Blagrove.

## 'PEAS IN ONE'S SHOES.'

Obedience is the soul of the army, and no doubt but that the Duke owed his great success to method and forethought and acquiring the entire confidence of officers and men. And if we all, in matters of amusement, who are placed in temporary command, were to follow the Duke's example, and if those, ourselves included, who are put under others when in command would be willing servants to the ruling power of the day, all our pleasures and pursuits would go off twice as well as they often do. The recalcitrant party are the 'peas in our shoes.' It matters not in what sport of flood or field, the man who will go 'on his own hook' is the bugbear of pleasure; and, although he would be angry enough if he was accused of not being a gentleman, the moment, through self-will or temper, he forgets the rule of good-breeding he ceases to be one.

Poor Major Ramsey, one of the Duke's best artillery officers, was sent home in disgrace for disobedience of orders at Vittoria. Being placed with his battery in an important position with definite orders not to move till the Duke commanded him, and yielding to temptation, at the suggestion of a general officer he advanced into action and did good service, but at the critical moment when the French army retreated by the only road open to them, close to where Ramsey's battery was, Ramsey was *non est inventus*; and but for his former gallant services he would have been broken. It is pleasant to know that the Duke forgave him when the Waterloo campaign came on, and gave him the most important post on the hill behind Hougomont. Still, Mr. Gleig, in the 'Life of Wellington,' says the gallant officer never recovered the blow, and his friends had the melancholy pleasure of knowing that he fell like a soldier at the close of the battle; and Ramsey's battery will be remembered as long as the story of Waterloo is told.

The memorable reproof of the Duke to the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Colleges who came to Windsor with a loyal address at the time of the Cardinal Wiseman excitement is historical. The Oxford party arrived at half-past twelve, the hour fixed by her Majesty being twelve. 'I much regret,' said the Vice-Chancellor, 'that we are behind time, but the train was late.' 'I know nothing about trains,' was the answer. 'You have kept her Majesty waiting half an hour.' It was on the memorable occasion when he had to make his Latin oration to the Queen, which he told the biographer was one of the most trying ordeals he ever went through, and whilst the poor old boy [the 'old boy' is used reverentially] was getting his Latin ready, the dons kept him half an hour. I suppose we must accept *cum grano* the story told of him that some one prompted him when he got hazy in his speech as follows: '*Arma virumque cano*,' and that he repeated it.

Now to compare small things with great: if all would do as they

are told in sports how much better it would be for us. As a young man I sometimes saw the Tedworth hunt in the days of Mr. Assheton Smith, and although his temper was none of the best and his tongue none of the smoothest, order was preserved in his hunt to a marvel. His horror was to see stragglers coming in anyhow at any time, some of them perhaps heading the fox or thwarting the hunt in some way, and as the Squire provided magnificent sport at his own cost, he expected, and properly too, that those who were going to hunt with him would be there to meet him and do as they were told. He swore probably no more than was necessary for the good of the sport, like the lieutenant in the navy, who in answer to Dr. Johnson's regret that the naval service was carried on with rough language, told him that the sailors did not understand anything else, and that his Majesty's service could not be carried on in any other way. 'Then, sir,' said the Doctor, in thanking the Lieutenant for his kindness in explaining the system of man-of-war discipline, 'let me request you, as a Christian, not to swear more than is absolutely necessary for carrying on his Majesty's service.'

At the Royal Academy this year, a regular old sportsman who was my companion went clean off his head over a hunting picture, which was down in a corner, of hounds in full cry. No doubt most readers of 'Baily' noticed it. The hounds were all dashing out of the covert *en masse*, and the only prominent figure in the centre was the huntsman with one leading hound going away at racing pace, and in the background, some way off, were the M.F.H. and the hunt all stationary. My friend's remark quite drew a crowd. 'Look here,' he said, 'that's something like a well-ordered hunt: those fellows are all quiet, not fidgeting for a place to cut one another down, but giving the huntsman and the hounds time. There's that young hound, entered this season; he's out for a lark and doesn't attend to his business, and is shoving that hound, who is old and stale somewhat, and who would like to be in the front, and seems to feel that youth will be served, out of his place. The whip will speak to him presently.' And so my friend went on discoursing about the order and regularity in the hunting-field in his day contrasted with the liberties which people take now, and when he ceased talking there was a regular buzz of applause from some admiring old country gentlemen, who evidently were very much at home in the saddle.

As to the cricket grievance, it has been thrashed out so often that the fact is apparent that any one may as well try to influence the rhinoceros with a lady's pony whip, as to persuade a certain section of cricketers, so called, that an engagement to play in a match carries with it two or three implied conditions, such as to be on the ground at the time named, to remain on the ground until the match is over, to do as you are told, and by modesty and good-breeding to set the example which every English gentleman ought to do. The absentees and skulkers are peas in our cricket shoes. If a man gives due notice that his time may not be wholly his own, the

captain takes him on his own risk. The Marylebone Club are models of punctuality, and no one can understand why it is so often the contrary elsewhere. Then we come to the shooting party. There is the man who cannot find his gaiters, and the man who just wants to write a line to London, and the man who comes down late and who "must finish my breakfast, my dear fellow;" and, worst of all, the man who will not keep the line—all this inconvenience arising from utter selfishness. Grumbling is no good, and it is hard to fight this class with their own weapons—in plain English, ill-breeding—and leave them behind, but they really deserve it.

Turning, again, to fishing: what greater abomination is there than having a greedy man out with you? Say that you have a couple of miles of good water—enough to last all day if properly fished. But your sport is all spoilt. Mr. Greedy tries one pool without success, rushes on to another, with that wretched feeling of trying 'to wipe your eye,' disturbs all the fish, votes it a bore, and wants to go home, possibly with the gracious remark that he 'doesn't believe that there is a fish in the river.' Let him have the trap and go if he will; and be sure and thank heaven for your solitude, and walk home in peace, when you have quite finished your fishing, and not before, and the chances are that you will shame Mr. Greedy by producing a well-filled creel.

All these inconveniences are avoidable by people following the simple rules of good breeding; but there are 'peas in our shoes' which come on with double pressure in the shape of people who call, and who 'must take this fascinating book home;' or who play lawn-tennis in your absence and leave the racquets out in the rain, or who borrow a fishing-rod or cricket-bat, and send them back broken without saying anything about it, and you don't discover the mischief till you want to use them. Possibly the obtrusive bores who invite themselves are the worst. You have arranged a nice lawn-tennis party consisting of the retired colonel who was a good racquet-player in India, two or three young ladies who really are good hands, a public schoolboy who is first rate—in fact, a quiet little home party for a good long afternoon, all pretty well matched and looking forward to plenty of enjoyment.

Enter through the garden wicket, by a private way, the Rev. Mr. Twitterer and his two long daughters, all muffs.

'Oh!' exclaims Mr. Twitterer, 'I am so glad to find you playing; Mary and Jane are quite fascinated with the game, and you are *such* good hands you can give them a lesson.' And so a whole afternoon is spoilt by two girls who spoon about with a racquet as if they were shrimping, without the remotest possibility of any mortal man ever inoculating them with a single idea about the theory or practice of the best garden game ever invented, if they took them in hand the first day of summer, until the time arrives when they shall 'go into never,' as the Yankees say.

Don't let us forget the lawn-tennis bore, who won't keep his place and is always rushing over the court, shifting his racquet from

right hand to left, and dropping balls which his partner ought to have. Unfortunately racquet-balls are too soft to do much execution ; but men of this class deserve to be cut over by a back-handed volley.

The self-invited friend in a country house is sometimes a great cause of grief.

The most effective method of abolishing a bore was brought about by an Irish butler in a lady's house in Ireland. Miss Paddiana, a lady of good family and of small means, was in the habit of quartering herself about in country houses all the year round, and being well-bred and amusing, did very well for a week or two ; but when she had prolonged a visit till Christmas, and talked about what fun they would have at Easter, the hostess, who felt 'the peas in her shoes' very badly, took the old butler into her confidence, and his answer was, 'I will manage it, my lady.' So Mr. Corkscrew, going off to Miss Paddiana's maid, said, 'Pack Miss Paddiana's things quick, for she is going to-day.' To the astonishment of the whole party, the old butler threw open the breakfast-room door, and said, 'Miss Paddiana, your things are packed, and the "cyar" will be at the door in an hour.' The lady of the house was quite in the dark, and put the mistake on the old butler. But her guest laughed it off, and took the hint and went ; for although my lady owned the house, the butler was the absolute ruler—for how could he ever find the capital to retire and buy the Hibernian Arms unless the company was changed pretty frequently ?

Once travel with the wrong man abroad, or to Scotland or Ireland, without knowing his habits first, and you will feel as if you had a Lifeguardsman's boots full of peas on your feet. If you want to go up a mountain, your companion has a fancy for going down a lead-mine ; if you want to fish close at hand, he wants to go off ten miles in a carriage to fish in some other direction ; if you like breakfast at eight, he prefers ten, and sulks if you get breakfast early and go out without him. His sulkiness increases if you give in to him more than if you don't, and he is more disagreeable without an imaginary grievance than with one.

A charming travelling companion and myself got the peas in our shoes on one occasion through no fault of our own. He was in a cavalry regiment, and home from India and fulfilling a long-made promise to go with me to Scotland on his return, which promise was carried out. We had some capital fishing on the property of a brother officer of my friend's, who had gone abroad. The factor of the estate did everything for us ; he supplied us with flies suitable to the water, and came up every morning to see what we wanted. We were at a nice little inn, and were in clover, and as lodgers, in the house, made the casual acquaintance of some of the regular customers who came in of an evening to have a glass of toddy and read the papers ; and as we had more news from London than they had we were rather popular. On the Saturday evening a lot of the commoner people came to the little inn, and a fiddle came too, and we all

adjourned into the kitchen, and the lads and lasses danced and whooped, and snapped their fingers, and some of our friends of the preceding evening grew very festive, and became not *ebrioli*, but *ebrii*, and drank and swore not a little, and quarrelled somewhat, and were a great nuisance.

The next morning being Sunday, we agreed to breakfast somewhat later; and after breakfast I sauntered out with a pipe and, as was the wont of Sir Roger de Coverley, who liked to clear his pipes in the fresh air in Gray's Inn Gardens, I was humming a merry tune, and to my surprise, on bidding a cheerful good-morning to the drunkest of the over-night Bacchanalians, he looked at me like twenty mutes and a stout undertaker rolled into one, and said, 'Hush, mon, 'it is the *Sawboth*! you maunna sing to-day!' If the plague had been in the place, if it was a city of the dead, the pretty little town could not have been more miserable. Processions of sad men and sadder women passed to kirk, the old and infirm in old gigs drawn by cart-horses; and so wretched was everything that keeping up the pluck was out of the question. The only thing to be done was to go up into the hills; though the landlord warned us that very likely a minister or deacon might reprove us if he saw us 'taking a walk away there.' I told the landlord that if a minister or deacon interfered with me, it would save my reason, which was rapidly going under the then present infliction, coupled with the wholesome dread of what was in store for us for three Sundays to come elsewhere; and if a deacon or minister would only hit me, and give me a fair excuse to take off my coat to him, even if he was as big as Heenan it would ease my mind. So go into the hills we did, both crushed by the surrounding gloom.

'I say, old boy,' I remarked, 'I will write to London for some flies for Keswick.'

'I won't go to the lakes,' was my companion's reply.

'Why not? You said you would.'

'Yes; but I never expected *you*, of all men, to bring *me* to such an infernal place as this.'

'I bring you here! Why, it was *your* scheme; and you wrote to me to say that Major Blank had given *you* his fishing. By Jove! 'I believe I have your letter—yes, here it is.'

And then we both burst out laughing.

The iron had entered into our very soul, and the *Sawboth* gloom had overcome us, and, on comparing notes, we were both ready to quarrel with our own mothers for want of something better to do. Those were very hard peas indeed, and no fault of our own, and nothing shall ever induce me to spend another Sunday at a Scotch inn in a small town. A lot of melancholy fanatics have no business to make other people wretched.

And now the upshot of all this is, that a little give and take makes life run happily. I dare say I have seen heaps of motes in others, and have forgotten my own beam. But one virtue I believe I do possess, which is punctuality in pleasure, and not leaving a stone

unturnd to make it a success. It is very little trouble, whilst you are about it, to let every one know by what train to come in time to catch the train which all the party are to join; and I am sure in any sport, knowing that all are together is half the battle. A captain in cricket, rowing, football, or anything else, has plenty to think of without being on the fret about absentees, or, equally as bad, about men going away. Nothing is more cruel or more ill-bred than for two or three of an eleven, on a wet morning, voting the whole thing a bore, and going home. There is one very green spot in my memory connected with an event of this kind. Well, to speak the truth, it *did* rain hopelessly at eleven o'clock, and at half past twelve four out of eleven had deserted. The village beadle stood out firmly that 'as the baker's chimney did not smoke, the weather would clear 'at one;' so we ordered dinner for one, instead of two o'clock, and sure enough, as we went in to dinner the sun broke out hot and strong, and at half-past two the ground had fairly dried, and we set to work; and we stoutly resisted our opponents' kind offer to fill up our eleven with substitutes, including two professionals who were on the ground. We preferred a licking with our seven in the field and six wickets to fall, and gibbeting our skulkers as 'absent,' to calling in strange aid. Fortune favours the brave, and we won; and our opponents, who were rare good fellows, were as pleased as we were, and stayed for a couple of hours after the match, and drank the health of the baker who had the smokeless chimney which foretold the fine weather, in connection with the beadle, who was our scorer, and who stood up for it. Ah, poor Mr. Bumble! he has joined the majority, but many a good cricketer has heard him sing at cricket dinners, 'Hup, hup with the standard of Hengland, and 'sink the bold lilies of France.'

Mr. Bumble was no common man, and when two royal princes, who were almost boys at the time, were going to Epsom they changed horses on the way, and had a throw at the sticks, as it was mid-day and most of the people had gone by, and there was no crowd; and Mr. Bumble, who had attired himself in his official uniform and Berlin gloves, did the honours to Royalty and informed their Royal Highnesses 'that his parish was a very loyal place, and 'he hoped that they would *often come and have a throw at the 'sticks!*'

The immortal Thackeray wrote one of his wittiest 'Roundabout 'Papers' on a chalk mark on his own door, and addressed his housemaid through the 'Cornhill Magazine.' May I follow so great an example and address my household through 'Baily'? Every morning a shout may be heard from my bedroom, 'Who has taken 'my nail-scissors?' I have very few peas in my shoes at home, thank Heaven, except the abstraction of my nail-scissors; and may I request those who borrow my nail-scissors to replace them on the nail on the right-hand side of my room opposite to the portrait of dear old Alfred Mynn.

In illustration of my theory of the absolute necessity of perfect



order and regularity in amusements, I may recall an instance of a member of the House of Commons (whom we will call Mr. M. P.) who, in dress, appearance, and everything else, was the pattern of order and method, and who as chairman of railway and other committees gave universal satisfaction by his unwearying attention. We used to smile at one another and laugh when a heavy case was commenced, and we had the regulation speech from him much in these words, spoken in a very slow and methodical manner: 'Before commencing the business, I shall feel obliged to the learned counsel and to the gentlemen who are assisting professionally if they will arrange a scheme for taking this case in some particular order; for unless we adopt a system and stick to it, one and all, we shall waste the public time and your time.' A relative of mine, whom we will call W. S., was going on a visit, at Mr. M. P.'s invitation, to his brother's shooting-box in the Highlands, and he wrote to W. S. to let him know *precisely* (underscored) when he would arrive. I told W. S.—who did not know Mr. M. P.'s peculiarities as well as I did—that he must not ridicule Mr. M. P.'s precision, and must expect to be kept in the strictest order out shooting and in everything else, and sure enough so it turned out; for on arriving about mid-day, Mr. M. P. was waiting for his expected guest, and after the usual hospitality was tendered, and the new-comer had been made welcome, Mr. M. P. said, 'Mr. W. S., I postponed my shooting to-day till your arrival, as you are a stranger and would have missed a day; and, contrary to my usual custom, I will bear you company, as I usually go alone with a keeper and my gillie, as the young gentlemen staying in the house are not punctual enough for me, and many of them will not obey order to my mind. Now' (to the keeper) 'you will be good enough to keep us in a line, and we will obey.' And then he said pretty much what I have repeated above, that no sport can be carried on with pleasure without all obeying understood laws and rules and following them; and he was quite right.

I saw Mr. M. P. once keep a large crowd of people in order when confusion had grown into hopeless chaos. It was at the private view of the Princess of Wales's jewels at South Kensington, at night, and all Belgravia was there after dinner, and the police regulations were not attended to—and the police know that a fashionable crowd is the hardest to manage, for they cannot tell a duchess to move on, or 'run in' a peer of the realm or M. P. Mr. M. P., who is a most polished gentleman, though rather pedantic—or, more properly speaking, very precise in manner and speech—addressed the company much in these words: 'Ladies and gentlemen, my party, consisting of two ladies and myself, are observing the police regulations by walking *not more* than three abreast within the barrier' (this was half an Irish bull, as three people could not go four abreast, which made a laugh); 'and if you will kindly do the same, we can all see the jewels.' He received a little good-natured chaff, and many House of Commons cries, 'Order, order! Divide, divide!'

&c. ; but he was talking good common-sense, and he carried his point, and most effectually created regularity and avoided the crushing, and did in two minutes what the police had given up as hopeless.

Once more reverting to the old Duke : we have all heard how, on going to Almack's, attired in black trousers, on being informed that knee-breeches were required, he thanked the manager for preventing him from infringing on etiquette, and got into his carriage and went home : and how, when on visiting the Royal Academy early, he arrived at ten minutes to eight, and the officials, who recognised his Grace, opened the door and invited him in, but he refused to enter before the clock struck eight, remarking, 'The Royal Academy make rules for the convenience of all, and I won't break them.' Oh ! if he had only been a cricketer, should not I have liked to have been in his eleven with him as captain.

Since writing the above I have, for the first time for three or four years, undertaken the task of taking an eleven out, many of whom came from a distance, and, with the aid of Bradshaw, full particulars were sent to every one of the eleven of the trains which would fit, with an earnest request for a written promise to be on the ground before eleven o'clock. For once in a way all the players on both sides were ready, and willing too, by half past ten, and the result was a charming match. To make doubly sure of nothing going wrong, the order of going in, of bowling and change bowling, and the places in the field, were all arranged over-night, and this little forethought and trouble would make any match go well, if any captain will take the trouble to get the details ready and take the paper *with* him ; and not do as I did, which was to *leave the paper in my coat-pocket at home*. Talk about motes ! That one beam was big enough to hang twenty Daniel Lamberts on. And had I no peas in my shoes that day besides the criminal blunder of leaving the order of battle at home ? I rather think I had. Two months before the match I had the faithful promise to play of an old Eton fellow, of a good old cricketing family, one of the best longstops, and one of the best-tempered men in the world. In the first innings he let one 'bye,' or rather a run was stolen, which narrowly cost our foes a wicket. Longstop, our friend, Mr. Floreat Etona—*horresco referens*—went away at 5.30 'to catch a train,' and we almost lost 'on the post' owing to seven byes.

Had we lost that match, Mr. Baily, 'a demded moist unpleasant body'—as Mr. Mantilini said—might have been brought to your house by the Thames Police for identification, and you would have had to get some one else to growl at the outward world—I hope good-humouredly—in your pages.

Mitcham.

F. G.

## THE SPORTSMAN'S COMMISSARIAT.

SOME forty years ago it was a generally received opinion that the British sportsman could not successfully pursue his pastime without having recourse to strong drinks and overloading his stomach with rich pastry or other heavy meats. After a day's hunting there came a too abundant dinner, and too many bottles of port wine. For any man to go to bed sober in a hospitable country house, after a long run with the fox-hounds, or an active day with the harriers, was considered a reproach to the host, and as evincing a sad lack of that *esprit de corps* which, at the period indicated, was one of the unwritten laws observed by sporting men. But times and fashions have changed both for sporting and non-sporting men, and we have all of us changed with the times. Other and better tokens of hospitality abound now than an unlimited supply of port or luscious Madeira; besides, the modern sportsman knows better the economy of the human body than his forefathers did, and therefore does not indulge more than is good for him, either in eating or drinking. The grouse-shooter of the period, when he goes out on the twelfth to tramp the heather, no longer carries a glass of strong cognac, or a pocket pistol charged with a pint of 'Long John' or Grant of Glen Grant's 'silentest' whisky; he takes with him what would have been laughed at half a century ago—a bottle of cold tea! We have the authority of the Nestor of Scottish sportsmen, whose great book on 'The Moor and the Loch' has just been reprinted, for saying that cold tea is the liquor *par excellence* which will enable a man to last through a long day's deer-stalking. When Mr. Colquhoun first took out a licence, he thought the spirit flask as essential to success as the powder flask, but now he knows better. Another sportsman, whose advice is entitled to respect, says to his brethren who are looking forward to the exhilarating joys of the twelfth, 'Be abstemious.'

In the opinion of the writer, breakfast ought to be *the* meal of the day with all sportsmen; no matter whether the work in hand be deer-stalking, salmon-fishing, black-cock shooting, or fox-hunting, lay a foundation for the labours of the day by partaking of a substantial breakfast. A good Scottish breakfast, let me say; no shilly-shallying with a devilled kidney and a pint of Irroy, but a solid repast, such as is common to 'the land of the mountain and the flood;' to begin with, a small basin of well-boiled porridge with new milk, followed by a rizzar'd haddock, with a continuation in the shape of a slice or two of cold salmon, a plate of sheep's-head pie, some oatcakes and butter, or flour scones and honey, and then wash the whole down with one cup of good strong tea, with as much cream as possible and very little sugar. You are then set up for the day, till five or six o'clock, except, by way of lubricating the mouth, a morsel of bread and butter, with a little honey or marmalade, and a 'drink' at luncheon time is all you require. No sportsman, after

such a breakfast, will desire more food. At the breakfast table nothing that is palatable can come wrong, especially when there is the repose of an hour's drive in a dog-cart to the moor or the loch, or a long ride on some stout pony to the salmon stream. In the art of breakfasting the sportsman proceeding to the Highlands of Scotland, *vid* Glasgow and the Clyde, will obtain a lesson on board the *Iona*, that floating palace of the river. The breakfasts of the land of Burns and Walter Scott have long been famous. 'The breakfasts of Scotland,' said a celebrated English judge while he was rusticated on the banks of Loch Fyne, 'are better than the dinners of other countries.' That is true as a general rule. The 'land o' cakes' has long been celebrated for its breakfasts, the praises of which meal have been often sung by Walter Scott, Christopher North, Lockhart, the Ettrick Shepherd, John Galt, and others. The solids and sweets of a Scottish breakfast table, with its cold corned beef and sheep's-head pie, its salmon steaks, its kippered herrings and finnan haddies, its grilled ham and poached eggs, its marmalade, heather honey, and bramble-berry jam, its delicious cream and oaten cakes, its fresh baked flour scones, its porridge and sweet milk, and its varied background of potted meats of all kinds, would create an appetite in the most dyspeptic of mortals. Having partaken of a Scottish breakfast a man is fitted for the work of heroes. If he has risen from a well-spread board about a quarter to eight o'clock, he may in an hour after have his feet on a far-off stretch of heather, and have brought down his first brace of birds. About four hours after that he may sit down in a sheltered nook to enjoy a bit of luncheon, and afterwards a smoke. As to luncheon, tastes differ. Some men are not satisfied without an elaborate spread; they must have a well-horsed van on the moor at a given hour, with servants and a long catalogue of culinary dainties to select from—made dishes and gout-giving wines are furnished as a matter of course. Let all true sportsmen, while at work, eschew such luxuries. Look at the keeper who is attending you; look at the ghillie! What has made them the men they are but the 'halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food,' porridge made from oatmeal, the produce of those oats which the satirical Englishman was told produced the finest men and the best horses in the world. A *farl* of oatcake and a morsel of home-made cheese, with a drink of milk, will in all probability suffice the keepers and the ghillies for their luncheon, and a sporting friend has, over and over again, assured me that he never gets better through a hard day's work than when his luncheon consists of a piece of buttered oatcake well spread with marmalade, washing his mouth afterwards with half a tumblerful of cold tea. This gentleman has given up, for many years past, the whisky-and-water with which he used to follow his midday repast on the heather, or while in a field of stubble. He even eschews water, and can pass the purling brook with great resolution. There is reason in all this. Man cannot work with an overloaded stomach; when he attempts to do so, his

eye becomes dimmer than usual, and the trigger-finger more nervous than when he is abstemious.

The 'sportsman's cuisine' is often enough a haphazard one. In some far-away places the sportsman is not always able to obtain what he wants, either in the way of necessities or luxuries. During the run of the battues in the shooting grounds attached to the palatial country residences of the English counties men lack nothing; there is set out for the guests a series of tables on which the tempting products of the culinary artist are laid out in luxurious profusion, everything which can tempt the appetite, if not on the table, can be had. In the hunting homes of England, too, there is the same lavish hospitality. A dog-cart, which waits on the express train, lands a codfish and a keg of oysters for sauce at the kitchen door, the coverts yield the pheasants, the stubble contributes its partridges, the home farm its mutton, the park its venison, whilst the hot-houses and gardens yield their finest fruits and most succulent vegetables. There is at dinner, therefore, nothing to indicate that the party are not in Paris or London. It is different in the far-off Highlands of Scotland. There the sportsman and his friends must take pot-luck; Covent Garden is probably seven hundred miles away, and at a shooting cottage in Ross or Argyllshire hothouses and vegetable gardens are not of much account. True, there is the wealth of nature all around; there are trout in the brook and salmon in the river, there are grouse among the heather, deer in the forest, and mountain hares on the hillside; there may be also a few barndoor fowls and some black-faced sheep. But while in the Highlands the sportsman, as a rule, must create his own commissariat. There is nothing purchasable, probably, within twenty miles of where he is living, and even there he may not be able to obtain a roast of beef, unless, indeed, he has given the butcher six weeks' notice of his desire!

Here is a narrative of how the writer's party fared for a season on the moors of Scotland:

My friend Claythorne is a Manchester merchant, head of the firm of Claythorne, Glyne, and Grisdale. Being wealthy, he can afford to take a moor in the Highlands of Scotland, and he does it. At present he is lessee of Skene Dhu Castle, and the shootings of the great moor of Skene Dhu, in Glen Sporan. He took 'the lot,' as he calls it, three years ago, and he generally puts in ten weeks of the year there. For two seasons I have been his guest, and there is usually a party of ten or twelve in the Castle during the months of August and September; there is Claythorne himself and his wife, a tutor for his two sons, one of his partners and his cousin, an English vicar in a hunting parish, who is great as a naturalist and wonderful at making a salad out of nothing to speak of, a lady companion for Mrs. Claythorne, and a succession of fortnightly guests in threes and fours. Skene Dhu is situated in the wilds of Chantershire, and is twenty-eight miles distant from a market town. Loch Dirk, a small arm, or, I would say, a finger, of the sea, is nine miles from the Castle, and further inland are the long low hills that

form a background to the river Kilt, famous for its fine breed of trout. The Castle is at last a comfortable place, but at first we had a dreadful time of it. Claythorne now keeps a score of sheep on feed, and a couple of cows for the supply of milk. Formerly there was, for the whole population, but one cow, in the old clachan of Skene Dhu, although it contrived to support two public-houses. At first when I joined my friend Claythorne, we had plenty of sport, but precious little to eat, and no variety. The English cook taken down with the family was a pronounced blunder; she was utterly helpless. Now we have a cook from Glasgow for the season, 'an artist,' a woman of power and abundant resource, who is equal to the position, and unrivalled in confectioning Scottish soups, and national dishes of all kinds; her *potage à la Meg Merilees*, in particular, is food for the gods, her hotch-potch and cockie-leekie require only to be tasted to be appreciated. I have fortunately taken a note of one or two of her 'bills of fare' as served at Skene Dhu Castle, and these will serve admirably for what I have to say about the 'sportsman's cuisine.'

Nothing more need be uttered regarding a Scottish breakfast; enough has been indicated already about the importance and variety of that meal. The best plan I can think of, in order to convey to English readers who intend to take a moor in Scotland, of what we did at the Castle in order to sustain nature is to give one or two of the *menus*, with a few hints as to how the dishes are cooked, as I took pains to obtain from Mrs. McGeoch recipes for some of her most pronounced dishes.

A favourite bill of fare at Skene Dhu Castle was the aforesaid *potage à la Meg Merilees*, a spitch cock of eels, a 'kettle' of salmon, a roasted gigot of black-faced mutton, a pair of boiled fowls garnished with clippings of broiled ham, a brace of grouse roasted, an apple-pudding, and pancakes. I give the names of all the dishes in plain English, except the gipsy soup, to which I always give a French designation. That delightful soup is prepared after the following manner:—First of all, make your stock as well as you can out of such materials as you have in the house. A few bits of lean mutton, any parings of venison, and a slice or two of ham; smash up any fresh bones you may put in the stock, and, if you have it in the house, put in a little of Liebig's extract, boil all this in six pints of water, slowly, for about four hours, having first added such vegetables as are at your command; a carrot or two, for instance, and a couple of turnips, a tea-cupful of small onions, a dessert-spoonful of pepper, and a little celery seed tied up in a bit of muslin, or, if you have it, a couple of stocks of celery. You must then strain the stock carefully, and add to it such game as is in season, let us say a couple of boned grouse cut up into pieces, the bones having been used in the stock, a black cock treated in the same way, the fleshy parts of a rabbit and hare, likewise a partridge or pheasant. It is not at all necessary to brown these in flour and butter, because the soup will be quite as tasty without doing so; but if it is preferred, they can be browned. A few

potatoes, cut in pieces, may be placed in the mess, as also the heart of a very small cabbage chopped in three or four bits. Season further to taste with black pepper, allspice and salt, and a stalk of green celery if procurable, likewise an apple cut down into small pieces. See that the various meats and vegetables are tender. A table-spoonful of mushroom or walnut catsup may be added seven minutes before dishing, and a few well-mashed potatoes may be gradually stirred in if agreeable. A good cook will easily be able, with a little pains, to prepare this appetising compound, which, when properly made, has a delicious flavour, and with a good helping of the game and vegetables is almost a dinner of itself. This soup is said to have been 'found out' by Elspeth Faa, a gipsy woman living in the borders of Scotland, who communicated it to Sir Walter Scott one day when he took refuge from a thunderstorm in the gipsy camp, and was compelled to partake of their hospitality. It became afterwards a favourite dish at Abbotsford on the occasion of the annual hunt, and used also to be served, by request of a noble Scottish sportsman, at the Caledonian Hunt dinners thirty-five years ago.

A Tweed 'kettle' of salmon is an angler's dish *par excellence*, and every man who is able to capture a salmon ought to know how it should be cooked. It used to be customary in Scotland to begin and end the fishing season on all the great salmon rivers with a boiling of fish, for the men employed in the fishery. A salmon is never better to eat than when it is boiled in a pickle of salt and water and served in some of the liquor in which it has been cooked. Keep the water which is not used to boil the next fish. An eight-pound fish, or two of such weight, fresh from the stream, being deftly killed by a blow on the snout, should at once be thrown into the boiling liquor, first, of course, being gutted and sliced; let the pieces, each about three-quarters of an inch thick, simmer for about fifteen minutes. Mind, these curdy bits of the 'venison of the water' are not to be drowned in melted butter, which is an abomination, and sliced cucumber, thank goodness, is not easily procurable in outlandish parts of the Highlands; that vegetable is even a greater abomination with salmon than melted butter—no sauce for the 'venison of the waters' can compare with the liquor in which the fish has been boiled. I make it a rule never to eat potatoes with salmon, or indeed with fish of any kind—a little morsel of oatcake or stale bread sufficeth for me. As to the saltiness of the water in which the 'kettle of fish' is boiled, taste it when it becomes hot, and when you have so salted it that you are forced to cast it from your mouth it will do. Be sure the fish is ready before you lift it—underdone fish is fish utterly wasted; in ten, twelve, or fifteen minutes, according to season and size of fish, sliced salmon should be ready for the table. Don't serve salmon so cooked (or boiled salmon at any time) on a napkin to suck from it all its fine juices, but send it to table on a cold day reeking hot in a deep dish. The 'kettle of fish' is said to have been an invention of the good old monks

of Melrose, on the Tweed, of whom it has been written that they—

‘made gude kail  
On Fridays when they fasted,  
Nor wanted they gude beef and ale  
As lang’s their neighbour’s lasted.”

Old Lord Lovat’s way of cooking salmon was unique in its day; his Lordship kept a pot of well-salted water boiling at one of his ‘salmon loup,’ on the chance that a stray monarch of the brook might leap into it and become a party to its own cooking! A salmon of course can only die once, and although it may seem terrible, the leap of a fish into a cauldron of boiling brine may, after all, be as expeditious a death as any other which the fish could die. As a rule, a fish ought always to be killed so soon as caught, and not be allowed to linger out a painful existence in an element which is foreign to it.

I have included in the above *menu* a dish of eels ‘spitch-cocked.’ Eels are not a favourite fish with Scottish people—the Scotch having a prejudice against them because of their serpentine shape; but they are a delicious fish despite this absurd prejudice. Here is the way Mrs. McGeogh used to cook eels at Skene Dhu Castle, in Glen Sporan, for the delectation of the Sassenach appetite. First catch them, of course, then clean wash them from any slime or mud which may be upon them, open them and throw out the stomach matter, cut out the bone, wash once more, dry nicely with a rough towel, then chop the animal into about four equal lengths. Dredge these bits of the eel well with flour, which shake off. Next you will dip the pieces into a thick creamy mess of melted butter well mixed with yolks of eggs, minced parsley, sage and onions, minutely chopped, with pepper and salt to taste; that being done, roll the pieces in grated bread, dipping and rolling till well coated, and conclude by broiling them for six or seven minutes on a bright ‘going out’ fire. Anchovy sauce may be served as an accompaniment. A large whole eel may be treated so far in a similar manner, concluding the process by baking it on well-buttered toast before a good fire in a Dutch oven. This is really a superb plan for eel cookery. Another way: open and clean a very large eel and stuff with bread crumbs smeared in anchovy sauce. Sew up the body carefully, and lubricate it well with butter. Bake before the fire.

The fresh herrings of the Scottish sea lochs make a delightful breakfast dish. Split them up and clean them, removing the fins and taking off the scales, dip them in oatmeal, place a couple belly to belly, and then broil them till ready. Excellent! These fish are also good when fried with clean dripping, and a fresh herring is excellent when boiled in salt water.

There is a strong point of Scottish cookery which delights all visitors to Scotland—I allude to the excellence of the national soups of that country. Hotch-potch, cockie-leekie, barley broth, and hare soup have all found favour in the sight of English visitors. They



are all of them soups of 'character,' and not mere messes of stock, to which has been added a little flavour. As a rule, the soups served in English restaurants and hotels, and in many private houses as well, are simply one compound under different names, indeed the same soup 'Julienne' is frequently sold under twelve separate designations. In Scotland it is different. Each of the national soups is so marked in flavour, so peculiar in appearance, and of such excellence as to its palatableness, that it cannot be successfully 'forged.' The hare soup of a competent Scottish cook is as different from the manufacture of that compound in England as a potato is from a pine-apple. As the eminent judge already alluded to exclaimed, 'the smell of Scottish hare soup is marvellously fine; it is of itself 'a better appetiser than *caviare*.' English sportsmen in the Highlands take kindly to hare soup and hotch-potch, and would like to have it in their power to present these dishes to their friends in England. A keen hunting man in one of England's finest hunting districts has introduced Scottish broth at his table, made from a sheep's head, and called in Scotland 'sheep's-head kail'; it is excellent. Scottish broth is a soup of a distinct character, easy to manufacture, and very satisfying to the stomach; this excellent compound can be made either from a piece of mutton or beef or from a sheep's head as already mentioned. The sheep's head must, first of all, be well singed and divested of every particle of hair, but it must not be skinned. Clean it thoroughly in lukewarm water, scraping it all over with a knife. Split up the head and carefully cleanse away all impurities, and cut out the small bones from the nasal part; cleanse and scrape the feet carefully and cut away the tendons, then lay the whole for a little time in a vessel filled with clean cold water, or if there is time soak the whole in lukewarm water for twelve or fourteen hours. The head of a white-faced sheep is best. If you have a large number at table, add some pounds' weight of neck of mutton, boil till tender, tying the two halves of the head together. As to barley and vegetables, put a cupful of pot barley in the water (say a gallon of cold water), also a cupful of soaked green peas; if fresh-grown peas can be obtained so much the better, a tablespoonful of salt is also requisite. Boil slowly—the more slowly the better—for two hours, skimming carefully all the time, then add sliced carrots and turnip to taste, as well as a few small onions cut in quarters, and if it can be obtained a head of well-washed celery. A grated carrot is an improvement. Boil in all for at least four hours, or longer if necessary, keep in the 'virtue' of the soup by keeping the lid on the pot, only removing it every now and then to skim the seething mess. As Mrs. McGeogh says, 'you soon begin to smell the flavour,' which becomes more and more pronounced the longer the soup boils. Dish the head, surrounded by the feet—King James the Fifth used to say that the feet were the best part of the head!—on a capacious aisset, and trim the lot with pieces of the boiled turnip and carrot. Sheep's-head broth is a soup for epicures, and is a favourite dish in all Scottish

hotels, where it is served once a week, generally on the Sabbath day in country places, and on market day in the larger towns. English sportsmen have taken to it kindly, and its appearance at table in all houses of consequence is frequent.

'Hotch-potch' is another of those pronounced Scottish soups which are the delight of English epicures. A good story is told of the Queen, who partook of some *hotch-potch* in the house of one of her tenants at Balmoral. Delighted with the compound, her Majesty asked how it was made, and was told there were turnips *intil't*, leeks *intil't*, mutton *intil't*, peas *intil't*, beans *intil't*, and cauliflower *intil't*. 'Thank you,' said the Queen; 'but what is *intil't*—is that also a vegetable?' Her Majesty knows the Doric better now; but at the time the woman of the house had to explain that *intil't* only meant 'in it.' All the vegetables named, when they can be conveniently obtained, are required in the making of 'hotch-potch.' Grate a carrot or two, and cut into dice one or two more, slice down two or three tender young turnips, shred some parsley, and chop up the inside of a couple of lettuces or a tender cabbage and a few onions; cleanse all nicely in pure cold water. There ought at least to be a pint and a half of these cut vegetables, also a pint and a half of pease, beans, and cauliflower buds, as well as a reserve pint of pease to put in when the soup is nearly ready. Boil well and skim carefully. Some people prepare a stock from boiled mutton the day before they require the 'hotch-potch,' but that is not at all necessary; cut down a few pounds of lean mutton, say six pounds, and place the meat in about a gallon of cold water, and let it simmer gently, adding the vegetables in good time. Let the compound be well boiled, and season with salt to taste; the first quantity of pease will be boiled to pulp; the second supply being put into the soup just in time to be well readied, will be whole; no barley is required. Let the compound be 'thick and slab' with vegetables. Dish meat and all in a deep tureen, and when serving put a piece of the meat in each plate. As Sir Walter Scott used to say, 'If a woman wants to subdue some ill-natured beast of a husband when he is raging with all the sublime fury of a great hunger, let her serve him with hotch-potch!'

Scotch broth is a compound of these two soups; it must be *well boiled*, and any vegetables which are in season may be used. Do not over-thicken it with too much pot barley, and do not spoil it by boiling potatoes in it, or adding oatmeal. A piece of lean beef makes admirable broth, and care must be taken that the vegetables are fresh and well cleaned, as well as nicely chopped up. About a third of the vegetables used in making hotch-potch will be enough. A head or two of leek, half a head of celery, onions to taste, and the heart of a couple of young cabbages, cut into small pieces, will do admirably. A few pease, when in season, are an improvement, and a carrot grated to pulp aids the flavour immensely. Keep the lid close on the soup-pot, skim carefully and, again—*boil well*.

Leek-soup may be made with any kind of meat, taking care that

there are plenty of leeks in it; but 'cockie-leekie,' the culinary 'mystery' of Talleyrand, who never could obtain enough of it, and who sent over to Scotland—to Edinburgh, a cook to learn how to make it, is made with a fowl. Our cockie-leekie at Skene Dhu Castle was excellent; Mrs. McGeoch generally compounded it from a stock made of shin of beef—when she could get shin of beef, which was not always—(about four pounds); this was boiled to rags, along with half a dozen well-cleaned leeks cut into pieces of about an inch, all the green tails being cut off. The liquor being strained was then ready for being made into soup, an abundant supply of blanched leeks being used, and the flesh of a fowl or two, cut from the bones, gives the name to the soup, which must be very well boiled. The pieces of fowl are served to the guests. Season with pepper and salt to taste, and carefully skim off all impurities which arise during the process of boiling. Do not spare the leeks—the soup must be thick of them. Talleyrand used to order his *chef* to boil a few prunes in his cockie-leekie, but to take them out before sending to table. Some believe that this soup was introduced to Scotland by the cook of the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots.

Hare-soup, as made in Scotland, is founded on the blood of the animal, and a good cook likes best a hare that has been snared, as it has so much blood in it. Where the hares are plentiful, the cook will use three to make a gallon of soup. She will skin them and gut them carefully, so as not to lose any of the blood. Be careful of the blood, as it gives character to the compound. She will cut down two of them into joints, and place them in the pot with the necessary quantity of water in order to make the stock; she can boil along with the meat a head of celery, a few, say a dozen, very small onions, and half an ounce of whole pepper. Boil for at least two hours and a half, or till the meat is done to rags; then strain for use. Cut the other hare into nice bits, saving carefully the blood, and brown the pieces nicely in a frying-pan, which add to the stock as soon as it is warm; stir in all the blood carefully, and keep stirring till the mess is boiling; let it boil for at least an hour and a half: when about ready to dish, grate down a potato and stir the flour of it very carefully into a little of the soup in a basin, which add to the mess, carefully stirring all the time; a little salt, say half an ounce, may now be added, likewise a snuff of cayenne; a wineglassful of mushroom catsup is sometimes put in the pot, as also a glass or two of port wine—but these are 'fancies.' Serve the three heads in the soup, in which boil them, after the stock has been made—some gentlemen are fond of picking the head of a hare. This is a delicious compound, and ought, when hares are in season, always to form one of the soups at a real Scottish dinner.

Here is a bill of fare of the 'Abbotsford Hunt dinner,' as drawn out by Sir Walter Scott's own hand:—Hare-soup, cockie-leekie, a Tweed kettle of salmon, baked trout from Gala water, a roasted cod-fish (sent direct to Abbotsford from Fisherrow, near Edinburgh)

boiled salt beef with greens, a sheep's-head pie, roast *gigot* of mutton, a stoved howtowdie, a Scotch haggis, a dish of beef gobbets, an apple-dumpling with cream, pancakes, cheese, celery, Scottish ale claret and whisky-toddy. Previous to dinner a whet of oysters, 'whiskered pandores,' from Cockenzie, near Edinburgh, was always served. Oysters were cheap during the days of Sir Walter Scott—tenpence only for a hundred and twenty, or a penny the dozen! The Abbotsford Hunt dinner was a festival of the period, long looked forward to and much enjoyed in its day. Sir Walter himself was particularly fond of Scottish dishes, preferring them to 'French kick-shaws.' Nothing pleased him better, after a torchlight salmon-leistering expedition, than to partake of a 'Tweed kettle,' prepared from one of the fish which had just been speared, washed down with a plenteous supply of Scotch whisky-toddy. A familiar saying of the great novelist, at dinner, was 'Tastes differ—some people like pud-docks (frogs) and some like porridge.'

I do not doubt but that some readers of 'Baily' would like to obtain an idea of how to compound a Scottish haggis, which is the national pudding of Scotland, the 'great chieftain of the puddin' race' made classic by Robert Burns. It is made as follows:—Boil the 'pluck' of a fat sheep, that is the head and liver; in doing so, allow the wind-pipe to hang over the pot—it acts as a siphon in discharging all impurities. Change the water, so as to insure cleanliness. Mince up thoroughly into small pieces the heart and portions of the lights and liver, with a pound of good beef-suet. The other portion of the liver should be carefully grated, after additional boiling, and all should then be mixed well together, along with some finely chopped onions. Well-browned oatmeal, done before the fire, is then added to the mince, say, a breakfast-cupful. Season well with pepper and salt, and then mix and re-mix carefully in a large basin with a portion, say half a pint or so, of the liquor in which the pluck was boiled. Fill the whole into a well-cleaned sheep's bag, till it is about three-parts full, and take care the bag is a strong and equal one, or it will burst. Sew it up well. Boil for about three hours and a half, and prick the haggis occasionally as it simmers. A little lemon-juice (the least squeeze) may be added, and a pinch of cayenne if approved. If the cook is afraid of the haggis-bag giving way, she can tie it in a cloth. This is a thoroughly practical receipt, but a cook cannot succeed in making a first-rate haggis all at once; with these directions, however, ultimate success is certain, and to be able to compound a Scottish haggis would be a feather in the cap of an English cook.

'Salt-beef and greens,' with sheep's-head kail, is the 'curler's fare' of Scotland. It has long been so, and after a keen day's sport on the ice it is much relished and partaken of by all, laird as well as farmer, who have been engaged in the game. Formerly a good deal of toddy and whisky-and-water used to be drank while the game was in progress, but that is less a fashion now—the drinking being reserved for the dinner-table.

Our party at Skene Dhu Castle enjoyed all the national dishes of

Scotland with the appetite conferred upon them by the grand zest of hunger. The sportsmen earned their dinner by a long day's work, and the empty stomach welcomed the tasty cockie-leekie and the succulent roast of Highland mutton provided for dinner. It may be said that the recipes of the cook at Skene Dhu Castle are free to all, and her dishes not peculiar to the sportsmen's *menu* only. That is quite true; but I wish it to be understood that, when sportsmen go to the Highlands, they cannot find there the foods of Leadenhall and Covent Garden; when wading the heather of the great ozone land, they have often enough to 'rough it,' and it is simply with the view of showing what can be done with the local resources that I have gone over these recipes, which are welcomed by every one who has a cook able to successfully translate them. I have only given the recipes in their breadth, as any cook will be able to determine the time bill of their cookery. I do not like to see an artist of the kitchen sticking slavishly to a recipe. A recipe is, after all, but a foundation that may be built upon.

The wholesome porridge of Scotland is now served in many of the nurseries of our nobility and gentry, and the children of the most wealthy persons could not obtain better food. The great secret of well-made porridge is that the mess should be boiled for a long time, and that the meal should be quickly stirred into the water, so as all of it may be boiled equally. Of my own knowledge, I can aver that a hundred men have turned healthy on the sporting fare of the Scottish Highlands—on the food which they have themselves caught or killed; the deer from the mountain-side, the salmon from the fast-flowing stream, or the moor-cock from the purple-flowered heather. 'Live on a shilling a day, sir, and earn it yourself,' was the advice of a great physician to a numerous band of dyspeptic patients who pestered him for prescriptions. A sportsman cannot live on a shilling a day on a Highland shooting, which is yearly becoming a very expensive place, but he can work for his dinner; a thirty-mile walk over moss and moor soon brings the ruddy hues of health to the cheeks of those men of the metropolis who go north to stalk the roebuck and spear the salmon. The Scottish atmosphere and the Scottish fare are splendid antidotes to the baneful effects of sedentary work in the unhealthy surroundings of a law-court or merchant's counting-house. Every man has not, of course, the resources of a great Manchester merchant at his command, so as to be able to create a paradise on a barren tract of moorland. My friend Claythorne has a big bank account; his friends write when accepting his invitations, 'As money is no object to you, please secure fine weather for our ten days'—and he has made Skene Dhu Castle a place worth visiting; still, everything is utilised; he does not order lamb from Glasgow at a guinea the quarter, or pine-apples at forty shillings each from an Edinburgh fruiterer; but we have capital blackberry-tarts, the fruit being gathered by the little children of the Clachan, who obtain a few pence for their trouble; we have likewise grouse-soup and partridge-pies, jugged hare and

curried rabbit—a most varied *menu*, in fact; fish, flesh, and fowl being plenteously found in Glen Sporan.

I have praised the virtues of cold tea. Cold tea is the great discovery of the age for the sporting man; its powers are only now being made public, but cold tea has been used by ‘knowing’ sportsmen for the last thirty years. Porridge also has been, for many of the deadliest shots on the heather, a breakfast-dish of long standing; nor is that agreeable mess of boiled oatmeal unknown in Leicestershire. Prodigies can be performed on porridge. When the rails of the Great Western were shifted from the broad to the narrow gauge, upon which occasion the men were required to work for twenty hours at a shift, the sustaining power was not beer, but porridge, and the work was well and expeditiously done. Temperance in drink and food is becoming the order of the day among sportsmen, and it is now well known that the man who can lift his horse over a fence in the cleanest way, or whose hand never shakes when he is taking aim at the bounding deer, is the man who indulged least in the wine-cup of the night before—the man who knows full well what to eat, drink, and avoid. The man on the heather, or the man who is following the hounds, should be a stranger to indigestion, and never know that he has a stomach; he should ride or shoot like a hero, and sleep like a schoolboy; to ‘hot and rebellious liquors’ he ought to be a stranger; nor should he burn the midnight oil over the card-table. Let me not be misunderstood. I am no enemy ‘to cakes and ale’; I would only counsel the use, and not the abuse, of the good things which the gods provide for us: as Mrs. McGeoch says, ‘They wha canna dine on cockie-leekie and a roast goose deserve to be made wait for warse fare.’

My allotted space is filled, but my subject is not exhausted. ‘Don’t be prosy,’ commanded the Editor of ‘Baily’; ‘don’t give us all your good things at once; keep a dish or two for future use.’ I obey orders, and conclude with a Shakespearian line or two—

‘Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both.’

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## A STRANGE WOLF HUNT.

It has been my lot to see much hunting, in many lands. Amongst the oaks and bogs of the New Forest and on the broad expanse of Exmoor I have seen the wild red deer hunted and killed. I have heard the otter-hounds give forth their wondrous notes of music in Cumberland, and the old rough-haired harriers speak on the drag in Wales. I have ploughed my way up to knees and hocks in dirt across Holder-ness, or the York and Ainsty country, sailed over the grass grounds of Leicestershire and the wild heaths of the Scottish hills. The doubles of the vale of Aylesbury are not unknown to me, neither is

the turf of the Brighton Downs, and in the course of these wanderings I have seen many strange packs, and more strange sights. I have witnessed a whole field of well-mounted men riding their hardest after a fox which had left a bag not five minutes before he was viewed away, and when at the end of a sharp spin he bolted into a drain, congratulating themselves on the capital run they had. I have also seen a lot of horsemen taken miles over the open after a drag, firmly impressed that they were hunting a hare, when a moment's consideration would have told them that no three hares, had they entered into a conspiracy for mutual aid and support at the critical moment, could have run either so fast or so far. I have had as fine a gallop as man need wish to ride after a sheep-dog, and once rode for three or four miles up wind, racing pace, after a load of meadow hay, which the pack gallantly ran into, but did not attempt to break up. The strangest piece of hunting, however, that has come under my notice is the wolf hunt about which, kind reader, I am now going to tell you.

It happened some few years ago that I was in Paris in the early days of the late Emperor Napoleon the Third, who was, I believe, a really good sportsman at heart, and had during his exile in England, as the princes of the House of Orleans have done since, acquired a taste for hunting, which he afterwards endeavoured to carry out in France. Of course this stimulated a great many French gentlemen to follow his example, if only for fashion's sake, and amongst them was one whose acquaintance I chanced to make, and who, finding I was fond of sport, asked me to visit him in his own country, and see the pack of hounds of which he had kept the breed for many years.

I was only too glad to be able to see something of life in a French chateau, and towards the autumn of 185— found myself in the South of France at a noble-looking old pile of building, though somewhat gloomy withal, where my friend had gathered round his board as cheery and genial a lot of men as were ever brought together outside the precincts of Melton Mowbray. They were all sportsmen, and many of them had been in England, so that I was as much at home with them in the course of an hour, perhaps more so, than would have been the case with a party I had never met before in an English country house.

After dinner was over, and we had played a few games at billiards, in which our host was a great proficient, he said to me: 'It is early in the season yet for hunting, but as you tell me your time in France is short, you must not go without seeing my hounds on the scent of a wolf, and that I hope to be able to show you to-morrow morning.' I must say that not only myself but the rest of his guests appeared not a little astonished at this announcement, as we could not conceive how he could so confidently depend on having a chase at such short notice, and especially so out of season, and many were the questions put to him on the subject. He smiled, and told us to wait another hour or so, and we should see how the thing would be managed.

It was just about midnight, and we were thinking of retiring to rest—at least those who, like myself, were early birds had begun to turn their attention that way—when C—— asked us to accompany him for a few moments into the courtyard of the chateau. Going out with him, what was our surprise to find there a grotesque-looking peasant wearing the berret or Scotch cap of the country, and a red sash round the waist, on high stilts, provided with a lantern, for it was pitch dark, and leading by a chain—what do you think? Why, a huge wolf! Our host gave him some instructions, and away stalked this spectral-looking object, dragging his somewhat unwilling companion after him into the depths of the forest that lay around the chateau, where for a time we could see his lantern glancing amongst the trees, until it finally disappeared.

‘Well, I don’t envy him his job,’ I exclaimed, and asked at the same time what could be the reason of his starting in that strange guise, and with such an unpleasant companion for a journey on a dark night. ‘Oh, he will do very well,’ replied C——. ‘The wolf is a tame one we have had about the place here for some time; and now I advise you to get to bed and to sleep as soon as you can, for you must be in the saddle at earliest dawn, when you shall see the way my pack can hunt a wolf.’ As regards going to bed, I took his advice promptly, but the sleeping was another matter, for I could not help picturing to myself that peasant and his strange companion far away in the depths of the forest, first of all thinking of the treacherous nature of wolves, even when partially tamed, and wondering what would be the fate of the poor fellow should a fall in the darkness disable him and set him bleeding from any wound. Then the absurdity of any one starting on such a mission with a lantern struck me, and I fairly roared with laughter at the idea. And why was he on stilts? was it the nature of mankind to progress in that way in this especial neighbourhood, as I knew it was in some parts of France, or was it to give him greater speed?—for at the time it never struck me that by being thus mounted the man could leave no scent behind to confuse the hounds and make them doubtful of the quarry they were pursuing. At length I fell asleep, and was just dreaming of a fearful fight between man and beast, in which the former was endeavouring with no very great success to beat out the brains of the wolf, who had seized him by the left arm, with the miserable rushlight from his lantern, when a blast of horns that might have aroused the dead, on the terrace under my windows, caused me to spring out of bed and throw open the casement to see what the meaning could be of it all. The first streak of dawn was just showing in the east, there was a mild, balmy air, and such a dew hanging over everything as must have supplied the place of rain in the Garden of Eden; and there, in a strange hunting costume of green (my friend followed the Emperor in his love for the revival of a quaint hunting garb as well as in his fondness for sport), and with immense horns round their shoulders, some men were sounding a



réveille that must have gone well-nigh to crack their cheeks, so much vigour did they throw into the performance. Heavens, what a row they made, and how I hoped, vengefully and spitefully, I admit, that if we were to have much of their performance during the day, one and all of them would get a rattling fall, and either smash their horns or their ribs, which would probably prevent their blowing them again. At the time I should have cared little which, so that they were but silent.

By the time I was down, and had met my host, the horses were ready, and little would any Englishman have expected to see such a grand lot in France, had he not been in the secret that C—— was one of the finest judges of horseflesh in that country, and had nothing in his stables (even for the team) but the very best of English hunters, bought with little or no limitation as to price. My own mount was a well-known hunter, and seldom if ever have I had a better under me. The pack I found waiting for us in the park some distance from the chateau with their huntsman and his attendant—I suppose I must call him whip—the hounds all being coupled and held by the trumpeters who had disturbed my rest, the said huntsman and whip being accommodated with similar horns; and the whole party set up a fanfaronade immediately on catching sight of us, in which the pack most lustily joined chorus. The hounds were certainly a noble-looking lot, full twenty-seven inches in height, with bold big staghound-looking heads and immense ears, black and white in colour; but they wanted the compact shapeliness of the English foxhound, and were inclined to be throaty and somewhat crooked on their legs. The horn-blowing over, the order was given to uncouple, and the pack were trotted across the line taken by the peasant and wolf the evening before. No sooner did they come upon the scent, than with raised hackles, and an angry roar which showed how keen was their antipathy to the wolf, they threw themselves on the line, and it was some little time before they settled down to the melodious cry of hounds in chase, when their voices were as beautiful as anything I ever heard. I could not help thinking what would be the fate of any young wolf on whose line they chanced to be laid in the forest, and how quickly, fight as he may, he would be rolled over when once run into; as to old ones, I believe that, unless they are wounded and crippled by a lucky shot, hounds have little chance of coming up with them as they go on with their long lurching stride for ever.

The hounds did not appear very fast, or to dash and drive much for the lead, but there was a steady patient perseverance in their pursuit that would make them very awkward customers to shake off. Every hound appeared to depend more on his individual efforts than on his companion's, and they seldom overran the scent or checked. Although they would have very little chance with a thrusting Midland crowd behind, they gave us plenty to do to keep with them through the narrow winding paths of the deep fir plantations amongst which the chase at first lay. Here their mag-

nificent voices were of great use in guiding us, as it was at times impossible to keep them in sight, and had it not been for the volume of sound they sent forth it would have been difficult to take the paths and turns which laid nearest to them. There was no fencing save and except an occasional boundary ditch or a gully, washed out by the winter streams to a considerable depth, and often with overhanging rotten banks, which made them, narrow as they were, nasty obstacles to cross, and I was glad to find that the horse on which I had the luck to be mounted left a considerable margin for these kinds of things. No doubt he had been let in by hollow banks before, and found the process of getting in much easier and less complicated than the counter one of extricating himself again.

Presently we emerged on a wide expanse of heath, where the plovers were whirling and sending forth their shrill cries overhead. Across this stretched the pack in a long line, running nearly single file, but going, as we found, much faster than their lopping action would lead you to suppose, did you not try to live by their side. It was a steady, merciless kind of pursuit that I should dread above all others were I a beast of chase. No hurry, but little dash or emulation, but that steady, regular pressing forward that appears like fate itself. For miles we went on across the wild open heath, no sign of cultivation, and nothing but a few stunted trees and brushwood to relieve the eye, until I began to wonder how the peasant and his strange companion had ever found their way through the dark silence of the night across such a tract of country. But there is little time for moralising, for the chase neither stops nor slackens, and in the heath there are hollows to be crossed and rabbit-holes to be avoided, requiring a quick eye, light hand, and active steed. Presently the hounds dive down into a deep rocky gorge thick with a heavy growth of forest trees, beneath which we can hear the rushing of a stream, though there is nothing of the water to be seen, until we come to its very edge, and both master, huntsman, and whip keep a sharp look-out after the pack, lest roe-deer or boar being unfortunately roused should cross in view and lead them from the line. Crossing the stream at a ford we came to some barren rocks beyond, where we had the first check, but the huntsman held them on up a rocky path, where a slip would probably have been fatal to man and horse. Arrived once more on the heath, the pack seemed to run as if the scent was improving, and I began to wonder what would be the end of this strange chase, when we suddenly came once more into the plantations of fir-trees, passed quickly through them, and then found ourselves approaching the chateau from a totally different side to the one we had started from in the morning. Here the pack ran up to an outhouse defended by a very strong door, in which we found the wolf had been secured only in nick of time, as it appeared from the peasant, who said he had just got him in and fastened the door as he heard us come through the plantation. The fact was he had taken a somewhat longer round in the dark than he intended, and in consequence had not reached home at such an early hour; moreover,

his companion had been at times a little troublesome, especially in the dense forest near the stream, and had hindered him. Hence it was that the hounds, on reaching the heath beyond, began to run harder as they were really coming much closer to their game. By the way they bayed and scratched at the door, the wolf must have been very thankful, if such a feeling is known to wolves, that it was a strong one, and placed between them and his skin; and even the peasant turned a little pale as he noted their fury, and reflected how short a time before he was not half a mile from them in the open.

‘What should you have done, supposing they had overtaken ‘you?’ I asked, slipping a *bonne main* into his hand that made his eyes sparkle.

‘*Morbleu*, monsieur, on the heath I cannot tell; in the forest I would have swung from my stilts into the nearest tree, and left Jacques (so the wolf was called) to fight his own battle. *Sacre*, ‘how they rage, *les diables*!’

The hounds were now with difficulty called away, and we returned to the chateau in capital time for one of those breakfasts which are managed so much better in France than in England.

My host was sorry that necessity compelled me to leave him before he could show me a regular *chassé* in the forest, which I equally regretted, for after what I had seen of his pack I felt sure it would be a treat to see a wolf or boar found and killed in their wild state, and his hounds were equally good at either.

N.

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## CRICKET.

EARLY in July cricketers were bemoaning their fate in having to endure what appeared to be an interminable succession of cold winds and heavy showers. In justice therefore to the elements, whose caprices are not the most conducive to the comfortable pursuit of the game, it is only fair to make some amends by way of gratitude for the glorious weather that was the chief feature of the end of the month. The ground was never so fiery and propitious for run-getting, as we have known it in some previous seasons, but there was a chance of seeing the batsman and bowler meet on something like even terms, and, taken on the whole, the cricket was infinitely more satisfactory than it had been on the sodden turf of May and the early part of June. The month was opened auspiciously enough with the Inter-University match at Lord's, although it would be impossible to argue that the slightest interest was evinced in the game from the first ball to the last. There were some of course alive to the fact that Oxford had the previous year completely upset the long odds that were then laid on Cambridge, and hopeful that some kind of good genius would appear to befriend Oxford as in 1877. There had been, undoubtedly, little chance of any useful practice for the Oxonians in the dismal swamp to which

they are accustomed, but we should fancy that their most inveterate opponents could hardly have believed them capable of such a sorry exhibition as that furnished for the delectation of the critical thousands who take or affect an interest in the Inter-University match. Fortunately, although the weather on the day before, as well as the day after the fixture, was showery and unpromising, throughout the game itself the rain good-humouredly held aloof, and excepting the slight absence of sunshine there was little to interfere with the pleasure of the affair. The undoubtedly excellent form shown by the Cambridge eleven in their trial matches had fully impressed the public with a belief in their invincibility, and the extraordinary success of Mr. A. G. Steel's slow round-arm bowling from the beginning of the season caused Cambridge men to be especially sanguine of his ability to deal with the not particularly formidable batting attributed to the Oxford eleven. Mr. A. J. Webbe won the toss, and forsaking the usual custom under ordinary arrangements, chose to give Cambridge the innings. Whether such a procedure was judicious or not is a matter that will provoke a considerable amount of argument. For ourselves we must confess to an utter scepticism in the policy of not going to bat except under peculiar circumstances, admitting of no possible doubt as to the ultimate improvement of the wicket. In this special instance we understood that the Cambridge Captain would have taken the same course had he won the choice of innings, but to our mind there was little justification for such a step, and there was in reality nothing tangible to compensate for the obvious disadvantage of going in second with every chance of having the worst of the wicket and all the worst of the light. Very little was thought of the Oxford bowling by those who had had practical experience of its value during the early matches of the season, but, fortunately, A. H. Evans, the only fast bowler of the slightest pretension to more than ordinary merit in the eleven, on this occasion, bowled above his usual form, and Cambridge, in the first innings only, reached an aggregate of 168, one very much below what was generally expected from them. Mr. A. P. Lucas and the Hon. A. Lyttelton, of whom great things were anticipated, only made 9 runs between them, and more than one-half of the total came from the Hon. E. Lyttelton (53) and Mr. A. G. Steel, who carried out his bat for a masterly score of 44. The Oxford batting was singularly weak, and except Mr. H. R. Webbe, who alone played Mr. A. G. Steel's bowling with any degree of confidence, and Mr. A. D. Greene, who carried out his bat for 35, made at the very sluggish rate of 14 runs an hour, the exhibition made by the Oxonians in their first innings was as uninteresting and wearisome a spectacle as has ever been witnessed in a University match. A timely contribution of 19 by Mr. J. H. Savory, the eighth wicket, prevented the indignity of a follow on for Oxford, when such a necessity seemed far from improbable, and the close of the first day left Cambridge with only 41 runs in hand at the end of a completed innings. Mr. Evans, the Clifton College Captain of 1877,

had bowled extremely well for Oxford on the first day, and on the second he kept up his end with great perseverance, though Mr. Lucas and the Hon. A. Lyttelton gave the Oxford field plenty of employment. Excepting that of Messrs. Evans and Knight, the Oxford bowling was perhaps the worst that has ever been brought forward on such occasions, and it was rather a matter for wonder that of the remainder of the Cambridge eleven the Hon. Ivo Bligh should alone have been able to get a moderate score, than that the collective total should have been so large. Mr. Lucas (74) and the Hon. A. Lyttelton (64) succeeded in making 117 runs for the first wicket, but the innings only reached 229, and Mr. Evans' bowling had this time seven wickets at a cost of only 86 runs. Oxford had 271 runs to win, and there were some, at least, ready to believe that they would at least exceed two hundred and approach within some respectable distance of their opponents. Few indeed could have been prepared for the sorry figure cut by the Oxonians at the finish. A very bad stroke by Mr. A. J. Webbe, the Captain, was the precursor of some of the feeblest batting that has ever been shown by a University eleven. Mr. A. G. Steel may have bowled, and did no doubt bowl fairly well, but there was little in his delivery, and certainly less in that of Mr. P. H. Morton, to terrify batsmen supposed to be in any kind of practice, and the second innings of Oxford it will only be charity to class among notable instances of the glorious uncertainty of the game. When seven members of a University eleven are all got out without a run there must be something very rotten in the batting, and it has never been our misfortune to witness a more deplorable display than that of Oxford at the finish of the forty-fourth match between Oxford and Cambridge. Mr. Hirst's 13 was the only double figure in a very short innings of an hour and twenty minutes, and no wonder that old Oxonians shook their heads when it was found that the whole eleven were disposed of for such a paltry total as 32. Oxford certainly did quite as well as they could have expected to have got rid of such a strong batting eleven as that of Cambridge for an aggregate of 397 runs, but that they should have been themselves got out twice for 159 with only one really dangerous bowler on the Cambridge side seems altogether inexplicable. Cambridge won easily enough, as most cricketers will remember, by 238 runs, but as in reality the Oxford chances turned on two batsmen, the brothers Webbe, when they comparatively failed the Light Blues had things much their own way. Mr. A. G. Steel's slow round-arm bowling puzzled the Oxonians singularly enough, quite as much as it had the professionals earlier in the season, but that he should have taken five wickets in the second innings of Oxford at a cost of only 11 runs bespeaks a radical weakness in the Oxford batting.

¶ The Public Schools matches this year both resulted disastrously for Eton, who were beaten by Winchester and Harrow in turn. The Wykehamists had the advantage of playing at home this time, and as they had a fairly good batting side, with two bowlers

more successful than the average, they were able to win by six wickets—a success that no one will begrudge them when it is learned that it is the first victory recorded in their favour since 1871. The brothers Studd, who may fairly be accounted as the two best batsmen in the Eton eleven, were the highest scorers in each innings, G. B. with 30 in the first, and C. T. with 34 in the second. The latter, the most useful all-round cricketer at Eton this year, was run out for 3 in his first attempt; and excepting the Hon. M. B. Hawke and C. M. Smith, the Captain, who were credited with 26 and 25, not out, the batting was on this occasion a little below the Eton standard, more perhaps from want of practice than from any deterioration in style. Seven of the Wykehamists made double figures, but the principal contributor was G. G. Gutierrez, whose two scores of 24 and 27 helped materially to influence the result in favour of Winchester. For the winning side C. L. Hickley and A. T. Thring each took seven wickets for Winchester, at an average cost of less than 11 runs, and the fielding was quite up to the old Winchester standard—smart, clean, and with a good return, so that the eleven are fairly to be congratulated on a well-earned triumph.

Public School cricket generally was certainly not seen at its best during the present season, owing to circumstances over which the authorities certainly could not have the least control. No two school elevens indeed ever laboured under greater difficulties than did Eton and Harrow in the present year. Within a month of their match neither schools had a ground fit to play upon for a single day. Bad as was the weather generally during May and the first half of June, such a continuous downfall of rain visited the district north of the Thames (including Oxford also), that the shooting fields at Eton were all but under water, whilst the clay soil at the foot of Harrow Hill was in a state of pulp. Whenever play was attempted it was in water up to the ankles, black spots marked where each fieldsman had stood, and as for hitting along the ground that was impossible. It is little to be wondered at that young players, unable to get runs in such a state of ground, should lose their confidence and get into bad ways. During the short month of fine weather previous to the match both elevens made rapid progress in play, and no doubt, if there had been time, would have gone on improving. At first it seemed as if the match was going to be a dull and respectable affair, free from much of the excitement that had always been associated with it in former years. It may be argued that the weather itself was dull on the opening day, and that the close atmosphere was not calculated either to exhilarate the players, or infuse any great degree of enthusiasm into the spectators. Harrow won the toss, but they did not make so much use of it as had been expected, and a very well-played score of 40 by C. J. E. Jarvis, the Captain, and a useful if not as brilliant innings of 30 by T. H. Stirling, were the only features in the first total of 119. The Eton fielding had not been by any means up to the mark, but Harrow showed up much better in this depart-

ment, and though at one time, when C. T. Studd (20) and Hon. M. B. Hawke (32) were in, there seemed a likelihood of a long score for the Etonians, the tail of the eleven were summarily disposed of, and the Harrovians were actually left with 2 runs in hand at the end of the first innings. Whatever shortcomings were manifest on the opening day, there could certainly not be the slightest ground for complaint of any lack of excitement at the close, and both sides played up in a manner in every way worthy of their reputation. There seemed small chance of a long Saturday afternoon on the previous night when Harrow were only 132 runs on with eight wickets gone. Henery had hit very well for his 45 at the end of the first day, but his performance was altogether eclipsed by that of Lawson, whose 66 was one of the best innings ever seen in this particular match. That his excellent play entirely turned the scale in favour of Harrow was proved by the result of the match, and better cricket at a critical time we have not seen from a young cricketer. With excellent defence he rarely let off a ball that wanted punishment, and his faultless innings is certainly entitled to rank as the most noteworthy event of the Eton and Harrow match of 1878. It was a creditable finish for both sides, and though Harrow won in the end by a bare majority of 20 runs, the plucky fight made by Eton reflected quite as much, or even more, credit on the Light Blue team. It was an immense task to set them to get 227 runs to win, and that they should have been so close on its accomplishment shows that the indomitable spirit which induced the Iron Duke to assert that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton is quite as conspicuous as ever. Harrow fielded up well, Rowe kept wicket creditably, and Jarvis managed the eleven extremely well, so that all round the cricket on the second day of the match was quite as good as one could ever have wished to see it. There was just a chance at one time, when C. T. Studd and E. K. Douglas were in, that Eton might pull the match out of the fire, and a little later in the innings Polhill-Turner and Paravacini struggled hard with another slight glimmer of success, but Harrow had a little in hand to the last, and this victory, the first that has marked their efforts since 1873, though only gained with 20 runs to spare, was thoroughly well earned.

The necessity of giving prominence to certain special matches prevents the chance of any lengthy comments on other cricket quite as interesting. The tangled skein of county cricket has this season been more than usually difficult to unravel. Nottinghamshire, beaten by Yorkshire decisively at Sheffield, with more than an innings in hand, defeats soon afterwards almost the same eleven of Yorkshire as unmistakably at Nottingham, though in the latter case the wicket, which suited Morley to a nicety, may have had something to do with the poor show of the Yorkshiremen, who, moreover, owing to the illness of Greenwood, had to bat with only ten men. Lancashire, not very far removed from the strongest County of 1878, had to suffer a hollow defeat at the hands of the Derbyshire eleven, who

have had to succumb to almost every team they have played this season. Lancashire, beaten by Notts at Nottingham, retaliates by vanquishing, quite as easily, a very weak eleven of the same county at Manchester; and so the wheel of county cricket goes round most eccentric in its revolutions. Middlesex, with a very strong batting eleven, with a greater variety of bowling, and perhaps helped by luck more than it has been generally of late years, has been making long scores, and certainly showing very much better cricket than for some time past.

After the ill-success that attended the eleven under Mr. I. D. Walker's command in 1876 and 1877, no one would have been bold enough to predict such a sudden change of fortune as that which marked their efforts in 1878, and it is a matter for congratulation to those who appreciate the services rendered by the celebrated Southgate family to cricket generally, and to that of Middlesex in particular, that the eleven should have gained the proud distinction of being the only team undefeated in a County match during the present year. With the Hons. A. and E. Lyttelton, Messrs. Hadow, A. J. Webbe, H. R. Webbe, T. S. Pearson, and I. D. Walker to bat, and Messrs. Stratford, Robertson, Hadow, Henderson and Pearson to bowl, few counties can claim to have a better all-round eleven than Middlesex at the present time, and with very strong batting, moderate bowling, and a good all-round fielding side, they fully deserve all the honours that have fallen to them this year. Rain undoubtedly preserved them from a defeat at the hands of the Surrey eleven in the return match played at the Oval during the Canterbury week, and the same influences saved them in their closing match with Notts at Nottingham; but their victory over Yorkshire at Sheffield, by an innings and ninety-four runs, was a great performance, one of the best achievements that will have to be dealt with by the historians of county cricket. Mr. A. J. Webbe's innings of 97 at Sheffield was the more satisfactory, as he has not been in the best of luck this year, but certainly the most curious feature of the match was the small scoring of the Yorkshire eleven; and how, with such batsmen as Ulyett, Hall, Lockwood and Emmett, they could have been dismissed twice by such moderate bowling as that of Messrs. Stratford and Robertson, on a good wicket, for totals of 94 and 110, must remain a mystery altogether incapable of solution. Surrey, with a very fair all-round eleven when all its forces can be collected, has not been so successful as it was last year, and the end of the season is likely to show a balance of reverses over successes. The absence of Mr. George Strachan from many of the matches has had a depressing effect on the team generally, and only once during the present season has the county been represented by its strongest eleven. With Messrs. Strachan, Lucas, Read, Lindsay, Akroyd, L. A. Shuter, J. Shuter, Jupp, Pooley, Southerton and Barratt, Surrey could make a good fight with the best of the rival shires; but its bowling has been weaker than ever this year, and the need of a fast bowler has been at times painfully manifest. The elevens



sent up to Nottingham and Sheffield reflected anything but credit on the county, and the severe defeat suffered on each occasion was nothing more than a fitting reward. A well-earned triumph over Gloucestershire at the Oval, and two victories over Sussex, represent the only successes gained by the Surrey eleven up to the present time ; while the return match with Middlesex, drawn in their favour, is more than counterbalanced by the result of the second meeting with Kent, when the steady play of Jupp and Southerton alone robbed the latter of a certain victory. A lucky win over a very weak eleven of Kent at Brighton, on the day of the Inter-University match, has been the only success of the Sussex year ; and Hampshire, utterly unable to make way on account of the want of cohesion, which prevents the good amateurs there are in the County from taking active part with the eleven, has been without one triumph to cheer its Committee. The frequent defeats of Sussex, and the ridiculously small scores made throughout the season, certainly suggest some imperfections in the management, when the amount of good material there is to be found in the County is considered. It would appear as if the selection of players was not the most judicious, and it might be well worthy of the consideration of the executive whether, in the choice of representatives for the county team, the veto should not rest to some extent with those who have a direct interest in the successful issue of the matches ; whether, in fact, the proper match Committee should not for the most part be formed of amateurs who play themselves, and who are obviously the most likely to collect the best elevens. A good Captain, invested with sufficient authority by the Committee of the County Club to gather the best team, without regard to expense, and empowered to secure the co-operation of the principal amateurs, in the same way as it is done in other counties, would at least prevent much of the discredit attaching to the exhibition of such cricket as that shown at Cheltenham against Gloucestershire, and save Sussex from the ignominy of entrusting its credit to third-rate professionals, when there is no lack of capable amateurs. It would be better to entrust the whole responsibility to one fairly experienced cricketer, and see some life in the eleven, than to have to witness the display of utterly incompetent players who simply disgrace the County, not so much by their inability as by their evident disinclination to attempt to stop a ball when it comes in their direction. Gloucestershire, with Mr. W. G. Grace altogether out of form with the bat, and not quite so effective with the ball, with 'the doctor' hardly as brilliant, if as sure as ever, at point, certainly nothing like so dangerous at the wicket, has not been doing so well this season, and, indeed, it may fairly be argued that there are several counties quite equal to the task of challenging comparison with the invincible shire of 1877. A first defeat by Surrey has been followed by two certainly not favourable drawn games at Nottingham and Manchester, two victories over Sussex, one decisive defeat by Yorkshire at Sheffield, and one fairly even draw with the same eleven at Cheltenham, altogether a very far from promising summary for a County that might

last year have safely been as accounted equal to the task of combating the best team that an alliance of all the other shires could have produced. The match between Gloucestershire and England was this season robbed of much of the interest that would otherwise have attached to it, partly by the depreciation in form of the County and partly by the inefficient representation of England. A certain difficulty will always attach to the meeting, as, while the lateness of the fixture enables Gloucestershire to muster its full forces, the absence of many of the leading amateurs is sure to prevent England being thoroughly represented in August. This time England reversed the result of the first match in 1877, and won by six wickets, only a trifle less than the majority by which the County proved victorious in the previous year. On a dry wicket some good all-round cricket would surely have been witnessed; but the rain, which so persistently interfered with the game during the whole of August, did not spare even this match, and the result, as it does usually under such circumstances, became more a question of luck in being able to get the best of the wicket than a real test of the relative play of two elevens under the same influences. An England eleven thoroughly representative could hardly omit Messrs. A. G. Steel, Hornby, Lucas, the Hons. Alfred and Edward Lyttelton and Alfred Shaw; but none of these were present, and, while the batting was unquestionably weak, the bowling was not particularly strong, with only Bates, Emmett, Barratt, and Ulyett of any pretensions in this line. It was fortunate that Emmett was in his very best form with the ball, and that Mr. W. W. Read, whose strength, perhaps, is rather in playing fast bowling than in opposing the medium-faced delivery so fashionable in the Gloucestershire eleven, played with the greatest caution on a wicket that required considerable care, or England might, after all, have not been able to pull through. The County eleven were very unlucky in losing Midwinter, who had his hand much injured in trying to catch a very hard hit back to him by Ulyett; but though he was obliged to absent himself in the second innings, and his bowling might have been of service at the finish on the heavy wicket, his assistance would hardly have made the difference of six wickets by which England won. Mr. W. G. Grace was the mainstay of the County, as usual, both with bat and ball; but the best batting in point of merit on the side was that of Mr. G. F. Grace, whose scores of 18 and 28 (not out) were both the result of sterling credit. Mr. Read, who would with a little more practice be equal to any batsman of the day, gained the distinction of being not out each time, with 43 and 20, and it was chiefly due to his effective batting, and to Emmett's bowling, that Gloucestershire owed its defeat. Emmett, who has been wisely decreasing the pace of his delivery of late, found the wicket just in the condition to help him, and his analysis throughout the match showed eighty-eight overs for 93 runs and twelve wickets.

Kent, despite its double defeat by Lancashire, and its ill success with a very weak eleven, in each case at the hands of Notts at Town Mallings, and Sussex at Brighton, has been showing excellent

cricket, and with bowlers like Messrs. A. Penn, Foord-Kelcey, Cunliffe, and young George Hearne to support the great batting strength of the team, the County has an eleven of which Lord Harris may well be proud. Canterbury has always been a fruitful soil for Kentish cricketers, and the Canterbury week of 1878 was more propitious than usual for Kentish arms. The memory of that unimpeachable authority, the oldest inhabitant, can hardly recall a gathering so pleasant or so successful as that which commenced on the St. Lawrence Cricket Ground on the first Monday of last month. For once the weather, which has on so many previous occasions played havoc with the cricket, was considerate enough to behave itself properly until the last day of the meeting, when no harm could possibly be done, and when all the fun was practically at an end. Cynics may decry the Canterbury week, fastidious critics may argue that there is a little too much glitter attached to the cricket there, that the sport might be a little more popular if divested of some of the tinsel with which it is so plentifully covered; but after all the Canterbury week has flourished bravely in its own peculiar way, and it is perhaps quite as much to the attractive entertainment of those admirable artists the 'Old Stagers,' to the delightful reunions at the Rose and the Fountain, as to the charms of cricket pure and unadulterated, which, according to all appearances, is not by any means of itself popular in Canterbury, that the inhabitants of the antiquated and respectable city are once in the year induced to put on holiday attire and assume an air of gaiety. If any proof were wanting that the glories of the Kentish meeting were not diminishing, it could easily have been produced in the great increase in the number of spectators by comparison with previous years, in the hearty sympathy shown everywhere in the successes of Kent, and, finally, in the scene witnessed this year on the Ladies' Day, the brightest, prettiest picture, in colour and grouping, that a cricket-ground has ever produced, one which even the lawn at Goodwood could hardly have thrown into the shade. For the opening match the Committee had, with good judgment, selected a fixture likely to be specially attractive—England *v.* Thirteen of Kent. Even this did not satisfy a certain coterie, who felt aggrieved that what they are pleased to call a first-class match had not been chosen, as if the main object was obviously not rather to enlist the support of the well-wishers of Kent, than to appeal to the outside public. As Yorkshire was playing Derbyshire on the same days, it was evident that the All England Eleven could hardly contain all the best players to be found; while the presence of only four amateurs, and these Messrs. W. G. and G. F. Grace, A. J. Webbe, and Ridley, will show that the team was anything but the best that could have been collected. Mr. W. G. Grace, who will have a batting average much below any of his previous records, though moderately successful with the ball, was altogether out of form with the bat; and on the England side Mr. Ridley (41 and 44), Shrewsbury (43 and 20), and G. F. Grace (25 and 20), were the chief contributors. The wicket did

not play quite so easily as we have seen it sometimes, but very few of the England batsmen could resist the temptation of hitting out at the slow left round-arm bowling of Mr. A. Penn, when he pitched one up a little wide to the off, and hence the comparatively low scoring, the totals only reaching 192 and 174. Mr. Absolom, who is not a batsman to be charged with dulness or lack of variety in style, was not particularly happy in his efforts this year, nor was the scoring generally so high as in some previous years, though the excellent batting shown by Hearne, who scored 83 and 60 (not out) in the only two innings he had during the week, and of Lord Harris, whose 93 against England was one of his very best displays, redeemed the batting of the County from the accusation of want of interest. It was in every sense a creditable feat for the thirteen of Kent to get rid of the England eleven, containing as it did such batsmen as Messrs. W. G. Grace, Ridley, and G. F. Grace, Shrewsbury and Selby, on such a run-getting ground as that at Canterbury, for 192 and 174; but it was almost a more meritorious achievement to be able to win against such totals with a handsome majority of eight wickets, when opposed to six such bowlers as Shaw, Morley, the two brothers Grace, Ridley, and Midwinter; and should Kent next season be venturesome enough to throw down the gauntlet to England, even-handed, every one will wish the County luck. The second match of the week between M.C.C. and Ground was, in a cricket sense, a complete failure, as, excepting Messrs. W. G. Grace and Ridley, and Shaw and Morley, there was hardly a player of any high repute on the side of the Marylebone Club, and it was certainly not a matter for wonder that the County should have been able to secure an easy victory by nine wickets. Though the week generally lacked some of the extraordinary scoring that had made previous gatherings memorable, there was some very fine cricket to be seen, at least, in the earlier matches; and had there only been some ordinarily attractive fixture in lieu of the somewhat meaningless contest entitled the Gentlemen of Kent against the Gentlemen of neighbouring counties, hardly a flaw could have been found in the general arrangements of the programme. Indeed with Kent well in the ascendant, with some excellent all-round cricket, with some admirable representations in the theatre, and with an additional novelty in the amateur pantomime, most humorously rendered by some of the original cast, notably Messrs. Yardley and Holmes, small wonder that the Canterbury week of 1878 proved one of the most successful as well as the jolliest gatherings ever held.

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YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE proceedings of the Royal Yacht Squadron opened somewhat inauspiciously, the attendance being reported as below the average, while there were undoubtedly fewer craft than usual at the station. As time drew on,

however, matters improved in these respects, and altogether the regatta was highly successful, the events producing some remarkably fine contests between several of the flyers, whose high class may be judged from the names engaged. In Her Majesty's Cup for all rigs were: schooners—Hildegarda (H.R.H. the Prince of Wales), Enchantress (Colonel Williams), Shark (the Duke of Rutland), Aline (Lord Hastings), Ayacanora (the Earl of Gosford), Egeria (Mr. Mulholland, M.P.), and Iris (Sir E. Sullivan): cutters—Vol-au-Vent (Colonel Markham), Formosa (Mr. F. Sloane Stanley), and Gwynfa (Colonel Loyd), with one yawl, the Nixie (Mr. E. C. Baring). Formosa and Vol-au-Vent had the best places at the start, and Mr. Stanley led the way nearly all day; Enchantress, which was in a very bad position for getting off, going splendidly and working through the fleet, at last took first place, though Formosa was still pretty sure of the prize, as she could scarcely help being within her time of the big schooner. Fortune, however, made a close thing of it, as four miles from home Formosa's topmast went, and this let up Egeria, the third vessel, into dangerous proximity; she did not, however, quite do it, and they finished thus: Enchantress, Formosa, Egeria, Vol-au-Vent, Formosa being the winner. In the yawl match half-a-dozen cracks put in an appearance, Corisande (Mr. J. Richardson), Ada (Mr. Barclay), Florinda (Mr. Jessop), Jullanar (Mr. Macleay), Bakaloum (Mr. Groves), and Fiona (Mr. Boutcher). With a nice westerly wind, Corisande, Florinda, and Jullanar had the race pretty much between them all day, and finished in this order, Jullanar winning by time. The cutter match for the Town Cup consisted of the Arrow (Mr. Chamberlayne), Vol-au-Vent, Formosa, Neva (Mr. F. Cox), and Myosotis (Mr. D. McMaster), and with a fine N.W. wind the old Arrow, which had been treated to a lot more lead, made a grand fight with the more modern Vol-au-Vent and Formosa. This trio, of course, drew further and further away from their smaller rivals, and Vol-au-Vent, which had been the foremost vessel nearly always, won the Town Cup with something to spare. The Schooner race had quite the charm of novelty after the utter failure of this season's schooner matches on the Thames, owing, it was said, to all the quondam cracks getting 'the needle' about Miranda, Mr. Sampson's new clipper. Unfortunately for the success of the squadron's closing event, the wind was quite paltry, and though it got better during the day, what came was fitful and gusty. Hildegarda, Enchantress, Australia (Mr. W. Hughes), Egeria, Aline, Shark, Corinne (Mr. N. Wood), Iris, and Miranda were engaged; but of these, Shark, Iris, Australia, and Aline did not get away until long after the others, and thus missed any chance they might have had. Hildegarda and Egeria made the best of the little wind there was at first, Corinne and Miranda following them; but later in the day Egeria and Miranda were the leaders, and the Corinne got in front just close home; Miranda won the prize by time, a protest from Corinne being overruled.

Owing to the naval review taking place on Tuesday, the Royal Victoria programme did not commence until the following day, when of a dozen entries for the Town Cup, only half came to stations, consisting of four yawls, a schooner, and a cutter. Miranda and Vol-au-Vent were worthy representatives of their rigs; the yawls being Corisande, Ada, Florinda, Jullanar. With a strong W. wind, Ada had the best of the journey, Vol-au-Vent and Corisande being next, until they came into collision, damaging the cutter, which was out of luck, as soon afterwards she had to wait to pick up two of her crew, who had gone overboard. Nearing the mark-boat Jullanar drew on to Ada and Corisande, and almost saved her time from the former, Ada winning with less than a minute to spare. The next day, in the Schooner

match between Corinne, Miranda, and Shark, there was a lighter wind from much the same quarter, W.S.W., and the first two had a rare tussle throughout, Corinne leading all the way, but having less than half a minute to spare at the end. For the yawl match, Corisande, Ada, Florinda, Jullanar, Fiona, and Neptune (Mr. A. O. Wilkinson) competed, and this time Florinda and Jullanar shared the honours between them, the latter pushing Florinda pretty hard, until the result showed Florinda winner by about a minute, Jullanar taking second prize. The Commodore's Cup, for all rigs, secured a grand entry, and as they were to sail in cruising trim, and professed non-racers had an additional half-time allowance, several so-called pleasure yachts, in contradistinction to racing-craft, were down on the card, and, excepting Corinne, all started. The list was: schooners—Hildegarde, Elmina (Sir R. Sutton); Enchantress, Miranda; yawls—Corisande, Florinda, Ada, Jullanar, and Fiona; cutters—Arrow, Vol-au-Vent, Neva, Phosphorus (Mr. E. S. Bowlby), and Psyche (Mr. T. C. Garth). In a fine W. breeze Vol-au-Vent led the way, followed by Florinda, Jullanar, and Arrow, but the cutters got into trouble, Vol-au-Vent's topmast carrying away, while the Arrow's spinaker boom gave up duty. Florinda also lost her topmast, so Jullanar was left an easy winner, followed home by Corisande, Ada, and Florinda, and altogether the yawl division distinguished themselves.

A fine N.W. breeze, served up for the Cutter Match, brought the Club's doings to a most successful termination. The meeting of Arrow and Vol-au-Vent resulted in a splendid race right through, and Neva held her own bravely for a long time. Mr. Chamberlayne's old crack led the way just at the start, but before long Vol-au-Vent had a trifling lead, though the pair kept together right through the day, Vol-au-Vent eventually winning the first prize and Arrow the second; while among the small craft Vanessa added another to her long list of triumphs. Altogether the fortnight's yachting at Cowes and Ryde was unusually attractive, the wind being on most occasions less conspicuous by its absence than on many previous anniversaries of the Wight Gala. Amongst the popular rig, Vol-au-Vent distinguished herself most, showing off her good qualities in all sorts of positions, notably in the race for Commodore's Cup of the R.V.Y.C., when, up to the time of her topmast coming to grief, she worked well away from all the crack yawls. The Formosa beat her in the Queen's Prize of the Squadron Matches; but Vol-au-Vent avenged herself in the Town Cup, and altogether Colonel Markham has been having a most satisfactory season. The veteran Arrow, thanks to lumps of outside lead, has again shown a bold front, and the Aline, which has been out of the racing world for a long time, made a *rentrée*, which was, however, not remarkably brilliant. Ada did great things in the Town Cup Match at Ryde, and Mr. Barclay has the satisfaction of having on that occasion beaten all the celebrated yawls of the day, a feat which, judging from previous records, his vessel will be lucky to repeat, though she too has no doubt been vastly improved by strong outward applications of lead. Enchantress showed great form in the opening match of the squadron programme; but a bad start spoiled her chance of winning Her Majesty's Cup. In the Yawl Class, Jullanar and Florinda in turn distinguished themselves, the former having rather the best of it, and the new schooner Miranda shared with Corinne the prizes offered for that rig. All yachtsmen were glad to find the Prince of Wales's attachment to yachting extend beyond the acceptance of honorary office in the yacht clubs of the country; and though the Hildegarde, while showing the way in more than one race, did not secure a prize, His Royal Highness's colours were successful in a private match with the Aline, a result,

however, of a somewhat fluky character, as, but for the wind dying away, Lord Hastings appeared to have the affair comfortably in hand.

We have given to the proceedings of the squadron and the Royal Victoria the precedence to which, from their long-established position and prestige, they are entitled, though by the almanack the maiden meeting of the Royal Dorset Club, as well as the regatta of the Royal Southern, took place before them. There was a great gathering of yachting strength at the station, as the week before the squadron regatta happened to be available, and the authorities were fortunate in having their opening so well attended. The principal event was a mixed rig match, with a fine entry of schooners—Hildegarda, Shark, Miranda; yawls—Corisande, Ada, Jullanar, Fiona, Neptune; cutters—Vol-au-Vent, Formosa, Neva, Myosotis, and Coralie. Unfortunately for the success of the affair, the old complaint cropped up—want of a breeze; so, when one of the forties, Myosotis, got off and kept the lead for a long way, none of the big ships seemed to have the ghost of a chance; and throughout the day the schooners were never dangerous. Later in the match, Formosa, Neva, and Fiona in turn worked ahead of the 40-tonner, but she was always well within her allowance, and the honours fell to the one-masted division; indeed, all the three first, Formosa, Myosotis, and Vol-au-Vent, were cutters, Myosotis winning easily by time. Fiona and Miranda took the other prizes; and in the small class, Vanessa scored another victory. At Weymouth Regatta the day opened very promisingly, and Myosotis looked like taking another prize in the race for 40-tonners, as with a nice N.E. breeze she led the Norman (Major Ewing), Christine (Mr. C. Weguelin), and Glance (Mr. G. Rushton) a long way at the end of the first round. Afterwards, however, the wind died, and came again from just the opposite direction; this altered the state of affairs, and the first was last in no time; ultimately Norman crawled in ahead of Myosotis, and this couple secured the prizes. On the second day the wind played somewhat similar tricks, being N.E. to commence with, and then shifting and falling very light, but still a vast improvement in this respect on the opening match. The race was for all rigs, with a first-rate entry, consisting of, cutters—Formosa, Vol-au-Vent, Neva, Milly, and Norman; the schooner Miranda; and yawls—Corisande, Fiona, Milly, and Neptune. Owing to the Committee vessel being rather in the way, it was difficult for so large a 'field' to make a good start; however, fortunately this did not seriously affect the fortunes of the day, which resolved itself into a match between the rivals Formosa and Vol-au-Vent, the crack schooner Miranda being next up; and though, as the afternoon drew on, the leading trio 'came back' to the rest of the fleet, who brought a breeze up with them, Formosa, Vol-au-Vent, and Miranda held their positions, and the first won, just beating Vol-au-Vent all through the piece. Miranda, being the only schooner, took second prize; and Corisande, which finished fourth, the third. The event of the Royal Southern Club's card was an all-rigs match, for which, from the number of yachts about the station, a good entry was reasonably expected; unfortunately, however, some were late in entering, and the affair shrank to a race between a couple of cutters, Vol-au-Vent and the lucky 'forty,' Myosotis, and Mr. Wilkinson's yawl, Neptune. With a strong N.W. breeze, the big cutter soon showed in advance, and was doing well as long as the wind held; but it died away to nothing, and, after a fluky finish, Myosotis got home well within her time of Vol-au-Vent, Neptune of course taking second prize. The next day was devoted to deciding a match left from last year, and which the Yacht Racing Association, to whom the matter was referred, decided should be re-sailed. The entries had been Blood-

hound, Britannia, Coralie, Christine, and Myosotis, but of these only the two last entered to fight their battle over again, though Coralie, whose entry was not in time, sailed with the racers. They started in a fine S.E. breeze, and Myosotis, leading from the first, won by nearly an hour, though the wind fell so completely towards the close of the day that no fluke would have been surprising. A cutter race for 40-tonners, and a schooner race formed the *pièces de résistance* in the menu of the Royal Southampton Club; in the former, Myosotis, meeting the same trio as at Weymouth, led all day with a fine S.W. wind, followed by Norman, and won another prize quite easily, thus scoring three wins in as many consecutive days, excluding Sunday, which not being devoted to yacht-racing, does not count. For the schooner event, Australia, Shark, and Miranda started, and, favoured with another nice S.W. breeze, the new crack had no difficulty in showing her big companions the way, Australia getting the second prize.

Coming after the grand doings of the old Isle of Wight Clubs, the Royal Albert, which this year confined their proceedings to a couple of days, was fortunate in getting some exciting sport, notably the meeting of Arrow, Oimara, and Vol-au-Vent in the Cutter Match. The Albert Cup, hitherto devoted to one-stickers, has this time been offered for yawls, and, excepting Corisande, all the great 'dandies' of the season were engaged—Ada, Florinda, Jullanar, Fiona, Neptune, and Vega (Captain N. Garrett). With a fine easterly breeze, Ada and Jullanar led Florinda; but Mr. Macleay was soon out of it, Jullanar fouling a mark-boat, and afterwards running aground. This simplified matters for Florinda, and working ahead, she seemed to have the prize easily within reach, until near the end of the match Ada drew up, and the wind falling light, looked dangerous, though, Florinda getting away again, won with about three minutes to spare. In the meantime the irresistible Myosotis had been not absolutely walking over for the 'forties' prize, but she soon forged ahead of her solitary opponent, Christine, and was first home by nearly twenty minutes. The second day's match between the cutters Oimara, Arrow, Vol-au-Vent, Neva, and Psyche (Mr. T. Garth), produced some grand sailing, the Arrow leading the fleet all day with a fine S.E. breeze, and Oimara also doing wonderfully well, as both had the pace of Vol-au-Vent for a long way, until the latter got into second place. Arrow, meanwhile, was keeping well ahead of Vol-au-Vent, and the latter never got within her time of the old ship until just home, when Vol-au-Vent made up ground, and passed the flag within two and a half minutes of Arrow, thus winning by time with about half a minute to spare. Altogether it was a great performance for Mr. Chamberlayne's vessel, as Vol-au-Vent has been showing first-class form all the season, and is about much of a muchness with the best of the best.

Higgins, the champion sculler, who has given so many recent proofs of his skill, was duly banqueted and orated at the Alexandra Palace, when Mr. J. Cowen, M.P., a great supporter of north-country rowing, being kept away by his parliamentary duties, the chair was taken by Higgins's principal backer and patron, Mr. C. Bush, who proved himself equal to the task of doing justice to the achievements of the guest of the evening. Sport in all its branches was adequately represented, and as Mr. J. Ireland, the referee *par excellence* in all important matches since 1837, and Messrs. Gulston and Hastie, probably the two most skilled oarsmen of the present day, were among the company, the amateur element was assuredly duly to the fore. Forthcoming events are not numerous, the principal being the Thames International Regatta, for which both north-country and Thames have crews at work.



Hanlon, of Toronto, has been beating all opponents in America, which perhaps may inspire his friends to send him here, where he wouldn't have to wait long for a match. As to the forthcoming events in which Hawdon is engaged, if he is anything like what his friends think, he ought to win both. Doggett's Coat and Badge was won this year by Taylor, a featherweight of something under 8 st., who, though he was only a runner-up in the trial heat, managed to improve so much under Jack Clasper's care in the few days intervening before the actual race, that he beat Hart of Bankside, who was a hot favourite, and led for a long way. After the event Hart challenged Taylor to row the same course, or any other, if they changed boats, ascribing the result to the superiority of Taylor's craft, which is likely enough, as Clasper is probably some pounds cleverer than most of the fraternity who devote their attention to that nondescript abortion, the old-fashioned wager boat. In the Doggett race there were the usual absurdities, the umpire going ahead of all but the leaders long before a quarter of the distance was covered; but this appears to be an inevitable condition of this annual event.

Since Henley there has been a good deal of correspondence about the unfairness of the course, and the small aquatic qualifications of most of the Committee, and a variety of suggestions, more or less impracticable, have been given to the world, or at least to that decimal thereof which is interested in the subject. As to the course, subsequent events have shown that, if the winners of the Grand Challenge Cup were not the best lot entered, they were certainly better than, previous to the racing, most people reckoned them. The fact, however, remains, that this year, as often previously, the station won the race on several occasions, and if this is not to continue, the best solution seems to confine each heat to two boats, starting them lower down, on opposite sides of the island, and finishing at the point. The stand could probably be erected either on Mr. Mackenzie's grounds, or on the meadows opposite. Such alterations, like all others, are of course open to various objections, but it is hoped something may be done to render stations more equal. At present the Berks side has generally the advantage, though a strong wind off the Bucks shore makes that station superior in its turn, and this fact, it may be said, makes matters fair for both, though what should be achieved as far as possible is, not an advantage for one or the other, but the nearest practicable approach to equality—and that, as matters are at present, is beyond the reach of the middle boat, which is invariably at a disadvantage. With regard to the qualifications of the Committee, clamourers for reform must remember that the regatta, though it has attained world-wide fame, and victory there is now reckoned superior to all other achievements except the Wingfield Sculls, was of entirely local origin, and has taken some forty years to develop to its present dimensions, so that founders and their successors may well object to the interference of the general rowing community, who, but for the prestige which the affair has attained in its present hands, would not be attracted to the place, and, like plenty of provincial meetings it would be invidious to name, the races might be more or less muddled under the self-satisfied supervision of local talent, year after year, without comment. Still, even as the Charity Commissioners every now and then pounce upon antique institutions which are supposed to be mal-administered, and, routing about, apply their revenues to better, or at least different uses, so the rowing community has for some years past been fitfully protesting against sundry of the Henley traditions, and suggested the admission of a few famous oarsmen to assist their deliberations. This was done some years ago, when, amongst others, Mr. H. H.

Playford, who in his younger days had won every race open to him, was added to the Committeemen, and, if we remember rightly, one result of his attendance was an attempt to make the course more equal by buoying off certain corners. Soon afterwards, however, they broached a sapient notion that every Committeeman should subscribe two guineas a year to the funds; and as Mr. Playford's annual contribution was half that amount, and he did not see good reasons for increasing it, he retired from the body, which thus lost the benefit of his valuable suggestions. For a local nobody, who never could sit a wager-boat, and if he attended the committee meetings was charmed to say 'Ditto to Burke' in various terms, it may be worth while to pay for the glory of seeing his name in print as one of the executive; but the idea of losing a practised hand who knew what he was talking about, or expecting that he should pay extra for the glory of giving good advice, appears sweetly absurd. If the notion of importing a few famous oarsmen was a good one, the idea of their paying for their places was scarcely reasonable.

Barnes Regatta, which generally produces some good sport, was this year up to the average. The Twickenham Club repeated their Kingston success, winning the Junior Senior Eights, after a good race. London had the best of Thames in the Senior Fours, and, as one of the latter crew broke his slide, paddled in alone. The Thames Club, however, scored in both the sculling races; and Hastie, with Bond as partner, won the Pairs. At Bedford, and at Manchester, Chillingworth won the Sculls, and his quondam partner, Herbert, has been scouring the 'west countree' with a four, which, by the time they broke up, were getting fairly well together, and had almost rowed themselves into condition. Their last and best performance was at Reading, where they met and beat a Kingston four which, though short of practice, were good men, three of whom had rowed in the Kingston Grand Challenge Eight. Here Thames and Kingston had another meeting, though not with exactly the same crews as in the big race at Henley, and the Putney men again scored.

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### 'OUR VAN.'

#### THE INVOICE.—Per Mare et Terram.

It is the week after Goodwood, and Babylon-by-the-Sea is crowded to overflowing. It must be owned that it is an overflowing of ungodliness, of which, however, Babylon is not afraid, but takes the ungodliness in and does for it generally. Does it well too, gives it of the best, from the chief seats in the synagogue to the best of its cakes and ale. It also washes the ungodliness, a great point, because the ungodliness as a rule requires this, and is supposed to hold superstitious ideas in regard to ablutions at other times and seasons. The overflow is chiefly about the street of the Royal George—so called after a great and good monarch of these realms—which is never empty from morn until dewy eve and a great deal longer than that. There congregate all the fair women who help to make Babylon at this time one perpetual festival, and give a tone to the ungodliness, in the matter of the highest of heels and the tightest of skirts. There dwell whatever remains of that golden youth which exists chiefly in the imagination of novelists, some mild sweldom, and a good deal of impecunious middle-age. Not that money is scarce at Babylon-by-the-Sea—far from it. Its visitors vie in the luxury of their

luncheons, and tax the powers of such *chefs* as its hotels can supply. There has been a postponement of settling since Goodwood the glorious, and there are grand ideas floating in the brains of the visitors of something good turning up at the races to come. And not there alone. Hospitable mansions in the street of the Royal George where they cast the dice and call the main, open their doors by stealth to the gilded youth and the mild sweldom, noble lords, and gentle commoners, and popular baronets not a few. The latter are great at calling the main, and Sir Tompkins, Sir Jenkins, and Sir Jones are sources of grief to the proprietors of the hospitable mansions. Then there are pigeons (but there is not much to be done there), and polo (where there is less), and cricket (where there is none at all)—so life is not all idleness at Babylon-by-the-Sea.

You take your ease in your hotel, be it Jerusalem the golden, Bloomsbury the stately, or the Old Flag that has braved so many years the battle and the breeze. A rare Old Flag, a trifle oldfashioned in appearance but without a rent in the bunting, and with a look of comfort about it most inviting; where Madame the housekeeper smiles cordial greetings in the frank fashion of her native land; where Fritz, the head-waiter, rushes forward to welcome the coming guest, and 'Mr. Alfred' is there to add his greetings, to suggest the dinner, to hint at the brand. It is some years ago now—*cheu fugaces!*—since he was the smartest of non-commissioned officers in the — Yeomanry, the best mounted, the best dressed. Time has rounded the once dapper figure, but it has not changed the cheery manner, and the visitors feel at home under its influence. At a limited-liability, now, nobody seems to care for you, and whether you go or stay is a matter of indifference even to the manager: but this is a digression.

The theatrical profession is great at Babylon at this holiday time. The majority are really taking their ease, but the pretty theatre is open, and the celebrated piece of 'The Yellow Chemises,' which had such a run in town at the Frivolity, is being given to unappreciative audiences. So many of the main incidents of this charming play are being enacted outside the house, that the Babylonians evidently consider it a work of supererogation to see the counterfeit presentment within. For this reason does Mr. Percy Fitz-Howard, the *jeune premier*, drive his victoria and sport his cockade in vain. A very promising young artist of easy and engaging manners, who will make his mark somewhere some day we are convinced, but at present is wasting his sweetness by the waters of Babylon. But there are old stagers at the Old Flag enjoying a well-earned *otium*. Who comes towards us with swinging stride and elastic step, as elastic as when we saw him (and that is a few years ago now) rush to have out 'the little French milliner,' from behind the screen, and with the same joyous laugh and pleasant smile. How does he not recall the celebrated duel scene in 'The Corsican Brothers,' the Don Sallust that well-nigh overshadowed Ruy Blas, and, in later days, a wonderfully good Sir Anthony? Yes, it is Herbert Playfair, the most excellent of *ranconteurs*, with the most remarkable of memories, who will talk to you charmingly of the great past while fully alive to all the excellencies of the present, and who—more power to him!—believes in Babylon down to the ground. And behind him there is a representative of the young school in Gilbert Horton, one of our best burlesque actors, with a power in him of something beyond; and here comes that 'gay 'Lutherean,' as Mrs. Brown would say, Cecil Dutton, most easy and popular of *jeunes premiers*, either 'behind' or 'in front,' who has developed a taste for racing, and rather fancies himself at betting and other pursuits. And here, too, do we encounter in the passages of the Old Flag (and its passages are

many and tortuous), Miss Hermia Graham, with her fine clear-cut and somewhat cold features, a rather haughty beauty, on whom (there are so few haughty beauties in Babylon) it is a relief to look. Men say she is called 'the marble Hermia,' but we will not believe it. She who plays Verona's love-sick girl so charmingly must surely have felt the full tide of the passions she depicts. Or was she *only* acting?

But we must quit the street of the Royal George, we must give up the manifold pleasures of the Pier, and the Old Flag must flutter in the breeze unheeded by us. We have to climb the steep ascent to the Downs that overlook Babylon, and see if the dreams of our friends as to something good turning up come true. The races at Babylon-by-the-Sea were formerly looked upon as holiday pastimes, a relaxation following on the severer business of Goodwood, but now all this is changed. There are rich stakes, horses of class, and a great company. The company was always there it is true, and always was it a holiday company. This has not changed only, it has increased, and the aristocracy of Pimlico and the Wood are in greater numbers each recurring year. This makes, of course, the meeting very pleasant; and one of the prettiest sights we know is to stroll over to the carriage side of the course about the luncheon hour and see the aristocracy feed. They feed well, with rather too lavish a display, perhaps, but Babylon expects it of them and they know their duty, and that *noblesse oblige*. They are much stared at, each carriage being surrounded by a more or less admiring circle, but they accept this, too, as one of the penalties of a high position. The fiction of golden youth attends upon them, peels their peaches (they are only three-and-sixpence apiece), and pours the Böllinger. Middle-aged impecuniosity does not disdain to partake of the crumbs that fall from such tables, and the luncheon hour is a high festival indeed.

But we have come up here for sport and the backing of winners, and not for such trivialities as these. Goodwood owes us something, and we are to get it back at Babylon-by-the-Sea. We did not get it back on Tarnation Dick in the Babylon Plate on the first day, but then we did not much expect to, and why we backed him it would be hard to say. But the Marquis of Carabas came to our relief with the long-awaited for Dunbrown, who with the fashionable jockey up managed to get home by a head, but not without causing anxious moments (it was about the luncheon hour) on the other side of the course. The lips of beauty quivered, and brave men held their breaths for a time, as Mr. Prettyboy's Pattypan challenged with a vigour no one supposed was in her. But she was done, and that was a comfort, done brown somebody said (we think it was Lady Blanche Vavasour, the Duchess of Brompton's eldest daughter), but when favourites win, or for the matter of that when they lose, what do we *not* say? Then the gallant Captain MacBean had a good thing for us, one of his everlasting selling platers that he buys for sixpences, and sells for hundreds when he does sell them, and that comforted us. We 'felt hurt' after the Babylon Stakes, very much so, for we never supposed that our fancies would have disgraced themselves as they did. Not even the blandishments of that delightful Topsey Wopsey that our own 'Robert' brought all the way from Downshire to win the Cauliflower Stakes, appeased us. She was a very good Topsey Wopsey, but still——

The second day, the Cup Day—on which the Babylonians make holiday, and the crowds come in greater numbers to look at the Duchess and Lady Blanche peeling their peaches and drinking their fiz—was a great success in a monetary point of view. Indeed, the Race Committee had taken care that

the three days should be a great success, by the simple process of raising the toll. There was great grumbling—but we have no patience with grumbling—why do not men act and not talk? There is a remedy that the racing public might take if they had the pluck and energy, but then they are a long-suffering public, and so we suppose that we shall go on grumbling, and paying to the end of time. Considering that nearly treble was paid at Babylon for three days' racing to what we pay at Ascot for four days of such sport as we never see elsewhere, we think the action of the Race Committee severe, and if they will take a friend's advice, we would say don't do it again. By the way, who chooses the trophies that are run for here, we wonder. We cannot speak with unqualified approval of the designing, no more than we can speak with gratification of the result. What evil genius made us have a dash on Tiglath Pileser when that brute of a horse (may *he* never go to the happy hunting grounds!) has never gone more than a mile and a half in any decent company. He never came anigh that afternoon: 'he had 'a knee' they said. If the 'Van' Driver had been on him he would have had something for himself that he would have remembered besides a knee.

But it is time to quit this shadowy world in which we have been living and moving, and having our being in these pages, and come out into the sober realities of life. We will cast off the Babylonish dust and glitter, rouse ourselves from a sort of waking dream, in which fascinating hours and German bands have been the chief images before our eyes. The train to Lewes is the first reality we encounter, and there is no doubt about that being a very stern reality indeed. The way of the L. B. & S. C. R. is like that of the transgressor, hard. At least, we took upwards of three quarters of an hour to do the eight miles, and if that was not hard we don't know what is. But the air of the Downs revives us, and we begin to study Mr. Verrall's good things, and see if we can regain some of the golden pieces dropped at Goodwood. The two first events, the Coombe Handicap and the Juvenile Stakes, were not favourable to this attempt, for in the first Gadfly was a very wandering Gadfly indeed, going anywhere but to the front, where she ought to have gone, and the flavour of Rush in the other event was as dry and unsatisfactory to our taste as the original thing. But the De Warrenne Handicap proves more propitious. There are very encouraging reports about Hackthorpe from Captain Machell's stable. He had been galloped with Trappist at such a weight as to convince the Captain he had a real good thing, and as the field was unusually small for a De Warrenne, of course the price was small too. The Mandarin, Rowston, and Herald were the others most backed, and Monachus, with Fordham on him, looked so well that many people invested on the stable's second string. There was some delay at the post, chiefly caused by Rowston and Gladstone, the latter being especially fractious, and when Mr. McGeorge at length dropped his flag, the two were left behind. Hackthorpe jumping off with a clear lead of Herald and the Mandarin, and sailing away easily stalled off Herald's challenge, and won in a canter by two lengths, a real good thing indeed, on which the proverbial under-garment might have been put with impunity. The win made us slightly melancholy too, and we understood and could appreciate the feelings of the late Mr. Greville, as described by Lord Winchelsea—that he always looked melancholy after he had won—the reason being regret at his not having had more on. So as Hackthorpe passed the post such an easy winner, we sighed, for why was not our modest investment doubled or even trebled? Man never is, but always to be blest.

But let us drown our regrets in the flowing cup which Mr. Verrall proffers, and see what Colorado will do for us in the Lewes Stakes, not much we are sorry to say. They don't pay over seconds, however good that second may be, and though Colorado looked a winner at the distance when Rossiter took him to the front, Assegai caught him halfway up, and beat him very cleverly. The determination to do or die on Radiancy in the Astley Stakes brought many to great grief. Prince Solykoff's filly had run sufficiently well at Goodwood to induce the belief that she could dispose of the lot opposed to her here, the one that most danger was apprehended from being Ismael, who ran the Ravioli filly to a head in the Findon. Some rumours there were about Marshal Scott, one of Mr. Ellam's breeding, who was reported to have pleased Matthew Dawson in a recent spin, but 100 to 8 might have been got about him, and Radiancy carried the money. It was a grand race, for all were together at the distance, where Marshal Scott held a slight lead, and, being challenged by the favourite, a splendid finish was the result, Mr. Ellam's colt holding his advantage to the end and winning by a neck, Ismael, who had joined Radiancy, making a dead heat with the latter for second honours. The others were close up, so that it was a very exciting affair, and the hoisting of the numbers impatiently looked for. Boniface won the Southdown Welter, beating Singleton by a head, and a well-founded objection which Cannon made to the winner on the ground of a cannon, being, to the surprise of most people, overruled. Julius Cæsar had nothing to beat but Rhidorroch and Leopold in Her Majesty's Plate, and that task he was able to accomplish to the satisfaction of his backers. The second day was very disagreeable, wet the whole afternoon, but there were one or two events of great interest that helped to make amends. The Hamsey Welter gave us a fine lot of riding on Fordham's part on Bonby Betty, and a fine finish between her and Lady Mostyn, the latter never allowing Sir John Astley's mare to quite get up, and winning by a head. Rush took the Mount Harry Plate very easily from her old opponent Lantern Fly; and then the meeting of Trappist and Ecossais in the County Cup gave rise to much wagering. The betting was even between the two; you paid your money and you took your choice. At Goodwood, receiving 13 lbs., Ecossais had beaten Trappist; here they met at a difference of 10 lbs., and there was a hill too, which Ecossais never likes. He came away from the start at a terrific pace, having a little advantage of Captain Prime's horse to inside the distance, where the latter challenged, and almost immediately Ecossais was beaten, and Trappist cantered in five lengths in front of Preciosa. The home-trained Noble had to play second fiddle to Lily Hawthorn in the Southdown Members' Cup, Ventnor, with 13 st. on him, never showing in the front. Lady Mostyn was in good humour this afternoon (she was running towards her stable), for she won the Town Plate, also beating Inglewood Ranger, Fiddlestring, and Caramel very easily; and then came the question of which it was to be, Rylstone or Julius Cæsar in the Lewes Handicap. We have always considered the latter a non-stayer, though he did manage to win the Queen's Guineas, and we were more than confirmed now, for he was beaten at the foot of the hill, and Jeffery, bringing up Rylstone, beat the Reeve very easily. Joseph Dawson astonished us by winning a race, the Priory Stakes, and beating a strong favourite in Rayon d'Or, with a filly by Victorious out of Modena, whom no one much fancied. We hope this turn in that excellent trainer's ill-fortune will prove the forerunner of a change. And so ended that Sussex fortnight in which so much is done that ought not to be done, when the cup of pleasure if not

quite drained is very nearly so, and there is a suspicion of the flavour of the lees.

We are summoned to a different scene, to a place where there is no golden youth nor beauty with golden locks, to an abode of propriety where there is neither 'guitaring or humming,' where tightened skirts came not and high heels are unknown. As we step almost from our railway carriage on to the broad terrace of the Zetland Hotel at Saltburn-by-the-Sea, the contrast to our dear Babylon of that ilk (for with all her faults we love her still) is most striking. We have left the frivolities of the world behind us on Babylon Pier. The Duchess of Brompton and Lady Anne, the numerous olive branches of the home of Pimlico, the stately Maud, the sprightly Mabel, Corisande the fascinating, and Cora, we regret to say, the tight, are, for aught we know, still bemoaning their virginity and awaiting the coming of Hector and Achilles by the sad sea waves. We have cast our Babylonish skin, so to speak, and are clad in the garments of sobriety, other than which enter not Saltburn. Our readers know that this is a favourite spot of the 'Van' Driver, where he finds a temporary refuge from racing cares and pursuits, and that it is always with pleasure he hails the rising morn that takes him there. The Zetland Hotel is an old friend, though this year with a new face, it having passed into the hands of Mr. Verini, formerly favourably known as the Manager of the Granville Hotel near Ramsgate. Very well done is the Zetland, now with a good *cuisine* and a good cellar, Mr. Verini personally looking to the comforts of his visitors. The situation of the hotel is unrivalled, and in the glorious weather that greeted us on our arrival, and was kind enough to stop with us most of the time—what place more charming than Saltburn-by-the-Sea. For those who desire quiet and repose, who want their nerves braced, and energies, shattered by either too much work or too much play, recruited, we know nothing that can surpass it. We have spoken of it as a contrast to other seaside resorts, and no doubt it is. The most diligent investigation failed to show us, we are sorry to say, a pretty face, a pair of high heels, or a silk stocking. Why the pretty faces do not come here we can't imagine, and why the natives of the locality are so plain, is also unaccountable? We quite grieved over them.

But we have come north for other subjects than to lounge on Saltburn cliffs, pleasant as that occupation is, and to lament over an absence of beauty among the female inhabitants. We must penetrate further inland to grimy Stockton, black with its many furnaces, and rough as to its manners and customs, but still with a genuine ring of hearty feeling about its people, though they *do* push you into the road and tread upon your toes, literally and metaphorically. It is something to see the intense enjoyment of racing evinced by the people; how earnest they are about it, and how excited they get over a lot of selling platers in a five furlongs spin. Each race is a Leger to them; and if Jim Snowden in 'the spots' comes to the front, then is their enthusiasm redoubled, and the air resounds with their shouts. The women are as much in earnest as the men, make their bets, and get tremendously excited when they win; the strong north-country accent coming out in force when 'Jim' is making one of his brilliant rushes on the post and winning by a head. And, by the way, what a brilliant rider is 'Jim!' There is nothing of novelty in the remark, we are aware, but it struck us forcibly at Stockton this time that he has no superior and very few equals. Wonderful power and style combined; not, perhaps, the artistic finish of Tom Cannon, or the seat of the late Sam Rogers, but still a very perfect rider. He gave us one or two examples of his style during the Stockton three days that were

much appreciated. For instance, in the Zetland Biennial, on the first day, when Highland Mary and Allegra came away from the distance, the former with a decided advantage, until Snowden, close home, brought Allegra with one tremendous rush, and beat Highland Mary by a head. So sudden and unexpected was it, and so close to the finish, that many people behind the chair were inclined to cavil at Mr. Johnson's decision, but there was not the slightest reason to doubt it. It was as splendid a bit of riding as ever was seen, and Snowden won the race. He deserved all the cheering he got, and we only wish Lord Zetland, who was away in the Orkneys deer-stalking, had been there to see. The same afternoon, on Mount Grace, he defeated Beadman, after being shut in and apparently beaten, in the Harry Fowler Plate,—so 'Jim' took honours that day. The racing, bar these fine finishes, was not very grand; but then unfortunately there are so few good horses in Yorkshire. It seems a strange thing this to say, and to be true, in the cradle and home of the high-mettled one. What has come over the north, and where are the giants of other days? 'There is *one* good horse in Yorkshire,' says a voice at our elbow, while we were mentally making this remark, as if the utterer of the words had divined our thoughts. We turned and beheld 'Mr. Northern,' or rather one of the entities going under that name. 'Mr. Northern' is or was 'three single gentlemen rolled into one,' as George Colman sang or said ages ago—and a very pleasant entity is the one we find by our side. 'There is *one* good horse in Yorkshire,' repeats 'Mr. Northern,' with much meaning, and as Beauclerc is in his stable, we prepare to listen with reverence to what falls from his lips. Beauclerc, then, is very well, as well as ever he was in his racing life, and that he will win the Leger is 'Mr. Northern's' decided opinion. He is doing good work, and they are not a bit afraid of him at Malton when the final winding up comes. Other members and connections of the Northern firm add their testimony, and evidently their belief is sincere. On the other hand, there are clever men and presumably good judges, who whisper to us to leave him alone, that 'he won't do,' that he has not been really gallopped; that he has been starved, and other ominous hints. 'Better wait until the day,' says an old trainer to us, and we feel the advice is sound.

But as one swallow does not make a summer, one race-horse in Yorkshire is but poor allowance for the Town Moor. Granted that Beauclerc is a Triton, which we believe he is, are the rest minnows? What has become of all the blue blood, or rather is the blood no longer blue, and has Yorkshire only to rely on the traditions of the past? Certain it is that, as we have said before, good horses are so scarce that you may count them easily on the fingers of your hand. A perusal of the card on the first day at Stockton showed us that Grand Flaneur was a perfect Derby horse among such a lot as we should find at the front for their respective engagements. He could not win either, but then in the Trial Stakes he was called on to give such a lot of weight away (he carried 10 st. 7 lbs.) to the two-year-olds, and in fact everything in the race that one could hardly expect the old horse to do it. Certainly not when the accomplished junior member of the firm of 'Charley' Bush and Co. had come up to Stockton and brought some half-dozen horses with him with a determination of plundering the Egyptians, which, to a certain extent, came off, and was partly a failure. Bumpkin was real good goods in the Trial, for he beat Cleopatra easily, Johnny Osborne not persevering with Grand Flaneur when he found it useless. The mistake was allowing Bumpkin to go for 300 guineas over his selling price, but that was not apparent just then. Allegra's win in the Zetland Biennial we have alluded to, and the



Myosotis colt, who ran very forward in the New Stakes at Ascot, took the Cleveland here easily. He had a very bad lot to beat to be sure, and so had Datura in the Tradesmen's Handicap, herself being perhaps about the biggest wretch among them. But the handicapper had been very kind to her with 5 st. 7 lbs., and so her young jockey, Lazenby, determined to distinguish himself and her, for he went to the front soon after the flag fell, and never letting anything else get near him, landed Datura a winner in the commonest of canters by four lengths. The High Weight Handicap was won by Hefios, who was scarcely backed for sixpence. The race between Mount Grace and Beadman in the Harry Fowler Plate we have before referred to in mentioning Snowden's brilliant riding.

The second day at Stockton is the people's day, when there flocks to the Mandale Bottoms, a good deal of the rough humanity of the adjacent towns and villages, as well as apparently half Stockton and Middlesborough to boot. The sport was of a little better order, commencing with the Great Northern Leger, for which the Katharine Logie horse had been brought all the way from Newmarket for this event, and though he is a very shifty customer slight odds were laid on him, the other two backed being the Minaret filly and Tiger Lily. The favourite got shut in and had to come round his horses, and could only get second to Mr. Snarry's mare, who has taken to running better lately. At home she can do almost anything, we hear. There were many reports of how good Reconciliation, a slashing daughter of Prince Charlie and Old Orange Girl, was, Perren and all connected with Whitewall being rather sanguine about her. It is true she had not done all that was asked her in a trial, but it was thought that she could beat the lot she would meet here, though Enoch had Ellangowan, a daughter of Strathconan, a very racing-like filly, that cost Lord Zetland 1000 guineas as a yearling, and was said to be smart at home. However, neither of these first appearances ran at all well, Coromandel II., admirably ridden by Fagan, winning after a slashing finish with Ronaleyn. The latter is, we fancy, a very moderate one, so it does not say much for the form. It was in the Hardwicke Stakes that we were to see the *crème de la crème*, but we much fear, as far as the north is concerned, that with one exception it is little better than skim milk. One filly, however, there was in the paddock, Jessie Agnes, who was such a Queen among them, that, only she was asked to give such a heap of weight away, we should have fancied her strongly. Much handsomer than her sister Tiger Lily, she is, we trust, one of the grandest members of this celebrated family we have yet seen, and we trust all will go well with her, and that she will render a good account of herself in the future. Palm-bearer was one of the northern horses who came with good private credentials, but we thought him rather a common-looking gentleman, and rather preferred the Begging Friar, another son of the Palmer, who was however backward. The favourite came from Newmarket and Joseph Dawson's stable, Falmouth, a son of Glenlyon and Dewdrop, said to be seven pounds better than the Modena colt who won at Lewes. We are always chary of believing in private trials, but this one would seem from the result to be correct. Wood, who rode Falmouth, however, so evidently meant getting off, caused so much delay and gave Major Dixon so much trouble at the post, that we must see Falmouth run again before we can pronounce a decided opinion on him. Wood caused all the breaks away and never would fairly go back to his horses, and we think it was a pity Major Dixon did not report him. By perseverance he did succeed in getting them in a fair line, but Falmouth, evidently very quick on his legs, almost immediately was in front, and, making the best use of his lead,

had soon got such an advantage, that by the time they had reached the turn pursuit was hopeless. So Falmouth won in a common canter, and Jessie Agnes was certainly second best, we think. The winner is a fairly good-looking horse, with good sound legs, but nothing particular, and we must see him run again before we can pronounce decidedly about him. Mr. Bush's stable had another blow given them by the defeat of Farnese in the Wynyard Handicap by Necklace. It certainly looked a good thing for the former on his Newmarket running, but here, though he got off well, he was in trouble before reaching the distance, and was beaten not only by Necklace but by Royal Blood. Skotzka, for once in a way, running kindly, won the Garbutt Welter after a great race with Looking Glass.

The third and last day was comparatively a mild one, only the Stewards' Cup of any importance. The Zetland Biennial was won, to the surprise of every one, her trainer included, by Mr. Bowes' Constellation. She was considered the worst of the young ones at Whitewall; so when at the distance Chaloner was seen to take her to the front, the enthusiasm of Mr. Perren could not be restrained, and rushing out on the course he cheered her in with much vociferation and appropriate action. She beat Pretoria, the property of the popular Chief Secretary, very cleverly by a neck; and as she was some pounds behind Reconciliation, who was beaten in the Lambton Plate, here is another proof of how bad the northern horses are. There was a very close shave between Bancks and Winifred in the Corporation Welter; the former, owing to Giles waiting too long, only catching Winifred at the post, and winning by a head. As John Porter had brought Jupiter all the way from Hampshire, and as the horse was reported fit and well, he was a great favourite for the Cup; Twine-the-Plaiden, Glendale, and Flotsam being the only others supported. It was a capital handicap, and if Umbria had been doing well she would have been backed too, but her stable did not fancy her. Twine-the-Plaiden, who won it in the commonest of canters last year, carrying 7 st. 12 lbs., had a great chance certainly, for she was looking wonderfully fit, but the money was all on Jupiter, shifty gentleman as he is, notwithstanding a strong tip about Flotsam, whom Enoch declared to be a vastly improved colt, and whom, moreover, such a good judge as Mr. Justice Johnson said would win. Jupiter looked well up to the distance, but then was done, and Twine-the-Plaiden drawing out easily disposed of Flotsam's challenge, and won by three parts of a length. Another disaster befell the Bush confederacy in the Elton Juvenile, for which they trusted that rogue Beddington, who cut it as usual in the most determined manner; and Bancks, that they had let go to Mr. Bowes on Tuesday for about 300*l.* over his selling price, beat Glenara by a neck. This was very disgusting to all concerned, for the winner's new owner scarcely backed him for sixpence. Datura's victory in the Middlesborough Handicap made some amends, and wound up three very good days for Mr. Thomas Craggs (financially speaking) on the Mandale Bottoms.

There was an unpleasant circumstance connected with Stockton which we wish could have been omitted. After the race for the Stewards' Cup it became known that Lord Zetland's trainer, Enoch, had lodged an objection to Twine-the-Plaiden, on the ground that Mr. Peart, who had entered her for that race, was in the forfeit list. Then Mr. J. Lowther and Mr. R. Vyner followed suit by objecting to Skotzka for the Garbutt Welter and Constellation for the Zetland Biennial on the same ground. The objection has been referred to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and, of course, while *sub judice* we must refrain from comment, though we cannot

see how Mr. Bowes' interests are to be prejudiced because his agent, Mr. Peart, is in the forfeit list. Mr. Peart did not enter the mare; he entered Mr. Bowes' mare in Mr. Bowes' name; and though the wording of the rule may be stretched to meet the case, it will be making it a most elastic one. However, it is for the Jockey Club to decide; but we must be allowed to express our regret that, in the first place, the objection was made at all, and that, looking at the possibility of its being sustained, a fine old sportsman like Mr. Bowes should be the victim. Of course racing is now such pure business that the followers of the sport are bound, or suppose themselves bound, to take any advantage; but still we wish Mr. Lowther and Mr. Robert Vyner had stayed their hands. Mr. Bowes has been before the world so long as one of the truest sportsmen of this generation, racing for pure love of the pastime and for the honour of winning, that it is to be regretted he should be made to bear the burden of another's fault; however, we will not anticipate. Very pleased should we be if before we have packed our last parcel we should be able to state that the objections were withdrawn.

Although last year there were no fewer than eleven places of sport at which sixteen meetings were held in the County of Broad Acres, the good people of Halifax determined early in the present spring to inaugurate a meeting of their own, and, calling in the assistance of Messrs. Dawson and Johnson as clerks of the course, a company was quickly formed, with Mr. J. E. Foster as secretary, and a good piece of ground having been bought, the stands, stabling, &c., began to rise as though by magic, and on the 8th of August, in spite of the *unco guid*, who infest Halifax as a plague, the first meeting was held under most propitious circumstances; the weather was brilliant, the racing good, the stands well filled, the luncheons, especially that served in the steward's room, almost reminded the hungry and thirsty of Ascot, and the gate-money, that most important item to modern race-course proprietors, was said to be abundant; so the first venture of the sporting representatives of Halifax and its neighbourhood may be justly entitled a great success; and well is the success deserved, for before the bell sounded for the first race upwards of forty thousand pounds had been expended, and much more has to be forthcoming before everything is yet quite complete. The course, and the approaches thereto, remind one of Scarborough, and probably its only drawback is that there is such a getting-upstairs before the saddling paddock is reached; when there, however, everything is *en règle*, and the ground being in splendid order a most delightful inauguration was held. The racing requires but little comment; Fagan was the lucky jockey who steered Nutboy, the winner of the first race, and thereby became entitled to a gold-mounted whip; the next event was won after a most splendid race by Druscovitch, who beat the hot favourite, Insane, by the very shortest of heads, and horses running in such well-known northern names as Cookson, Barrass, G. Walker, and Shaw carried off the other prizes. On the second day the *pièce de résistance* was the Halifax Cup, which, although only three ran, produced one of the finest races ever seen between Knight Templar and Pilchard, the latter being favourite, but although receiving a year and nearly 2 stone he could never fairly get rid of the young one, and a dead heat was the result, Knight Templar afterwards walking over.

And now our northward budget is well-nigh exhausted. A few more days spent in old Ebor, and on Knavesmire, a look in at the club, a lot of news from shooting quarters, mixed with a little of that town gossip and scandal of which lately we have heard so little, and then the great Babylon

will swallow us up once more, and Pall Mall and Piccadilly will take us to their desolation. We must look our last look on Huntcliff, do our last stroll on the sands, eat our last dinner and bid farewell to some pleasant companions at the Zetland. We shall miss the murmur, now loud, now low—of the sea, and our eyes will perhaps yearn for the long stretch of the white waves as they come rolling in between Saltburn and Redcar. For the next few days we shall be looking on a different scene, and St. Peter's grand old Minster will rise up before us, and the solemn boom of its great bell will mingle strangely with some very mundane speculations on Ebor and Leger. But we live in a world of contrasts, and assuredly York is the city of them in its race week. Very pleasant are the ways of old Ebor, as we have had occasion in these pages often to remark, pleasant from its grand new station hotel to its quiet lodgings near the Gate of High Peter, from the Club to Knavesmire. The ways of the latter place certainly are rough now and then, but we forgive the roughness for the sake of the traditions that linger round it. The limited time at our disposal, and the stern call of the printers for 'copy,' forbids us to dwell longer in old Ebor. We can only add that the first day's racing was excellent, the hospitality of Yorkshire well supported in the luncheons, where everything was to be had from the best of champagne to the best of cigars—and by the way, have our readers ever tried those of Benson and Hedges of Old Bond Street? From a specimen we tasted on Knavesmire we should say they could not well be beaten. There was a great deal of talk about the Leger of course, and Jannette, after her win in the Yorkshire Oaks, had the call of Beauclerc in the betting.

The coaching season is fast drawing to a close; already the Portsmouth, the Windsor, the Orleans, and the Ranelagh Club Coaches have ceased to appear at Hatchett's; and the horses have been scattered far and wide through the instrumentality of Messrs. Tattersall's hammer at Knightsbridge; and next week the Guildford teams will also be dispersed. The Oxford will be the next to stop, which will leave the Brighton, Dorking, and West-wickham the only occupants of the road. The season has not been a very lucrative one for proprietors, although the roads have been in good order, and the horses on every stage have come up for sale in excellent *condition*, but the prices fetched have not been remunerative, partly owing to the depression of trade, and partly to the overstocking of the market by so many army horses of all classes being rushed into it now that the rumours of war are for the time silenced. Next year we may expect some few changes in the proprietorship of our road coaches; Captain Hargreaves, after his costly experience of the last two years, is not likely to be willing to spend more money on that beautiful but bad-paying *route* to Portsmouth; and one of the oldest amateur whips, so well known on the Guildford, will most probably retire at the end of this season; as yet there is no talk of change on the other lines of road, although a second coach to Guildford, or on as far as Godalming, is not improbable.

The expression of Marius brooding over the ruins of Carthage could not have been more miserable than that of a member of the *jeunesse dorée* who finds himself in the stalls of a theatre during the silly season. Vainly do they pipe unto him. His attire is a suit of woe. The young persons on the stage hold conversations one with another, unchecked by any stage manager. Tottie displays her dainty drapery in undisguised admiration; and dramatic critics from suburban papers, great in the consciousness of a free admission, take notes concerning her by-play. The by-play of Tottie, however, is reserved for scenes other than those of the stage—scenes of which it may be

hoped the Islingtonian Hazlitt wots not of. For Tottie these are evil times. Gone are the *petits soupers* in Pall Mall. The Sunday drive to Richmond has passed as a dream. She laments the absence of Charlie pursuing the fugitive grouse, of Harry at Cowes, of Tom gone to Jericho. These intellectual patrons of the drama departed, she has leisure to admire her shapeliness, and she yawns deliberately in the very face of the stalls, not accounting the occupants of those seats as persons whose favourable opinion is worth cultivating. And indeed they are a marvellous people who at the managerial invitation find themselves lolling in front of the glare of the footlights. He of the *jeunesse dorée* gazes languidly upon these denizens of another world, and finds himself feebly interested in their raiment. The repulsive finery of the lady in the next stall, her antique silk, redolent of lavender, the skimpy opera-cloak of red, bound with faded swans-down, and the opera-glasses with stained ivory case—these give him pause. Adolphus Jones, burnt with the annual fortnight at Margate, apes the airs of those in whose seats he now swarms—those whom aforesaid he admired from the front row of the pit—and blushes profusely as he appropriates to himself one of Tottie's faded glances.

It is not only in the theatres where opera bouffe supplied a vehicle for the display of limb and bosom that the effect of the annual exodus is observable. A highly commendable effort has been made by other caterers to convert the theatre into a means of grace. Middle. Beatrice triumphantly advertises the superiority of the playhouse over other reforming institutions, and quotes at much length the result of her performance upon a Mr. Joseph Macanlay, whose recital is perhaps as true as that of any historian whomsoever. At another theatre September is to be the scene of the evangelical labours of real negroes called 'jolly coons,' and known by other endearing epithets common in America. There is no reason in the world why the stage, converted from its present purposes, should not become a formidable rival to Exeter Hall, and even undertake the work at present performed by curates. A number of frivolous people who avowedly repair to the playhouse in order to be amused may perhaps feebly object to the change, preferring the performances of Tottie and Lilly to even the inspiring exhibitions of Moody and Sankey and the Jubilee Singers. These, however, are unregenerate men, whose opinions are no doubt honestly entertained, but who cannot for a moment expect to be consulted. Serious supporters of the British drama will greatly rejoice to find the London stage pervaded by that high moral tone which characterises the Polytechnic, Madame Tussaud's, and is associated with Shakespeare and the musical glasses. In the event of the ultimate triumph of the evangelistic reformers of the stage, we may hope to have dramatic critics chosen from the writers to the 'Rock,' and the services of the Lord Chamberlain altogether dispensed with.

*A propos* of that exalted and much-abused functionary, a writer in the 'Sporting Gazette' has been eloquently denouncing the inutility of his mission, and arguing that his lordship should forthwith be carted away on a tumbril. When the gentlemen who pen what they are pleased to call dramatic criticisms for the metropolitan press suffer from a lack of subject-matter, they have a happy knack of pitching upon Lord Hertford—a most inoffensive nobleman—who is doubtless much astonished at the truculence of his assailants. Parliamentary committees have sat upon him. The Gaiety manager has tilted at him in pamphlets. Magazine articles have ridiculed him. Burlesque-writers have made offensive jokes about him. Wits on the comic papers actually bring up in judgment against him the skirts of the ballet, and he is

treated generally as if he were a criminal of great enormity against whom the playgoers should arise in their thousands. In the arguments of his latest assailant there is nothing of a novel nature advanced, though one cannot admire that simple confidence which the writer reposes in the taste and morality of a British public, to the soundness of which he assures us the existence of the Chamberlain's office is an insult. A writer of somewhat greater eminence—one Farquhar, who wrote comedies during the lively rule of the Second Charles—has also touched upon this point, and has declared with much emphasis that in the pit, gallery, and boxes you must find the final arbiters of taste. When we reflect upon the description of dramatic entertainment offered to the court by Farquhar and his contemporaries, we may be pardoned some little show of diffidence in accepting his deductions. Out of mere gratitude also critics might remember that his lordship does not interfere so very much. Sir Fretful Plagiary tears his hair because his adaptation of the most recent Palais Royal success fails to find favour with the licenser of plays; and Mr. Hollingshead complains of harassing interference. But from the general body of playgoers there comes no complaint. And it is to be hoped that the official censorship of the stage may be continued, in the interests of those who are afflicted to any extent by insular prejudices.

A somewhat remarkable Hampshire character, Tommy Nevill of Chillend, near Winchester, has disappeared from the scene since our last. Though not much known beyond the confines of his native county, yet there will be many readers of the 'Van' to whom his quaint figure will be familiar. Nature had frowned upon his birth, dwarfed his form, and twisted it into some curious complications; but the little man was heart-whole, kind and gentle in disposition, somewhat eccentric, as if the mind, like the body, had received a twist, but still with a superabundance of love within him for the meanest of God's creatures. That his love took a very sporting turn we cannot deny. The habits and customs of the birds of the air and the beasts of the field were his study and delight. He loved them, but he showed his love by shooting and hunting them, though in the tenderest way. Tommy Nevill had in some sort anticipated the millennium. If he had not made 'the lion and the lamb to lie down together,' it was only in deference to the feelings of his Hampshire neighbours, who objected to such a 'fearful wild fowl' as the former being introduced into their society. He himself told us during a brief visit we paid to Chillend some twelve years back that the greatest desire of his life was to possess the cub of a lioness in order that he might tame and educate it, make it his companion, and occasionally hunt it with his black St. Huberts—splendid black-and-tan, with a cross of the bloodhound in them—of whom poor Tommy was immensely proud, maintaining, with a simple faith that brooked not contradiction, that they were the descendants of that pack of which William Rufus was Master. They were certainly splendid-looking hounds when we saw them, and their deep bay was a grand thing to hear. Mr. Nevill hunted everything with them, from the wild jackal and the lordly stag to the water-rat and 'such 'small deer.' Some insight into the character of the man may be gleaned from the fact of his gravely assuring us that in the summer time, when the St. Huberts were taking holiday, no better sport could be imagined than a run with a fine water-rat, and the earnestness with which he described to us 'a run' of this sort, and the wonderful behaviour of the St. Huberts under rather trying circumstances, was most amusing. He had trained his hounds to hunt the stags he kept in a paddock.

adjoining his house, and to trot home together side by side, the hunters and the hunted, after the stag had been taken. We have mentioned a jackal—an animal that laid on the rug like a collie dog, and was quite willing to be hunted by the St. Huberts, and return to his rug after the hunt was over; but his chief loves were the stags. He had taught them to come to his call and feed out of his hand. He had taught the hounds that hunted them one day to be their companions the next, while the jackal went in and out as an occasional visitor. A curious family and a curious little man was poor Tommy Nevill. We wish we could remember some of the queer things he said on the occasion of our visit above referred to. His notions of hunting and his opinions about hounds were heterodox, we fear, but still it was most amusing to hear him. Peace to his *manes*.

We are happy to be able to announce before going to press that the objections referred to a page or so back against Mr. Bowes' horses at Stockton were, on the first day of the York Meeting, overruled by the stewards who heard them. The result coincided with the general opinion of the racing world, and gave universal satisfaction. Mr. Lowther and his fellow-objectors, we feel sure, did what they did on public grounds alone, and indeed the Chief Secretary, in a letter which he addressed to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, expressly stated this, and begged them, that if they thought that the spirit of the rules had been complied with, and that if they felt they must decide against the validity of the nominators on technical grounds, to allow him to withdraw the objections. This the Stewards did not feel they could do, but they happily felt that they could, taking a common-sense view of the case, quash them. It would have been indeed a subject of deep regret if, after the long and honourable career of Mr. Bowes on the Turf, he should have been subjected to the annoyance of having his horses disqualified through the grievous fault of his agent. All Yorkshire would have felt it as a sort of disgrace, and we should not have envied the feelings or position of the men through whose *laches* it had occurred.







James O. Goodlake

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### COLONEL GOODLAKE, V.C.

As this season's blue riband of the leash has been of so much interest to lovers of coursing, we cannot better illustrate our pages than with the portrait of a gentleman who has taken a leading part in that and other national sports. Colonel Gerald Goodlake, V.C., was born at Wadley in May, 1833, and inherited a taste for dogs and horses from a line of sporting ancestors who have lived in the Vale of White Horse, as we find in Burke's 'Landed Gentry,' from a period long antecedent to the institution of Registers in 1547. He was educated at Eton, where he won the swimming prize and steeplechase, giving earnest of future pedestrian triumphs, which he accomplished later on, under the able training of Petersen, the Flying Tailor. He joined the Coldstream Guards in 1850, and went through the Crimean campaign without a day's absence from his duties. He there especially distinguished himself, when in command of the sharpshooters of the brigade of Guards. After obtaining (among other well-deserved honours) the Victoria Cross, he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen—a position he still holds.

There are few kinds of sport, legitimate or illegitimate, of which the subject of our sketch is not an adept. He was especially a proficient in the noble art of self-defence in years gone by; a fair all-round cricketer; a hard rider; an excellent shot and fisherman; as a pisciculturist he has also been most successful, and has one of the most extensive trout-breeding establishments in England at Denham Fishery, Bucks, where many thousands of fine artificially-raised trout can be viewed. But it is as a courser that Colonel Goodlake is better known, not only from his long connection with the sport, but also from the celebrity of some of the dogs he has owned, amongst which we may name Gaudy Poll (sister to Cygnet, the great granddam of Coomassie), Basil, Great Newbury Button, Glimpse at Glory, Gone, Gretchen Gilderoy, and Great Gable, in which last two we again find a near relationship to Coomassie, winner of the Waterloo Cup for the last two years in succession. It was also in his nomination that Meg won the Cup in 1865. As some evidence of the respect in which he is held by the coursing

community, he has been elected for five years in succession chairman of the Waterloo Banquet, on the last of which occasions he put every one on the best of terms with themselves by his happy speeches, especially when—in proposing Her Majesty's health—he stated that he felt quite sure every courser in the United Kingdom was 'ready, 'aye ready' to go to slips, and dash out of them, if need be, for the honour of their Queen and the welfare of their country.

His anxiety for the success and strict integrity of his favourite sport has gained for him the universal confidence and esteem of all classes connected with coursing; and in society he has that charm of manner, and the *bonhommie* which has gained for him a popularity as widespread as it is deserved.

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### GEORGE PAYNE.

IT is in no spirit of sensational familiarity akin to that which permeates the narrative of a Transatlantic 'interviewer,' but rather as plain chroniclers of simple facts, that we indite the heading to this brief notice of a veteran sportsman recently passed away from among us. There is always some sort of 'magic in the name' of one who has come to bear a homely appellation such as that we have chosen to entitle this article; there is an honest, substantial, truly British ring about it, and whether at school or college, or in the multifarious relations of after-life, we have invariably found bearers of such *soubriquets*—conjunctions of Christian and surnames—universally popular members of society, or, at least, of those circles of it in which they move. It was not, however, from 'society' alone that George Payne drew the 'honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,' alike the crown and the due of a long life, which the world was content to forgive having been spent more pleasurably than profitably, because of the downright goodness of purpose, suavity of manners, and infectious goodhumour and *bonhommie*, which formed its leading characteristics. The history of George Payne, the sportsman, brought down to the date of the appearance of his portrait and biography in 'Baily's Magazine,' has been taken up and carried on by other 'memoir-men,' as poor 'Argus' used to call them, up to the time of his recent lamented demise, but there are salient points in the story of his life, and more particularly in his character, which appear to have been missed, albeit our task is rather with traits in the latter than with episodes in the former. With George Payne has departed a representative of a school of sportsmen of which General Peel is now the sole survivor, but which formerly reckoned among its ranks Charles Greville (the fast friend and confederate of the subject of our present notice), Admiral Rous, Lord Glasgow, and other perhaps less intimate associates, of whom it may with truth be said that they earned and retained popularity among followers of the Turf, as well as sporting society at large, less by reason of their success as racing

men than on account of their long, intimate, and honourable connection with the national pastime, the credit of which they worked so long and so hard to uphold. If the black and white striped jacket of George Payne found favour in the eyes of all classes interested in the animals which bore them, it was not because they had been borne to the fore in Derbies and St. Legers, or had blazed in the van of big handicap fields with the same frequency as those of such contemporaries as Hawley, Merry, or Rothschild. As an owner of horses pure and simple, it may safely be asserted that George Payne's luck was no better than his judgment, and by some strange perversity his ventures seemed most of them to turn out only indifferently well, though he was never tired of waiting for that turn in the tide which was to lead him on to fortune. His name will never be intimately connected with any Turf triumph of greater consideration than a handicap *coup*, and misfortune seemed to attach itself to the stable in the management of which he was so long associated with his friends Mr. Stirling Crawford, Mr. J. N. Astley, and the late Lord Ailesbury. To the fortunes of Fyfield we may presently make allusion, but we must now hark back to our endeavour to discover the reasons for the large share of popularity undoubtedly enjoyed by George Payne in racing circles as well as elsewhere, for we hold that the same key-note ran through all his relations with the world at large, and gave a tone to every chord struck by him in the hearts of his fellow-men. We take it then, that, as the horse-loving public looked up with admiration to his unflinching pluck, unaffected love of sport, unswerving integrity, dashing system of speculation, and thorough good-humour under bad luck (his normal condition, by the way); so the same qualities differently exercised endeared him to others without the pale of those branches of sport which he peculiarly affected. There was a *bonhommie*, an elasticity, mental as well as physical, a youthful exuberance of spirits and overflow of geniality about the man, which he carried into every walk of life, and which endeared him to all, whether as master of hounds or owner of racehorses, whether at the council table of the Jockey Club, or at that one of greener hue which he invariably sought as a pleasant recreation after the toils of a day devoted to sport. Whatever he did, he did well, and to the very best of his ability; and if he could not command Fortune he at least never grew tired of tempting her, and, with Horace, he might well have exclaimed :

'Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit  
Pennas resigno quæ dedit, et mea  
Virtute me involvo;'

and though the context may not be strictly applicable, we should not be discharging our duty as faithful chroniclers did we endeavour to dissemble the fact that George Payne was an inveterate gambler as well as a dashing bettor, and that more than one noble fortune was sacrificed to tastes which, however fashionable, are not to be imitated with impunity by individuals unpossessed of similar means for their

gratification. Still, it cannot be urged against George Payne that he injured any one save himself, nor that he failed in any single case to comply with the strictest niceties of the code laid down by honour—to whose martinet rule none submitted himself more loyally, thoroughly, and uncomplainingly. By nature singularly frank and open, he possessed, in addition, the enviable attribute of the freshness of youth, and capabilities for thorough enjoyment of life up to the very last. ‘I have lived my life,’ he might truly say; but though he had drunk its cup to the lees, the contents, so cloying to many at last, did not pall upon him, and his was the guerdon of

‘The deep heart of existence, beating ever like a boy’s,’

to which the secret of his eminently ‘pleasant’ life may be attributed. And surely no man ever more thoroughly determined to look upon its brighter side, or exercised an influence in turning the steps of others in the same light and easy direction as his own. There was not a spark of hatred, malice, or uncharitableness in the composition of George Payne; not a suspicion of jealousy; not a shade of quickness to take offence. The latter (whether intentional or the reverse) he disarmed by ridicule, and he never laughed more heartily than when a sporting writer, more distinguished for his exclusiveness than his classical knowledge, spoke of Admiral Rous and himself as ‘*arcades ambo*,’ in allusion to both of those pillars of the Turf being ‘fine whist players.’ Numberless other stories have been told of George Payne’s being the first to join in the laugh against himself, when he had been the victim of designing persons, of whom his trusting, ingenuous nature made him frequently the ready dupe; and no man either took or gave ‘chaff’ more good-humouredly or with greater consideration for the feelings of its recipient. He had the good sense and fine judgment so rarely found in unison, which enabled him to gauge men’s understandings and to fathom their thoughts and inclinations, and thus he would have excelled as a diplomatist, while at the same time perhaps lacking the power of underground working and ingenious subterfuges of the disciples of Talleyrand, than which nothing could be more at variance with the policy of openness and straightforwardness which he was the foremost to practise as well as to preach. Favour and regard in high places did not spoil him; and while in bearing, in manners, in position eminently fitted for the high sphere in which he moved, nothing proved his true nobility of nature more than his condescension to men of low estate, in which, however, he carefully avoided overstepping the border line between urbane conciliation and undue familiarity. In his anxiety for a ‘wager,’ he often proved himself no ‘judicious Hooker,’ but would listen to advice from almost any quarter; and he has been known to back every horse in a race, making thereby a certainty of losing, and in him the Ring has lost a customer ever ready to do business, coming up smiling after never so heavy a knock-down blow, prompt in settlement, and equal to either fortune of the game of speculation. As a member of

the Committee of Tattersall's he gave universal satisfaction, his decisions being scarcely ever called in question, and we may be excused for paying him a somewhat 'back-handed compliment' in saying that he was the life and soul of that somewhat inert and tardy deliberative body. We have said that George Payne's name will never be associated with any racing crack; but perhaps it will be best remembered through Musket, one of Lord Glasgow's 'legacy horses,' and, out of compliment to the late eccentric Earl, the stout son of Toxopholite invariably sported the crimson and white of the irascible nobleman in preference to the black and white of the affable commoner. And in conjunction with General Peel, George Payne for some years was co-director of the Glasgow Stud at Enfield, which—in addition to having widely benefited country districts by the annual lettings of stallions eminently calculated to improve our breed of horses in places hitherto unprovided with facilities for acquiring their services—has lately had the distinction of turning out a Derby winner from its paddocks in Sefton, begotten by that newly-risen star, Speculum, out of a mare by West Australian from Clarissa, blood quite after her late owner's heart, and, in accordance with the old Glasgow traditions, still among the 'great unnamed.' Having passed into Mr. Crawford's possession as a yearling, how he realised the dream of his owner's life, and made him ample awards for his many expensive purchases and ill-fated favourites, is now matter of history; and by no one was his friend's long-deferred Derby triumph more feelingly appreciated than by George Payne. The veteran, moreover, landed a handsome stake by the colt's success, and was thus spared to see previous failures and upsets amply avenged on the last occasion of his appearance at Epsom, from the stand of which he had witnessed Savernake's head defeat by Lord Lyon, had marked the shortening stride of Palmerston as Kingcraft came sailing home to victory, and had felt a transitory glow of victory when Pell Mell stuck so closely to Cremorne; or later still had rubbed his eyes to see Doncaster, dropped from the clouds, gallop down Gang Forward and Kaiser as they came on locked together to the chair. His racing recollections, of course, date much further back, but with these we have no concern, for it is with George Payne, as known to the present generation of turfites, that we are concerned, and not with the lad when George the Third was king, nor with the young blood of the Regency, nor with the most popular sportsman of the day in his prime, when the 'Velocipede pony,' Amato, gave his name to the year that witnessed the coronation of our most gracious Majesty. It seems to be an accepted truism that you 'cannot put an old head upon young shoulders,' but how much more desirable is the converse of the proposition, and who would not prefer to be endowed with a never-failing store of sprightliness, vivacity, and light-heartedness on the down-hill road of life than to cultivate a grave sagacity and precocious wisdom beyond his years in the warm spring-tide of youth? George Payne possessed the happy knack of making

and retaining friendships with his fellows of all ages, and his disposition was versatile and flexible enough to accommodate itself with equal certainty to the task of pleasing the tyro, the middle-aged, and the Nestor of his large acquaintance. Favour and flattery are incapable of spoiling minds thus constituted, and of which the balance is free from dangerous counterpoises on either hand; and although the word has become hatefully hackneyed and 'soiled by all ignoble use' of parasites and charlatans, yet 'popular' is the only epithet capable of expressing the 'essentiality' (if we may coin a word) of a character like that of George Payne.

Those who marked him well at his wonted post in the spring of the last year's racing he was to witness, could not fail to perceive the changes that had taken place in the well-known face and figure, fated to be missing from among us ere Doncaster brought round her St. Leger gathering; and there was that unmistakable look of impending illness upon his features at Epsom which not even the Derby victory of Sefton could altogether dispel, and the break-up seemed to have come upon him suddenly at last. Yet he defied the arch-enemy gallantly to the end, making light of the unequivocal symptoms of his ailment, and bearing up against its insidious attack with his wonted pluck and determination. Fortunately, when the last fatal warning of the end arrived, the long-threatened attack which shattered his strength of body left the mind unimpaired, and by a merciful dispensation he was permitted to 'know the number of his days,' and to await the advent of the king of terrors with the same fortitude which had through life inspired him.

Men of royal and noble, of gentle and simple birth mingled regrets at his grave's side, where, in the cold and formal unpicturesqueness of an English metropolitan burial-ground he sleeps his long sleep hard by the last resting-place of his friend and fellow-counsellor, whom men knew, respected, and honoured as 'the Admiral'—a name as simple, yet as expressive and distinctive as that of 'George Payne' in the mouths of the many who looked up to them as examples while living, and will cherish their memories when dead, because both passed unscathed through the fire which consumes so many—because they were among the few who have 'touched pitch and not been defiled.' Would that we could point to men of the same purity of motive and nobility of aim, prepared to fill the gaps in the ranks of leading turfites vacated by the twain who in death are not divided—men ready to stand in the forefront, sword in hand, against the forces of fraud, deceit, and chicanery drawn up in such imposing array against the good repute and fair fame of the king of sports no less than the sport of kings!

AMPHION.

## HUNTING SONGS.\*

'Non satis est pulchra esse poemata: dulcia sunt,  
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunt.'—ARS POETICA.

It is now nearly forty-five years ago since the merry strains of 'The 'Tantivy Trot' were first trolled in Oxford: when, on every occasion of a supper-party—a matter of nightly occurrence in those days—the quadrangles of the various colleges, from Peckwater to the cloisters of Magdalen, absolutely rang with the refrain of that once popular song. Forming, as it always did, a prominent feature in those orgies, it will not be wondered at if, at times of wild revelry, it assumed rather the character of a dithyramb, chanted in honour of Bacchus, than a chorus setting forth the charms of 'the road,' and the unrivalled 'speed' of the Tantivy Trot,' doing, as the coach then did, the journey between Birmingham and Oxford, in half a day.

One Whitehead, of Wadham, an undergraduate, spicy and genial as a beaker of bishop, was wont to electrify a roomful of men by the happy and spirited style in which he sang that song, carrying his company with him till they could almost hear the 'music in three-feet of tin,' and the splinter-bars rattling under their feet; and then, if you took a look at him as he sang it, so artistically did he square his elbows, handle his ribbons, and apparently catch up his double-thong, that you could almost have sworn he was planted on the box, and that the spanking team before him were not only doing their ten miles an hour but keeping his muscles in full play, and engaging his undivided attention. The personification, however, rarely reached its climax till he came to the fifth verse, on which his whole powers were concentrated—action, voice, and rapture being, as it were, blended together in the liveliest harmony.

It ran thus:—

'Here's to the arm that can hold 'em when gone,  
Still to a gallop inclin'd, sir;  
Heads in the front with no bearing reins on!  
Tails with no cruppers behind, sir!  
Let the steam pot  
Hiss till it's hot,  
Give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot.'

But, in truth, joyous as its strain was, that song foreshadowed the doom of the road—the 'steam-pot' was now more than simmering on the fire, while its hiss and whistle fell ominously on the ears of all who delighted in, and still clung to, the *ancien régime*. George Stephenson and Brunel were becoming the demi-gods of the day—the Robespierre and Danton of the revolution—boring through the bowels of the earth, or girding it with iron, and, with a power greater than that of Canute, limiting the advance of the sea itself. Titans indeed they were, by whose might and command Ossa was piled

\* 'Hunting Songs,' by R. E. Egerton-Warburton. Sixth Edition. Published by Pickering, 196 Piccadilly.



upon Pelion ; while, as a popular author expressed it, at the time, literally,

‘Exsurgunt valles, colles æquantur, et omnis  
Naturæ facies mutatur.’

The song, however, created, as was doubtless its object, a very strong feeling, not only in the University, but throughout the country, against the coming change ; but, of course, was impotent to avert it. At the time it appeared, to a few only was it known that Mr. Egerton-Warburton was the author—a gentleman whose musical and stirring lyrics, describing chiefly the joys and glories of the chase, are now as well known to the British public as those of Anacreon are to the classical world.

It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we hail the publication of the sixth edition of his ‘Hunting Songs,’ to which the Author has prefixed, by way of introduction, a very interesting and appropriate account of the Tarporley Hunt Club—a society that flourished with great vigour in Cheshire for many years, and subsequently gave rise to the first pack of foxhounds ever established in that county, under the Mastership of Mr. John Smith-Barry.

To the Tarporley Hunt Club we are mainly indebted for many of Mr. Warburton’s choicest songs ; which recount, in sparkling verse, the hunting and festive joys of that once popular institution. From that source, as from the fountains of Helicon, he seems to have drawn his first draught of inspiration, the spirit of which lights up his lyrical genius, and peeps out so pleasantly from every page of the work before us.

But ‘Quæsitum meritis,’ the title of one of his best songs, Horatian though it be, is a bit of Latin sufficiently crabbed to puzzle an Eton boy of the fifth form ; nay, but for a couplet it contains, and an explanatory note in the Appendix, its meaning to the general reader might remain a riddle to the end of time. From the latter, however, we learn that ‘at the Tarporley meeting all toasts considered worthy of the honour were drunk in a “Quæsitum,” a name given to the glasses, from the inscription they bear—“Quæsitum meritis.”’

Nevertheless, the song itself makes ample amends for that stumbling-block *in limine*, and it is impossible not to be charmed by the spirit and enthusiasm that pervade every line of it. Take, for instance, the two following stanzas :—

‘Since one fox on foot more diversion will bring  
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing,  
The man we all honour, whate’er be his rank,  
Whose heart heaves a sigh when his gorse is drawn blank,  
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,  
We’ll drink, if we die for’t, a bumper to him.

Oh ! give me that man to whom nought comes amiss,  
One horse or another, that country or this ;  
Through falls and bad starts who undauntedly still  
Rides up to this motto : “Be with ’em I will.”  
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,  
We’ll drink, if we die for’t, a bumper to him.’

Mr. Trelawny, the long-valued and well-known Master of hounds in the South of Devon, was wont to say that, to make his hunting staff perfect, he would like to see a painter and poet always attached to it on hunting days; so that men, horses, and hounds, the sylvan scene, and all the stirring incidents of the chase might be reproduced in artistic form, and thus delight the memory in after-years, when perhaps the sport itself could no longer be enjoyed. Now, this is exactly what has occurred to the more fortunate Masters of the Tarporley and Cheshire hounds. They have rejoiced in possessing for upwards of forty years both a poet and a painter in Mr. Egerton-Warburton, who, being at the same time a keen hunter and a thorough master of his subject, has produced such pleasant pictures, such bright glimpses of the past, in those countries, that, so long as the 'little Red Rover' thrives, and the furze-bush blossoms in our land, those ballads of his, we may venture to say, will never lose their attraction.

But, besides the Masters, the gentlemen of that Palatinate in general, at least those who have joined in the chase, have equal reason to rejoice that, while song lives in the land, their fame will live also in the tuneful chronicles which commemorate their names, and at the same time honour their prowess. What should we have known of the 'King of men,' and those heroes of old, the well-booted Greeks, who followed him to the siege of Troy? What of Hector and Andromache, Æneas and Dido, but for the undying hexameters of Homer and Virgil, those two chroniclers who, with divine art, have embalmed their heroes in such sweet and immortal verse?

The priceless treasures which have been discovered at Hissarlik and in the tombs at Mycenæ are but dumb trophies of the past; and were it not for the light of the 'Iliad' we should know no more of their history and probable owners than we do of the mummies discovered by Belzoni in the vaults of the Pyramids. To song alone, then, in this and in countless other cases, are we indebted for the preservation of such interesting lore.

At page 48 we come to a group not only humorously described but incisively cut as an antique intaglio; it represents the 'Cheshire Chivalry' doing deeds of trenchant valour on behalf of a fair milk-maid, whose dairy had been invaded by a fox. It appears that on the 23rd of December, 1837, the Cheshire hounds found a fox in a plantation adjoining Tilston Lodge. Running directly to the house, he baffled all further pursuit by leaping through a window-pane into the dairy. When captured he was turned out at Wardle Gorse, and after an unusually quick burst, in the course of which he crossed two canals, was killed at Cholmondeston.

'Would that those who imagine all chivalry o'er  
Had encountered our gallant array;  
Ne'er a hundred such knights, e'en in ages of yore,  
Took the field in the cause of one damsel before,  
As were seen in the saddle that day.

Their high-mettled courage no dangers appal,  
 So keen was the ardour display'd;  
 Some lose a frail stirrup, some flounder, some fall,  
 Some gallantly stem the deep waters, and all  
 For the sake of the pretty milk-maid.

There stretch'd on the greensward, lay Geoffry the stout,  
 His heels were upturn'd to the sky,  
 From each boot flow'd a stream, as it were from a spout;  
 Away stole the fox ere one half had run out,  
 And away with fresh vigour we fly!

Stout Geoffry declar'd he would witness the kill,  
 Should he swim in the saddle till dark;  
 Six horsemen undauntedly follow'd him still,  
 Till the fate that awaited the steed of Sir Phil  
 Put an end to this merry mud-lark.

Back, back, the bold baronet roll'd from the shore,  
 Immers'd overhead in the wave;  
 The Tories 'gan think that the game was all o'er,  
 For their member was missing a minute or more  
 Ere he rose from his watery grave.

Quoth Tollemache, more eager than all to make sail,  
 (A soul that abhorreth restraint):  
 "Good doctor," quoth he, "since thy remedies fail,  
 Since blister, nor bleeding, nor pill-box avail,  
 Cold bathing may suit my complaint."

Harry Brooke, as a bird o'er the billow would skim,  
 Must have flown to the furthestmost brink;  
 For the moisture had reach'd neither garment nor limb,  
 There was not a speck the boot polish to dim,  
 Nor a mudstain to tarnish the pink.

The fox looking back, saw them fathom the tide,  
 But was doom'd, ere they cross'd it, to die;  
 Who-whoop may sound sweeter by far on that side,  
 But, thinks I to myself, I've a twenty-mile ride,  
 And as yet my good leather is dry.

Life-guardsman! why hang down in sorrow thy head?  
 Could our pack such a fast one outstrip?  
 Looking down at the ditch where his mare lay for dead,  
 "Pray, which way to Aston?" he mournfully said,  
 And utwisted the hair of his lip.

Though of milk and of water I've made a long tale,  
 When a livelier liquor's display'd,  
 I've a toast that will suit either claret or ale,  
 "Good sport to the kennel! Success to the pail!  
 And a health to the pretty milkmaid!"

Then, there's the song of 'The Breeches' (a name given to an evergreen gorse), which, Mr. Warburton tells us, was 'expressly 'cut out for Joe Maiden to brush.' It belongs to John Tollemache, Esq., and was 'once pre-eminent above all the gorses in 'the county for the sport it had shown.' On hearing that song well sung, so full of go and so descriptive are its verses that a listener with a trifling excess of fancy might almost imagine he

was viewing the very scene ; nay, was himself sweeping like a bird on wing over the Edlestone brook. Space alone prevents our giving the song *in extenso* ; but a stanza or two, which embody the cream of the run, will serve to illustrate the spirit of the whole :—

‘ When we pass’d the old gorse and the meadows beneath,  
When, across the canal, we approach’d Aston Heath,  
There were riders who took to the water like rats,  
There were steeds without horsemen, and men without hats.

• How many came down to the Edlestone brook,  
How many came down, not to leap—but to look ;  
The steeds that stood still with a stitch in their side  
Will remember the day when the Breeches were tried.’

Although included among his ‘ Hunting Songs,’ the tale of the ‘ Tarwood Run ’ has about as much claim to be called a lyric as the ‘ Æneid ’ of Virgil. It is, in fact, a brief heroic poem, detailing the deeds of the Heythrop men and hounds in a grand run from that noted neutral cover on the 24th of December, 1845 ; and the man who would attempt to sing it would get through ‘ Death and the Lady,’ or the ballad of ‘ Chevy Chase,’ with probably far more lyrical effect, and certainly less labour to his lungs than through that run.

But it is a glorious bit of writing from beginning to end, and charms us with descriptive passages which are almost Virgilian in their classic style. The opening lines are simply perfect, and display that intimate knowledge of a steal-away wild fox’s ways which experience alone could have taught him ; for, no matter how cultivated the power of his poesy might be, Mr. Warburton never could have written those lines if he had not been a fox-hunter as well. Let the reader judge for himself :—

‘ He waited not—he was not found—  
No warning note from eager hound,  
But echo of the distant horn,  
From outskirts of the covert borne,  
Where Jack the Whip in ambush lay,  
Proclaim’d that he was gone away.

Away ! ere yet that blast was blown,  
The fox had o’er the meadow flown ;  
Away ! away ! his flight he took,  
Straight pointing for the Windrush brook !

The miller, when he heard the pack,  
Stood tiptoe on his loaded sack,  
He view’d the fox across the flat,  
And, needless signal, wav’d his hat ;  
He saw him clear with easy stride,  
The stream by which the mill was plied ;  
Like phantom fox he seemed to fly,  
With speed unearthly flitting by.’

Grand as the sport was in the Heythrop country when the sixth Duke of Beaufort hunted it with his famous badger-pies—the quality and style of which have long since passed away—still, the times

that followed under Lord Redesdale, supported as he was by Jem Hill and Jack Goddard, may well be considered a brilliant era in the history of that country. The *modus operandi*, however, of the two packs was as distinct and opposite as the poles; the latter, with or without a scent, killing their fox in brilliant form, guided by the dashing adroitness of Jem Hill; who, with unerring instinct as to his point, galloped his game to death rather with the help of his whips than that of his hounds.

Not so with Philip Payne and the Duke's badger-pies. If the scent were indifferent, still they would cling to it over those cold fallows like a pack of weasels; but, with a scent that served, or even a half-scent, never did the flames of a prairie-fire speed with more fervour than they did on the very haunches of their doomed prey.

Among the men who distinguished themselves on that memorable occasion is mentioned the grandfather of the present noble Master of the Bicester hounds, the late Lord Valentia, than whom a more fearless, resolute rider never crossed a horse's back. But unfortunately, owing to imperfect vision—for he always rode in spectacles—that gallant spirit of his too often brought him to untimely grief. Here is a picture of him, true to the life, in such a predicament:—

' Ah ! much it grieves the Muse to tell  
At Clanfield how Valentia fell ;  
He went, they say, like one bewitch'd,  
Till headlong from the saddle pitch'd ;  
There, reckless of the pain, he sigh'd,  
To think he might not onward ride ;  
Though fallen from his pride of place,  
His heart was following still the chase ;  
He bade his many friends forbear  
The proffered aid, nor tarry there ;  
" Oh ! heed me not, but ride away !  
The Tarwood fox must die to-day ! " '

No one who witnessed it could ever forget a fall he once met with in the old Berkshire country. He had been mounted by his young friend, Henry Elwes, on a tear-away, slashing grey, known as ' The Miller ' ; a horse that, when hounds were running hard, no arm could hold, no bit restrain ; the brute would have his own way, and, at water, could not be stopped. Before him rose a strong quickset fence bordered on the far side by a wide meandering brook, the sparkling ripples of which catching The Miller's eye, at it he went with an impetus that, but for the stiff, unyielding thorn-stumps, might have carried him safely into the next parish. As it was, he landed with his fore-legs on the opposite bank, pitching his rider, like a quoit, head-foremost into the gravelly soil. On recovering, however, as Lord Valentia quickly did, his own legs, his face presented a most awful sight ; the spectacles had been smashed, and a piece of the steel rim having been driven almost through the upper part of the nose, his eyes and face were literally bathed in blood.

Many were the offers of help he received ; but the stout-hearted peer, after he had himself extracted the steel, warned his friends to

stick to the chase and 'heed him not'; assuring them that the loss of his spectacles was his sole injury.

'The peculiar feature of the Tarwood run,' says Mr. Whippy, 'was the stoutness and intrepidity of the fox. With the exception of just touching one corner of Boys Wood at Cokethorpe, he never once sought shelter in a cover of any description. The distance from point to point is from fifteen to sixteen miles; and I am sure the distance run over must have been at least twenty miles. Time, one hour and forty-two minutes.'

Verily, a finer and more congenial subject could scarcely have been chosen by a poet so well versed in campestrian arms; nor will it be saying a word too much in its praise, if we place this result of his tuneful art, notwithstanding its misnomer, in the front rank of all poems hitherto produced on a similar subject.

The song of 'The Mare and her Master,' in which the author undoubtedly alludes to his own failing powers and the damage 'old Time' has done him, while it evinces the tenderest regard for the animal whose deeds he recounts in such telling strains, is so full of pathos and genuine sympathy, that a man might as well attempt to read aloud the last words of the dying Lefevre, as sing that song through, without a gulp or a break-down. It is a dirge in reality, rather than a song, and stands, as it were, like a tombstone in a tea-garden, amongst the cheery and light-hearted companions which surround it on all sides.

Then, the 'Farewell to Tarporley' is much in the same strain—a mournful ditty—parting with old friends and field-associations, to which the author had been so long and so devotedly attached. But the pantomime comes after the tragedy; and the shadows it leaves are scattered like a mist of the morning, on turning to 'Farmer Dobbin' or 'A Day wi' the Cheshur Fox-Dugs.'

The hour for milking is at hand; and the farmer's wife, catching him as he returns from the hunting-field, harangues him anxiously on his late arrival and battered form; while he, still exuberant with the sport he has enjoyed, enters, in the broad vernacular of the country, into a full history of the day—the field, the run, and the result he arrives at with respect to fox-hunting. The description is inimitable; and, with a copious vein of humour running throughout, is doubtless as faithful a picture of a stout-hearted Cheshire yeoman as Tennyson's is of a 'Northern Farmer.'

We cull from this old English garden a few flowerets, the scent of which, we are quite sure, will hang round the reader's memory for many a future day:—

'Ould mon, it's welly milkin toim, wherever 'ast 'ee bin?  
Thear's slutch upo' thoi coat, oi see, and blood upo' thoi chin;'  
'Oiv bin to see the gentlefolk o' Cheshur roid a run;  
Owd wench! oiv been a hunting, an' oiv seen some rattling fun.

They'd aw got bookskin leathers on, a fitten 'em so toight,  
As roind an' plump as turmits be, an' just about as whoit;  
Their spurs wor maid o' siller, and their buttons maid o' brass,  
Their coats wor red as carrots, an' their collurs green as grass.

A varment-looking gemman on a woiry tit I seed,  
 An' another close besoid him, sitting noble on his steed;  
 They ca' them both owd codgers, but as fresh as paint they look,  
 John Glegg, Esquoir, o' Withington, an' bowd Sir Richard Brooke.

I seed Squoir Geffrey Shakerley, the best un o' that breed,  
 His smooling feace tould plainly how the sport wi' him agreed;  
 I seed the 'Arl ov Grosvenor, a loikly lad to roid,  
 I seed a soight worth aw the rest, his farenchy young broid.

Zur Umferry de Trafford, an' the Squoir ov Arley Haw,  
 His pocket full o' rigmarole, a rhoiming on 'em aw;  
 Two Members for the Cointy, both aloik ca'd Egerton,  
 Squoir Henry Brooks and Tummus Brooks, they'd aw green collars on.

Eh! what a mon be Dixon John, ov Astle Haw, Esquoir,  
 You wudna foind, and measure him, his marrow in the shoir;  
 Squoir Wilbraham o' the Forest, death and danger he defoies,  
 When his coat be toightly button'd up, and shut be both his oies.

Tom Rance has got a single oie, worth many another's two,  
 He held his cap abuv his yed to show he'd had a view;  
 Tom's voice was loik th' owd raven's, when he stroik'd out "Tally-ho!"  
 For when the fox had seen Tom's feace, he thought it time to go.

Eh, moy! a pratty skouwer then was kicked up in the vale,  
 They skim'd across the running brook, they topp'd the post an' rail;  
 They didna stop for razzur cop, but played at touch an' go,  
 An' them as miss'd a footin there lay doubled up below."

He then explains to his 'Missis' the accident that brought the blood upon his chin, tells her how they killed in the open, and how 'owd Dobbin seed the death'; and now, bitten for life, winds up by coming very naturally to the following satisfactory conclusion:—

"Now, missis, sin' the markets be a doing moderate well,  
 Oiv welly maid my moind up just to buoy a nag mysel';  
 For to keep a farmer's spirits up, 'gen things be getting low,  
 Theer's nothing loik fox-huntin' and a rattling Tally-ho!"

Did space permit it, from almost every page of this sparkling little volume extracts might be given, which not only the hunting man but the general reader would greatly enjoy; to quote its contents, however, more fully on the present occasion would scarcely be fair to the publishers of the work, even if the sheets of this Magazine were illimitable.

But a word or two more. We are all influenced, and to a certain extent governed, by the power of dress, be it on the back of a fine figure, or even that of a book; and this power, it must be owned, has not been overlooked by Mr. Warburton, who has very appropriately clothed this—his sixth bantling—in scarlet and green, the attractive colours of the Cheshire Hunt. And, thus arrayed, it will be a wonder indeed if there is a squire or a yeoman in that, or the next county, on whose book-shelves 'The Hunting Songs' will fail to occupy a welcome and a prominent place.

## PRIVATE BILLIARDS.

BY AN OLD TIP.

THE time has now arrived when out-door pastimes come naturally to a close, when the bat is well oiled, and, with the racket and the mallet, laid aside for future years; when grounds are enlarged, re-laid, or top-dressed, lawns handed over to gardeners, and whilst young sporting minds are considering averages with congratulations or congratulatory regrets, older ones turn to future billiard handicaps. The growth of cricket as an out-door pastime has been wonderful, but it has not surpassed the increased importance of billiards as the only in-door sport combining amusement with exercise. In our early days every public table was known; they were often a mile apart; and the literature of the game was confined to a large flat volume opening with an illustration of a gentleman in a frock-coat pensively contemplating a stroke. Now every well-ordered house has its own table; every publican that can find space is aware of the profit to be derived from a billiard-room, and the books that have been written show that champions, either alone or in collaboration, are anxious to assist in the propagation of a game which has given them fame, and, it is to be hoped, fortune. These books profess to teach the game of billiards. This paper has no such ambitious views: to point out how the game can be more pleasantly enjoyed in private houses is simply its object; and, notwithstanding all that has been published, we hope to be able to supplement it profitably. Our pretensions are not great; we cannot found them on being able to do the spot stroke; we never even won a handicap at a club, nor do we know a single marker's Christian name; sixpenny pool with ladies is the height of our gambling for many years, and we have not made money at this. Unlike the gentleman who rescued his father from gaol at Boulogne and started him comfortably in a City tobacco-shop by pyramids, we believe that a long course of this game would lead to a French emigration of ourselves and our tobacco to become 'caporal.' In fact, the only claim we have to write is an undue admiration of Mr. Baily, who has confided to us his want of copy. The first thing anybody wants is, what Mr. Baily says he has, plenty of room, but descriptions of plenty are variable. If you can't get a full-sized table, get a little one; the amusement is still very great, and ladies play better on a small table. Only have a table and room to move in, follow our hints, and then no one will be too tired after dinner to play, or have an engagement or any other excuse in which the desire to avoid the sight of your green cloth is manifest. A good room is a great beginning, but only a beginning, and what it ought to have is a good foundation, whether it be upstairs, downstairs, or — over the stable; very nearly made a miscue there. Wherever your room is, there must your table be always, and the table must be free from all vibration; a good floor able to sustain the weight of table and players is a *sine quâ non*. That being granted, the locality



and its approaches are minor points: a good fruit excuses a bad rind; but if difficult or disagreeable to get into, make it so that no one ever wants to get out of it. A full-sized table is 12 feet by 6, and it requires 6 feet all round to play with comfort and absence of short cues. This room being obtained, with a firm basis, the next question is the table. Now, it is not our intention to praise any maker in particular; there are many admirable tables made by London and Provincial firms that answer every requisite; they all vary a little even from the same maker at different periods, but any peculiarities are easy of perception and soon cease to be noticed. Have your table perfectly plain, the wood as handsome as you like, even inlaid if desired, but no carving and as little moulding as possible; it all means dust, and dust means dirt. We always associate much carving with 'successful capitalists.' Before vulcanised rubber was adapted to cushions a private table was usually a delusion and a snare; the balls rebounded as if from a brick wall, reminding one of callow volunteer firing. No means of heating removed the difficulty; a hot-water coil under the table warmed the side next the fire and left the other side frozen; with a fire, coil, and even hot-water tins, unless the possessor realised the fact that the room had to be warmed every day, whether wanted or not, the result was the same—utter disgust. With the latest improvements in vulcanised rubber all this difficulty has disappeared, and now we have tables on which a ball can be easily made to travel five and a half times their length, which is fast enough for anything. In many public and some club tables the fault is not that they are slow, but that they are weak in the rubber; this makes them very deceptive. The balls start off at a great pace from the cushions, but if you try the speed it does not admit of as much propulsion as a seemingly much slower table. With weak rubber or slack cushions the angles of reflection are all false and vary excessively with the strength of the stroke; with these defects absent, the faster the table the better it is to play on.

The angle at which the cushions are applied to the bed of the table varies; and unless adapted to the size of the balls the latter jump with a hard stroke. It is all very well in a match to request the spectators to look out, and then to knock your own and the red ball off the table; but in a private room a ball taking an aerial course is occasionally very destructive, and we have seen a valuable set of front teeth shattered by a gentleman who was apt to give his ball 'plenty of stick.' Pool, Pyramid, and skinned balls will all jump when the ordinary sized balls run well enough.

On the rapidity of the cushions and the size of the pockets the easiness of a table depends. We prefer a fairly easy one. Amateurs, who constitute the great bulk of players, are not as a rule very expert, and there is no reason why their efforts should be restrained by any approach to a championship table. An ordinary public table is difficult enough, without, however, the pockets like hats that are put up for some exhibition matches. Pockets may be cut out small, and yet with great bevel or 'jaw.' In this case they are easy

for losing hazards, yet very difficult for winning ones: the jaw constantly catching the balls when playing for cannons, makes them disagreeable tables to play on; with a hard stroke a ball will partially disappear, and finally settle on the edge of the pocket. When the web that forms the bag is new, the white cord shining through the green cushions renders winning hazards easier than when the web is discoloured by use. Fancy pockets are almost gone out; we learnt originally on a table where a lion's mouth opened and presented the ball to the player. There was once a table near the Strand where the balls rolled down some tubes to the baulk end of the table: this afforded additional excitement to know whether they would come safely through the channels or not, arrested progress entailing much punching with the rest, and some strong language. This table, and a fourteen-foot one, in the neighbourhood of the Surrey Circus, were curiosities in the days when Kentfield was king.

The cloth cannot be too fine; rough, coarse cloths are only fit to play on after much wear, and they always are disagreeable. It is astonishing the amount of resistance the cloth offers. Some years ago there was a table in the North frequented at Grand Nationals, where the cloth was like glass, the ball seemed to run on for ever, and it was amusing to see good players completely baulked by the absence of the usual resistance.

The light of a private room can seldom be obtained from above: if it can, all the better; but you must mind that it does not entail leakage, or drip from rain or internal moisture. After dusk four gas circles of three or four jets each are ample, much better than six circles, as they give light enough, with less heat; these jets should all burn brightly, and not wobble or smoke. The shades should be deeper than those generally sold, or should have a curtain of linen some two inches long all round the lower edge. It is much pleasanter with this arrangement, as you avoid when stooping for a stroke, the sudden glare from darkness to a blaze of light. In the country paraffin lamps answer very well, but require some extra cleanliness, or else the inquiry as to whether there are any cats about, may be made. Cocoa-nut fibre mats are cleanly round the table; whatever is used should neither be slippery nor likely to trip the feet, for there is nothing more unpleasant than stumbling over a loose carpet in the middle of a break. In Dufton's book an elegant looking-glass is visible in 'a well-appointed room,' where it would simply be a nuisance, unless you were going to imitate the American rifle-shooting over the shoulder by playing with your back to the table.

We are told that the stock of ivory in England is greater than it ever has been before; that the warehouses are quite full; and therefore why balls should have risen so much in price is not quite clear. They are never perfect in the sense of having the centre of gravity in the centre of the ball, and the best, after much play, become damaged, requiring re-turning, or, as it is called, skinning. The best ought always to be obtained at first, and a set, when

purchased, should always be weighed equal. They should never be left about, but invariably be put into a box and locked up till again required. Taking the average run of ivory balls, we believe that the composition ones are greatly superior in accuracy. They are not quite so elastic to play with, if such a term can be used; otherwise they are less fragile, and remain true for a longer time.

There are many varieties of rest; the brass cross ones are very nice, but they should be bound with leather, or the edges will cut the cloth with the slightest carelessness. There should be two, each resting on a small elbow under opposite ends of the table; the handle of the rest thus supported, the head rests on the floor towards the centre of the table. This saves an immensity of trouble and the walls being scratched with the head of the rest; instead of looking for the 'jigger,' which is often lost to sight, the player simply stoops down, takes it, and replaces it when done with.

There are all sorts of marking-boards—circular, electric, and horizontal. The circular ones are not always easy of rectification in event of a mistake, the electric always get out of order, and so the ordinary ones are the horizontal. A very nice way of marking is to have fifty beads on a wire, like an abacus, for each player, four dark and then a white one, or *vice versa*. This wire is run across one side or end of the room, the player counts his break with the beads, separates them from the others, and leaves his adversary to push them over on approval; this can all be done with the cue, and is simplicity itself. It is an extraordinary fact that all marking-boards are limited to two players, and yet there is not a better game out than three-billiards; each on his own hook, playing with the object-ball of the last player. In a private room, where so often three meet, it saves one looking on, and also all the tediousness of safety and keeping baulk, for it is evident there is no use in A tying up B for the benefit of C. We present this idea of a triplet marking-board to the world at large, only hoping it will be called the 'Baily.'

The antecedents of Mr. Suckling Hey are as mysterious as the authorship of 'Junius' Letters,' but the present object of his ambition is to purchase a profitable 'public;' and to obtain his desire he has devoted the great talents he possesses, which would otherwise probably have led to a Penitentiary, to the cultivation of the art and science of billiards. His private life—is devoted to the instruction in this game of some novice of satisfactory monetary position, the pupil being known amongst the initiated by the term of 'Hey's flat,' the duration of the teaching depends upon the available capital at the novice's command, with due consideration of Mr. Hey's pecuniary requirements, and the result is uniformly a rearrangement of capital to Mr. Hey's profit and satisfaction, and an acquirement by the novice of sufficient billiard experience to enable him to lose in future with a struggle; this is Mr. Hey's relaxation. His public life—is one of unwearied activity; his gigantic form, like a distended india-rubber doll (the child-like face without any hair, and the high falsetto voice

reminding the curious observer of the feline favourite termed by ladies in the 'Exchange and Mart' an 'altered Tom'), may be seen every forenoon in a billiard-room frequented by young stockbrokers, where he makes many inquiries as to shares, asks about 'Brums,' and is altogether so familiar with the slang of the 'Room,' that young jobbers have occasionally taken him for some large speculator who diplomatically endeavours to pick up some knowledge from the unguarded utterances of the dealers over a friendly game; and even the more experienced brokers are happy to talk to him, in the hopes of a 'como.' If there is no chance in the City of a quiet game in a private room, 'away from the crowd, you know,' Mr. Hey proceeds west, and the neighbourhood of the Strand receives his attention, as some stray university adolescent may occasionally be met there; by attending the M.C.C. matches on the University grounds, Mr. Hey has speaking acquaintance with some of the players, and he makes the most of it in such a case. Regent Street in the afternoon, and some suburb in the evening are all patronised as matured experience directs. Pool, as a rule, Mr. Hey does not affect, unless after a heavy dinner some party asks him to take a ball to make up the number, when he will affably consent and even go so far as a sovereign, 'my division against yours,' with an exhilarating player. But pyramids is his great game—'something small, of course,' at first; but later on it increases, and the bye-bets on the odd balls mount up in the end. Mr. Hey has the most modest opinion of his own skill, and is enthusiastic in the appreciation of any display of execution by his adversary. In fact, to show how apt he is to undervalue himself, it may be related that, when he commenced a series of games with the Hon. Mr. Gannette, heir presumptive to the earldom of Ceebyrde, this noble youth gave Mr. Hey sixty in a hundred game. At the close of the games, Mr. Hey had so improved as to be the giver of the same points. There was some little trouble about the settlement, but ultimately Mr. Hey consented to accept an annuity paid quarterly; and when the affair was finally terminated Mr. Hey thought, with a sigh of relief, that the righteous and the steady player were both rewarded occasionally in this world. Now, wherever Mr. Hey plays, his first inquiry is, 'Where is that cue?' or, if amongst acquaintance, 'Give me my cue.' If, therefore, this is such an important point in the play of a professor, it is evident that on a good and familiar cue must depend much of the success and pleasure of billiard playing.

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### TOM FIRR.

THERE is no more coveted place amongst hunt servants than that of huntsman at the Quorn kennels, and the man who obtains it may be set down as having reached the top of the tree in his profession. Few, if any, have ever arrived at such a distinction so early in life as Tom Firr, the subject of this paper. A son of old Abraham Firr, who

has been so long in the Puckeridge kennels under Mr. Parry, Tom made his start in life under another celebrated character, and was a boy in the kennels of Mr. Conyers when poor Will Orvis was his huntsman. After the Squire's death he was away from hounds for a few years, and his next start was with the South Oxfordshire in 1858, where he worked in the kennels and went hunting occasionally. Having had a year there he went as whip to Mr. George Hobson's harriers in Hertfordshire, where he had charge of the pack which he has since described to us as a very neat lot. A year saw him out here also, as he tired of thistle-whipping and was anxious to don the pink once more, so he found a place with Mr. Charles Barnett, then Master of the Cambridgeshire, with John Press as huntsman, and was there, as he says, kennelman, second horseman, and second whip, in one, and had to do the kennel work before starting hunting mornings, and then rendered what assistance he could in the field without knocking Press's second horse about. He then had a year with the Craven, and, Mr. Theobald giving up at the end of that time, went on to the Tedworth, where old George Carter carried the horn and Jack Fricker was first whip. The next year saw him with the Quorn under John Goddard, the first season of Mr. Clowe's Mastership, but he could not settle down as yet, and at the end of a year he went to Scotland, to Lord Eglinton's, under George Cox. After that, however, his wanderings were to cease, for he came as second whip to Mr. Anstruther Thomson with the Pytchley, although he had partly engaged as first whip in Norfolk. But he thought (how rightly the event has proved) that he had better be second whip with such a sportsman as Mr. Thomson than first in a provincial country. Here he remained four seasons, perhaps the most profitable ones he ever spent, for at the end of them he was so well up in his profession that Mr. Thomson, when a huntsman was wanted for the North Warwickshire, had sufficient confidence to recommend him for the place, which he obtained without difficulty, and thus jumped, as few or none before ever have done, from a second whip's to a huntsman's post at once, entirely omitting the intermediate stage of first whip. He says, 'I was now twenty-seven years of age, and I don't think I was more proud even the first day I got into top boots than I was at this time, for I did not expect to be made a huntsman so soon.' With a good sporting country and hard-working pack of hounds, he spent a happy three years with the North Warwickshire, giving great satisfaction and showing capital sport. The huntsman's place at Quorn being then vacant was very tempting to one who had got a thorough liking for the grass, and Mr. Lant kindly said he would not stand in his way, so in 1872 he went to Mr. Coupland as his second place as huntsman, and is now going into his seventh season in that celebrated country, the longest time any one has carried the Quorn horn since Tom Day gave up at Sir Richard Sutton's death.

Firr has been equally successful in the kennel and the field, as the

sport recorded and the prizes borne home from the Yorkshire shows testify. He is a good horseman, and, like the late celebrated old Billy Bean, appears to have the knack of making anything he is on go in good form, and he is a general favourite with the field. As he is one of those energetic men that every success appears to incite to still greater exertion, and who has endeavoured in every way to keep pace with his advancement in life, there appears every chance, we trust, that there is a long and brilliant future before him.

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## MY DENTIST.

In childhood who my first array  
Of teeth pluck'd tenderly away,  
For teeth like dogs have each their day?  
My Dentist.

Who when my first had run their race,  
And others had usurp'd their place,  
When overcrowded gave them space?  
My Dentist.

Whether the cavities were slight,  
Or vast and deep, who stopp'd them tight,  
Then made their polish'd surface white?  
My Dentist.

When void of bone a gap was seen,  
Who fix'd, the vacancy to screen,  
An artificial one between?  
My Dentist.

Who, when ambitious to be first  
My horse fell headlong in the burst,  
Replaced the ivories dispers'd?  
My Dentist.

Who 'Baily' left on parlour chair  
With leaf turn'd down to show me where  
Jack Russell's life was pictur'd there?  
My Dentist.

Or reading in that doleful cell  
Whyte-Melville's verse, who knew full well  
Its charm would every pang dispel?  
My Dentist.

Who lull'd with laughing gas my fear  
When conscious that a tug was near  
For man's endurance too severe?  
My Dentist.

And, lastly, when infirm I grew,  
Who skilfully each relic drew  
And fram'd for me a mouth-piece new?  
My Dentist.

## THE SOUND OF AN OLD BELL.

REPEATED BY A PHONOGRAPH AFTER HALF A CENTURY.

ON looking out of my club window I counted fifteen people in Parliament Street at the end of August, and on taking another census at twelve o'clock I could only make out ten, including myself; consequently, feeling somewhat dull, I went to a place where thousands of friends of all ages and all countries are always at home, winter and summer, and selected one of them as my companion. The place of call was the reading-room of the British Museum, and my old friend was just half a century old; in fact, it was a volume of 'Bell's Life' for the year 1828. I am not going to write a history of 'Bell' for two reasons; first, because I know nothing about it, and secondly, because there are many on their own staff who can do it much better; I simply put the paper before me and from its contents judge whether we want 'the good old times,' so called, back again or remain as we are.

'Bell's Life' was the autocrat over a very rough body of subjects, who were above the law at a time when bull-baiting, bear-baiting, badger-drawing, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and many savage outdoor sports, which are accurately depicted in 'Tom and Jerry' by Cruikshank's pencil, were the delight of the lower orders, and of many of the higher orders too. Many of them have disappeared since the days of the railways and the police.

Whether 'Bell' was self-constituted as a great power, or whether the promoters of sport started their own paper, matters little; it is enough to know that the principle of the old 'Nunquam Dormio' was to try and secure fair play for a man or any inferior animal in all trials of strength, and to have all sports and games conducted on known principles. And moreover, without going into politics, with which we have nothing to do in this periodical, 'Bell' was a great advocate for remedying all abuses which oppressed the lower orders, especially in making the magistrates amenable to some uniformity of practice by publishing the police reports.

Lord Macaulay speaks of the advance of civilization and humanity in the days of Victoria compared with the turbulent times when laws were cruel, and people assembled to see wretched men and women flogged at the cart's tail, and incited the hangman to lay the lash on harder; when people who were put in the pillory were pelted with stones and brickbats; when they yelled with delight to see the prize-fighters hack one another with swords and lop off a finger or put out an eye; and to see, as he calls it, 'oxen' baited at Hockley-in-the-Hole. It is only ten years since we discontinued the practice of hanging people in the streets of London, and if a word was said in favour of going back to that system again inhabitants of large towns would recoil with horror at the very idea. At the time when 'Bell' was giving laws for regulating the coarser sports of the people half a century ago the gallows was a great British institution, as proved by their own columns, from which it appears that at one Old Bailey session in 1828 forty-nine prisoners were left for execution, some of them for stealing articles of the value of

five pounds in a dwelling-house; though, thanks to George IV.'s kindness of heart—for with all his faults he hated capital punishment—five only were hung; three for house-breaking and two for horse-stealing; and in the following session three, out of a large number who were cast for death for various offences, were hung for shooting at a gentleman's keeper—I wonder if the keeper had a shot at them too. Fancy, in these days, a whole parish, or rather a large portion of a parish, going off to Pennenden Heath to see the rick-burners hung in the time of the Swing riots, which I well remember, or going to Maidstone to see a poor boy of fourteen years of age hung for the Maidstone Lane murder. That boy and his younger brother, aged twelve, were two uneducated savages, sons of criminal parents of the lowest order, and the youngest brother was admitted King's evidence. Any one who turns to the Midsummer Assizes of 1831 and reads any Kentish paper of that period can only come to one conclusion, which is, that the boys did not know right from wrong, as evidenced by their conduct before the magistrates when committed for trial. Let us remember that if the people were savage some of the judges were equally so, and there were in those days hanging judges on the bench.

The readers of 'Gilbert Gurney,' Theodore Hook's best novel, will remember when Gilbert accepts Mr. Sheriff Bucklersbury's challenge to visit the Old Bailey Sessions and 'eat marrow 'pudding and hear the sentences,' he gives a description of the Sheriffs' dinner at the Sessions House pending the trials, and records that after dinner the 'yeoman of the halter' is introduced and recognised by the sheriffs and the chaplains, with whom he had frequent intercourse, and, to Gilbert's horror, he finds himself side by side with Mr. Scraggs, the hangman, to whom the chaplain offers a glass of wine.

'Well, Mr. Yeoman,' says his reverence, 'you've been out of 'town?'

'Five weeks altogether, Doctor,' answers Scraggs. 'I vent 'down, as you know, into Vales for the fust job, but there vos a 'respice, vich kep' me back a fortnight. . . . However, I had 'two executions besides, one at Hereford and another at Gloucester; they both vent off uncommon vell. It has been beautiful 'veather the whole time, and I don't think I ever spent so pleasant 'a five weeks in all my life.'

The above is a life-picture of 'Ould Tom Cheshire,' as he was called, the hangman, who is interviewed by Bell in 1828, at the Old Bailey, on an execution morning. He is described as an old man of seventy, disgustingly fond of his hideous calling, and speaking with delight of having hung over five hundred and fifty human beings, treating the whole thing as a joke. 'Bell' tells how he sneered at some new kind of rope which was submitted to him, and smelt it, and said it smelt of oakum, and pulling a rope out of his pocket, he expatiated on its virtues, remarking that it only cost eighteen pence, and was enough for 'a chuck.' 'Ah,' he said, 'I did that Mr. Fontilroy prime, and I sold his clothes for three pound; and



'Thistlewood and his gang, too, and I had all their heads in this ere 'blessed hand,' putting out his right hand, which was unknown to soap, with a roar which he intended for a laugh. And chuckling with delight, the old ruffian remarked on the briskness of business, saying, 'There is three with the chaplain now that I'm a waiting 'for at this moment, and one for to-morrow, and three on Vednesday. I never 'ave a haccident, as I alway carries about a good 'rope.' This was a specimen of humanity half a century ago.

The first death-blow to many of the savage sports was Martin's Act for prevention of cruelty to animals, which was passed in 1824 or 1825, and though Bill Gibbons of the Westminster pit and who kept a bear, a game bull, and badgers, complained that Mr. Martin was depriving the animals of an amusement which they delighted in, the sports gradually died out. I wonder if Bill Gibbons was less humane than ladies, *temp.* Richard I., for if we believe Walter Scott, the Lady Rowena and Rebecca the Jewess at the great joust at Ashby-de-la-Zouch sat by and witnessed gallant knights and noble horses ripped up; and reasoning by analogy, if that good trencherman Friar Tuck and the lion-hearted King ate the venison pasty with a dagger and their fingers at Copmanhurst, the chances are that spoons and forks were not invented, and probably the Lady Rowena at the Royal banquet ate her dinner with a dagger and her fingers. Again, we know that Queen Bess was very fond of a bear-bait, and that she dined off goose—and doubtless onions—at eleven o'clock in the day; and who can doubt the possibility of Bill Gibbons being promoted at Court, had he lived in those days; and Walter Scott might have represented the Virgin Queen exclaiming, 'God's 'death! my Lord of Leicester, I entreat, my Lord Essex, I command you to stand back and make way for honest Bill Gibbons and 'his bears.'

Seriously going back to the text, it is wonderful how 'Bell' steered a clear course through all the difficulties which beset an editor. Any one who wants to know what life in London was, has only to refer to records of the past in 'Tom and Jerry'—now a very valuable work of reference for a record of the dress and habits in the year 1821—Pierce Egan's 'Book of Sports,' and works of that kind; let him fancy himself stakeholder or referee in such things as the Caunt and Bendigo fight, somewhat over thirty years ago, when the Nottingham roughs stripped the spectators of all valuables, and threatened to murder any one who opposed Bendigo; or within the last twenty years let him picture to himself the scene at the fight between Sayers and Heenan, when the crowd rushed in and cut the ropes and broke the ring. There were hundreds of such scenes, in which, for the simple love of fair play, the representatives of papers risked their lives.

And now that the rougher elements of sport are things of the past, let us all take care that we do not go into the other extreme. The Utilitarian party, who are crying out against the vice and extravagances of the aristocracy, who are alleged to be 'grinding 'down the blood and the bones and the marrow of the people,' by hunting a vermin called a fox, or shooting a lot of wild birds called

partridges and pheasants, which the mob orators say are as much the poor man's property as of the rich, are simply a lot of idiots. I am not talking of people who go to any hunt for a gallop, and don't care where they ride or what harm they do ; or of vulgar people who carry preserving to an extent which brings all the poachers into the parish, and who send cartloads of game to Leadenhall Market. My theme is about *bonâ fide* sportsmen, and I will venture to say that any sport fairly carried on is a great boon to the parish and neighbourhood. And this brings us back to other things, and the question arises whether our sports now should not be legalised. Skittles for money has very properly been abolished, billiard and bagatelle rooms are licensed and put under police restriction. Suburban racing now is attempted to be stopped by magistrates (who, in utter ignorance of facts, have a theory that racing is kept up solely by drunkenness) refusing licences to sutlers ; and an appeal is now pending against the magistrates for declaring a boxing-match with gloves illegal. We should remember the late Lord Wynford's efforts, so often quoted, against stopping the amusements of the people, which opinion was largely shared, any number of years ago, by Mr. Wyndham, M.P., and also later still by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, to whose exertions, in a great measure, the gun-tax—which is strangely neglected by the police, by-the-bye—is due. The remedy for abuses is to get a guarantee that parties entrusted with licenses should be above suspicion. We shall never have, and don't want any more, bull or badger, or bear-baiting, or any more prize-fights. The prize-fighters proper, who made their name by degrees, and got into position by attending benefits when the ring was really alive, and who had practically glove-fights for a 'shower of browns' before the big guns set-to, don't exist, and it is doubtful if people would stomach a 'mill' now if it was to be a rough and tumble, as it probably would be. Anyhow, there should be some uniformity of practice as regards the law of the case. One set of magistrates grant licenses for places which are notoriously supported by loose characters, and the fact is admitted that the majority of the company assemble for the purpose of meeting ; another set of magistrates are dead against music and dancing in any shape ; at other places you may see stage dancing of the most questionable kind, or a boy or girl risking his or her neck on a trapeze, or by jumping from the roof of a building into a net, or a man swallowing a lot of swords, and all these exhibitions are in licensed buildings, under the eye of the police. I will venture to say that many of these exhibitions are more pernicious even than Bill Gibbons's performance with his bulls, or dogs, or badgers, or bears, whereas, on the contrary, a well-conducted glove-fight is a fair compromise for the abolition of the ring, which boasted of many noble members, and of hundreds of chivalrous actions. The majority of those who went to fights, or would go to glove-fights, are of the class who do not mind a black eye or bloody nose themselves, and would be the last to take pleasure in seeing men, much less women, risk their lives.

Now let us turn to Bell of 1828. The paper consisted of a single

sheet of four pages, and always contained woodcuts, some with a rough moral, such as a series of Hogarth's 'Harlot's Progress,' some satirical, especially against the pluralist clergy and Bumbledoms of all kinds. There is a series of nine called 'Monkeyana,' a kind of 'Road to Ruin,' or 'evils of gambling,' in which monkeys are substituted as the actors for men, on racecourses, gambling-rooms, prize-fights, &c., with a copy of verses to each, much after the style of Gay's 'Fables.' There is a moral to the monkey series much more pleasing than that contained in Mr. Frith's pictures in five tableaux of the 'Road to Ruin' in the last academy, for Pug, instead of shooting himself, is reclaimed by his Mentor, and does not go into his garret and lock his door with a horrible look at the pistols and bullets on the table, as Mr. Frith's hero does, most unpleasantly; the picture is unworthy of the painter of the 'Derby Day.' Then there are the amusements of the people, including woodcuts of dog-fighting, baiting of Charley Ainstrop's scientific bear, stag-hunting, and fox-hunting, the poet's corner, representing a miserable man in a garret, above the weekly poem; the police-court above the police reports being a picture of the old-fashioned Charlies and Bow Street Runners bringing in a prisoner before the inspector, who is sitting in his night-cap, copious criminal law reports, long accounts of all sports, especially the ring, the tennis-court benefits, and racing, but not much cricket.

'Bell' was the tribunal to which wrong-doers in sports were amenable. The insertion or non-insertion of advertisements for sporting men and sporting houses meant either success or failure for the man following any sport; and being the principal authority at the time, it may be said that the influence of the paper kept the roughs in order; for if 'Bell' went at a man or a body of men for foul play, it was a bad thing for the delinquents.

Fifty years ago was an unsettled period, as in and about that time, sooner or later, we had the threshing-machine-breaking riots, the rick-burners, the Catholic riots, the Reform riots, the Bristol riots, duelling, wholesale hanging, resurrectionists, and many other atrocities. Only fancy in these days three officers of the 55th and two civilians, who quarrelled on the voyage to Sydney, landing at the Cape and fighting five duels! It is all recorded in 'Bell' of 1828. The officers who fought and quarrelled were Lieutenants Bonnis, Wilson, and Peck; the major did not fight; the civilians were Noble of Sydney, Williams of London. Williams fought Bonnis, Wilson, and Peck one after another, and wounded and nearly killed Wilson; Noble fought Bonnis and Peck, and killed Bonnis.

Well, enough of this gossip. Railways, telegraphs, and a free press have brought all the world together, and 'Bell' is now only one of innumerable papers which publish sports of flood and field, at all prices suitable to all tastes and all classes, good records of sport, and devoid of the indelicacy which prevailed in many papers years ago. But, just as most people never think they have read the paper unless they see the 'Times,' so in a majority of disputes the cry is 'Write to "Bell" and ask them as the oldest authority.'

Admitting that we are more civilised now than formerly, and more humane, there is one thing we must guard against, and that is effeminacy. Clubs and easy chairs, hansom cabs and Pullman cars, battue-shooting with multiplicity of guns, loaders and beaters, horse-boxes, with hunters and grooms sent on with change of clothing to some place near the meet, and an easy railway to run back to London in, cricket grounds like lawns, and pads and gloves, have superseded the coaching inn and long journey outside a coach in all weathers, the long ride to covert, the long run and the long ride home, the walking all day, shooting matches at partridges, as Captain Ross, Lord Alvanley, Osbaldiston, Colonel Anson, and Captain Barclay did : the rough knocks at cricket and broken shins and knuckles are things of rare occurrence. Policeman X and a stipendiary magistrate settle the quarrels which swells and costermongers used to tackle themselves ; brandies-and-sodas, pick-me-ups, and cups are innovations of the present day ; competitive examinations and crammed brains are the test for the army, *vice* commissioning the idle, well-bred, high-spirited boys born for soldiers, who went fresh from public schools with all the habits of obedience in them, and who carried their lives in their hands and often found their graves, fighting in the front, within a year of leaving school. Our athletics now are brought to great excellence, but can we do the long hours, and endure the same fatigue as the last generation did ?—that is the question. How many now would put their bat over their shoulder and walk six or eight miles to a match, be on the ground at ten o'clock in the morning, play all day, and, wet or dry, come home again on foot, or run with the hounds, or walk all day with the shooters and carry the game ? We had as boys to take our pleasure as we could, with very little money often to take it with. When we had real ponies we were glad to ride them, but 'shanks' pony' was our means of locomotion in most cases before railways were. Our friend the working man is now king, and insists on taking his pleasure how and when he pleases ; those of a higher rank in the world have to work very hard for very little money, and take their pleasure when they can. Perhaps we err on the right side in allowing the so-called working men to meet in the parks and howl out their absurd alleged grievances, instead of turning out the troops and shooting them down as we did in the old time, to say nothing of hanging a few afterwards for being present and making a target for the troops. As things are the men half starve themselves and their families and drive away the trade from England, and the only people who get any good are the stump orators, who ride in their broughams and fatten on agitation, and I doubt if in the social scale they are above the rough crowds who delighted in the fair-play sports of the past. Anyhow, I have to thank the old 'Bell' for two days' very pleasant reading, and I hope that his sound may be heard once a week as long as I live. I may say that I have written this of my own accord without communication with any living creature, and the first eye which saw the MSS. was that of the printer.

I have not gone into the editorship of 'Bell' or details as regards the times when Pierce Egan or Vincent Dowling was in power. I

had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Frank Dowling very well in 1859, as I resided for ten weeks in the parish in which he was an active vicar's churchwarden and perpetual *ex-officio* 'stakeholder' at church collections; but I must tell one story of his father which was related to me by a barrister who knew him well. Mr. Vincent Dowling was a very witty man, and those who had the *entrée* to his Friday luncheons in Norfolk Street were, as I heard, sure of any amount of cold game of all kinds, and a hearty welcome, and to meet very good company, Charles Dickens being often one of the party. The late Lord George Bentinck had a feud with 'Bell' on some disputed racing question, and came to Norfolk Street in a great rage and was perfectly furious about some remarks in the paper. Mr. Dowling defended himself most ably, and contended that the remarks were not personal to his lordship but comments on some practice which the public disapproved of. Nothing would pacify Lord George, who rushed out threatening actions for libel, and Mr. Dowling turned to his guests and said, 'I'll bring him back again,' and putting his head out of the window he called to him, 'George! 'George Bentinck!' Lord George turned round more angry than ever at being called 'George,' and answered him from the street.

'If,' said Mr. Dowling, 'your mother doesn't put some more 'starch in my collars I'll change my laundress.' It was impossible to quarrel with a man of this class, and the upshot was that Lord George came back, and after a word or two of explanation, in which he was convinced that the editor was right, shook hands, and sat down and ate a very good luncheon. I have told the story precisely as it was told to me by an intimate friend of Mr. Vincent Dowling's in the year 1848.

*Postscriptum.*—Many of your readers may remember a standing joke of the Bar in days gone by, occasioned by more than one turf prophet having laid claim to the *soubriquet* of 'Joe Muggins' dog.' Whenever a reporter to a sporting paper was in the box some young barrister would ask the question, 'Are you the original dog, sir?' It seems that the world not only contains more than one John Smith, but also two Frederick Gales, and my namesake, curiously enough, is an ardent cricketer, and his name frequently appears as one of those who play in 'the Sporting Press and Jockey matches.' He is a young gentleman very well known in the Press world, and I will venture to say that I have been asked fifty times if I was the man. It is not from any want of respect to the Sporting Press, many of whom I have the pleasure of knowing—including my namesake—out of any want of respect to the jockeys and trainers, many of whom are often my travelling companions on the Epsom line, and very pleasant companions too, but as a middle-aged professional man would be as much out of place in playing in an eleven for which he is not qualified on a London ground as my namesake is in place, with his full consent and concurrence (for I have shown him this paragraph), I have authority to say that he is 'the original dog.'

Mitcham.

F. G.

## MAJOR BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON PLAY.

HE sat musing over the downfall of Paris society, the decline of the Palais Royal, and the decay of French cookery. He was a child of six when his father charged at Waterloo, but he has gradually lost all his antipathies, and affects Paris a good deal now, believing that some awful change has imperceptibly crept over club-land. Old companions in arms have departed, and at the Bobtail—his favourite haunt—they now elect, so this warrior declares, mere children. 'I 'have been in the billiard-room,' he observes testily, 'when there 'hasn't been as much whisker in the room as would fit into a 'thimble.' The major himself boasts an immense drooping moustache, which, though white as the driven snow, gives him at times an aspect of great ferocity.

That which endears the major to me is the fact that he is some connection of the Mrs. Battle who was wont to wind up her faculties to whist, and who so eloquently insisted upon the 'rigour of the game.' In his early days he was by no means satisfied with the class of playing which pleased his more celebrated relative. Whist was not his favourite pastime, and I have been informed that every farthing of the little fortune which was willed to him by the redoubtable Sarah was shaken away over dice in the immediate neighbourhood of St. James's Street. The warrior has indeed been in his time a notorious punter, and after losing the venerable Sarah's savings, got through sundry other bequests, and finally staked and lost a coffee plantation and a pagoda. This last adventure took place ten years ago, since when his play has been of a desultory and meagre description. When he sighs gently, as at times he will, he is expressing no regret that the moneys have taken unto themselves wings and fled, but rather that play has entered another phase, and that even were the balance at his bankers a thousand times as great as the little two-figured remnant that is paid by the War Office quarterly into his account at Cox's, he would not take anything like his old interest in games of chance.

He does not care, nevertheless, to be classed among these laudators of bygone times, alluded to by our friend Horace. I took my seat beside him at the little round table on the boulevards, and heard with satisfaction that although he had been a month in Paris he had not yet visited the Exhibition. M. Lepus passing by in a victoria, accompanied by a stout and showily attired lady of a most unmistakably Islington flavour, the major naturally reverted to the subject of cards. Twirling his moustache, and emitting a prodigious puff from his cheroot, he said, 'Those are the scoundrels that ruin play. 'Young fellows have no chance with these hell proprietors, and, 'egad, before they have got accustomed to drawing cheques, they 'haven't got an account left to draw against.' I ventured to remind the worthy officer that the goddess of play was, according to Thackeray, deposed, and that if people must punt, they were bound to repair to institutions like those of M. Lepus, an individual who, as my friend with infinite gusto reminded me, was himself a Briton.

An exclamation of contempt escaped him at the mention of this esteemed writer—an expression which I confessed pained me, as the novels of Titmarsh are almost the only works of fiction that I read. Thackeray, he assured me, did not always read accurately the signs of the times. In the very same article he had announced the death of coaching, and that only one charioteer, dressed in the fashion of 1825—‘a very excellent fashion, too,’ he added, as though I were about to deny it—‘drives round the parks. If the satirist were to ‘visit the magazine now at a meet of coaches, perhaps he would not ‘be so ready with his sneers.’ Thus the major. ‘Then as to boxing,’ he went on, ‘your favourite novelist rejoices at the decay of that ‘taste. No more dead, sir, than the taste for shooting. Thackeray ‘was, I believe, just the sort of rate-paying, middle-class, five-o’clock-tea sort of fogey who would have rejoiced over the introduction of ‘the bicycle, and rejoiced to see cookery schools established at Eton ‘and Harrow.’

These wild attacks on a departed authority awakened what little of the combative there is in my nature, and I ventured to think that play was not so large now, nor did we hear of such results so disastrous ensuing from it. Estates were not lost over a table. Duels were not fought because of differences as to settlements; and, generally speaking, the evils of the pursuit had been greatly ameliorated. I would, reader, that I could give you in his own language the eloquent address which my protest provoked. Nor, indeed, would that mere report be aught, were I not enabled to accompany it with the gestures and facial convulsions whereby this fine old gentleman ornamented and enforced his logic. How he glared, and pulled his stock as his throat swelled with emotion, and his moustache actually bristled. Nor can I introduce into their places in the monologue those expletives, each full of meaning as an epigram, and void of offence as that innocuous blasphemy of my Uncle Toby. To some such preliminary explosion, I imagine, was Achilles himself a victim before his wrath became

‘to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber’d.’

Of the depth of meaning which was conveyed by that slight wave of the right hand holding the cheroot, whereby he dismissed Thackeray into the limbo of oblivion, it is difficult to form any just estimate. As the diminutive cloud of blue smoke floated off from his bronzed and bony fingers, the writer of ‘Vanity Fair’ floated away with it, and was lost for all time.

Utterly disdainful of book-logic, he condescended not to take my feeble objections, one by one demolishing them by slow processes. On the contrary, he marshalled his experiences, and, keeping them concealed, waited till I had exhausted myself in defence of the dead. Then with an ‘Up Guards, and at ‘em,’ he dashed down upon me. To this moment I do not know exactly at what points I gave way. I was overborne by the charge, and confessed myself beaten without at all knowing how.

My allusion to duels he dealt with summarily. No duel ever did

rise out of play. One or two notorious cases from the page of history being mentioned, he averred that history was a tissue of fabrications—a mere pack of gossiping letters, by unreliable persons like Walpole, whose literary productions were sometimes much akin to the spiteful ebullitions of some writers of the present day in sensation papers. Politics and women were the cause of the majority of duels. But—(this ‘but’ sounded like calling off the charge)—even supposing that a duel or two did happen in consequence of a decided difference, what more natural, gentlemanly, or decisive way of settling it than a hostile meeting? ‘And by the ‘Lord, sir!’ in the Major’s young days, gentlemen had not to sneak over to some dirty continental forest, but met each other in the park, and within earshot of the charlies. Victims of play, indeed! He ‘pish’d and pooh’d’ this notion till his face grew red and purple with contempt for the idea. Who are the victims now? he would be very glad to know. And how did they happen upon death? A perfectly well-appointed arrangement, with surgeons in attendance, and seconds to see preliminaries arranged with the greatest nicety and the utmost regard for the feelings of gentlemen? By no manner of means! ‘They were *canaille*, sir! shabby dogs who have no ‘business to play at all; confounded’—I regret to say that this was the Major’s adjective—‘confounded city clerks, who, because they ‘can’t settle up, crawl into water-butts and die there, or who blow ‘out what they are pleased to call their brains, or who procure the ‘needful from tills or safes, or by means of second-rate imitations of ‘their employers’ signatures, disappearing in consequence into the ‘congenial seclusion of a gaol. You read about these fellows in the ‘newspapers every day. Their tastes rarely lead them beyond ‘hopeless transactions with the “two to one bar one” scoundrels on ‘suburban racecourses. They haven’t the genius for whist, nor ‘the courage for dice. But for every cool heavy player of my day ‘that fell under a bullet, a hundred of those miserable pretenders now ‘perish annually.’

At that moment I could not help recalling Mrs. Battle’s splendid contempt for those who indulged in playing at cards. In this rash relative of hers was there not the very same grand scorn of those who entered the arena without a full knowledge of the seriousness of the operations? I have given you some notion of the suddenness and vigour of the Major’s onset and the consequent confusion with which I was covered. It is impossible, therefore, that from out the dust and noise of that conflict I should carry perfect memories. His anger over the class of play was magnificent. On this point I may, perhaps, catch up the thread of that series of frightful philippics which more than once attracted the attention of Frou-Frou, who was sipping *café au lait* at the next table. I give the mere unadorned gist of the veteran’s rhetoric; his graces of style are utterly beyond me.

‘Look at the club play of the young fellows of to-day,’ continued my old friend, unwilling to give me any quarter. ‘My nephew



‘George belongs to one of those new-fangled establishments in the West End. The house has all the advantages of an ordinary club, and is owned by a Hebrew gentleman of a speculative turn of mind. It is called the Avernus; it stands in a line with my own club, the Bobtail, and is right opposite the Polophoisboio Thalasses. Its Semitic proprietor is the owner also of the Parvenu, and is regarded by tradesmen as a great and wise benefactor, as he has given them the opportunity of enjoying all the social status which belonging to a West End club can supply. But,’ said the Major, with so near an approach to epigram that I must mark his utterance as a quotation—‘but the men make the club, not the club make the men.’ And with this sentence, accompanied by a sweeping gesture of the left hand, he condemned to social extinction every guild in the city of London. He proceeded: ‘George asked me to dine with him at the Avernus, and, unwilling to offend him, I consented, though little inclined to a banquet on those premises. The dinner, regarded as mere food, was excellent of its kind. The wines loaded and poisonous, and the bill—which I afterwards had the curiosity to examine—exactly fifty per cent. above what it would have been at the Bobtail. The attractions which this place had for George, however, were the billiard-room and the card-room. In the former retreat I counted in all six hooked noses. One was playing, the others were making bets. Great heavens! At any club to which I belong, these awful people would be obliged to wait on the steps, and when they *did* eventually encounter you, ’tis ten to one that their object would be to serve you with a writ at the suit of Lazarus, or to give you a circular commending the infernal sherry of Messrs. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. And here was a parcel of young fellows, some of them good-bred uns too, fresh upon town, and associating as club companions with creatures upon every lineament of whose countenances was written the legend, “Fifty per shent.” In the card-room, to which they admit any chance comer and allow him to take a hand, should he feel so inclined, there were two tables very busy at *Poker*!’

When the Major made use of the name of this interesting American game, he seemed in danger of exploding. He was silent for a second or two, moved his tongue along the inner edge of his lips and spat out, as though he would be rid of the taste which the unsavoury dissyllable had left in his mouth. A second expression supervened. It was that of disappointment. He had clearly expected that I would exhibit facial evidences of surprise and disgust at the relation. As, however, I had recently seen the game played at more than one club, and as I am but a poor hand at simulating sentiments that I do not experience, the trace of no strong feeling of astonishment or horror was to be read upon my face. He repeated the name of the loathsome game as though it were some noisome reptile, and my unfortunate want of sympathy no doubt sank me greatly in his esteem.

‘Fancy,’ continued Battle, ‘fancy a respectable club situated in a classic thoroughfare opening its card-room to poker-players. I had

' never witnessed the game since I visited America in '70. Half-a-dozen men played it on board a Mississippi boat. I mastered its mysteries by watching them. Every man Jack of 'em carried a loaded revolver in his belt, and a bowie-knife in the waistband of his pantaloons. They used language that would have astonished the army at Flanders. They seemed, however, to have few disputes about settlement; their differences were solely concerning the value of certain combinations, and were occasioned by one individual who, though playing with wonderful luck, did not fully understand all the intricacies of the game. Egad, sir,' said the Major, 'I little thought while standing under the funnel of a Yankee steamer and watching the operations of a pack of Western desperadoes that I should ever see the same play housed in Pall Mall. The young fellows at the Avernus had got hold of their transatlantic cant and emitted the filthy technics of the game as though they had never put cards to another use in the whole course of their lives. "Flush-  
" "sequence!" "Full hand." "Do you go?" It was an echo of the awful slang of the dirty birds of freedom who unconsciously taught me the game in 1870.'

And here the reader will observe that the gallant punter's respect for cards in general did not prevent his acquiring, under circumstances which must have been most distressing to one who is a disciplinarian above all things, the mysteries of a game to which, from the first, he had conceived the utmost aversion.

'A most scurvy game.' Such was the exact expression of Battle's opinion as he went on with his tirade. 'It's not a game of chance and it's not a game of skill. A man neither punts nor plays at it, but becomes a physiognomist watching the uninteresting faces of his opponents, attempting to gauge their system of betting, and looking out always for a chance of bluffing. Bah!' I am confident that had Major Battle's nephew George overheard that 'Bah!' he would have forsworn Poker, or, at all events, have determined for the future to exclude bluffing from his list of operations. His anger moderated somewhat, his tones became more soft, and his head shook gravely as he added this reflection: 'I fear,' said the Major, 'I fear that our younger men have not the same strict notions on the subject of honour as had those of my generation. What can you expect indeed? Evil communications, sir—evil communications.' (Here he actually sighed.) 'What can you expect when young fellows imbibe their earliest notions of playing from hook-nosed hell proprietors and city bagmen in unlicensed taverns called clubs, begad, where the I O U that Jones gives Robinson overnight is passed on to Smith in the morning? Why, sir, if half the stories are true which I hear about young fellows in the Avernus and other such places, I think the sooner that we old uns retire from the lists the better. Dr. Johnson believed that in his time there was an end of that chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound. By Jove, sir, if he had only lived *now*!'

Worthy soul! Major Battle attributed every sentiment and moral

reflection which he carried in his memory to the great lexicographer. And it certainly was not for me to inform him that he had robbed Burke to enrich Johnson.

'The Goddess of Play deposed!' He re-quoted from Thackeray with even more than his former accent of contempt. 'No more 'deposed,' he said, 'than God Mammon. But her worship is conducted with less decency. Like religion itself, sir, the thing is 'handed over to howling dissenters, or to people with a taste for 'wax candles and artistic gimcracks. There is an increase in the 'quantity of the worshippers, but the quality'—Here I interrupted with a quip, because I am reputed to have a pretty wit, and said, 'The *quality* have given it up.' His face remained quite serious, and I saw that it was useless to point out to him that I had indulged in a modest joke. This to him was no subject upon which joking was permissible. So he continued, solemnly replying to a trifle, for the emission of which I was now heartily ashamed: 'No,' he said, 'the 'quality, as you call them, have not given it up. But the quality 'have ceased to be careful about its associations, and about its obligations as well. I know one club in which there are half a dozen 'defaulters belonging to the quality, who walk into the place, order 'their meals, drink their wine, and take a cue in the billiard-room 'with as much *sang-froid* as though they had done nothing remarkable or disgraceful. The quality! Upon my honour, I would 'almost as soon play with an honest bagman or butcher as with a 'defaulting duke.'

'Almost,' said the Major. You see his respect for the institutions of Society was still an overmastering sentiment. He would 'almost' as soon play with a bagman prompt in adjusting his liabilities as with a duke entertaining loose notions on that important subject. 'Almost,' but not altogether. His monologue ended with this impressive utterance. He drew from his steel purse a five-franc piece and settled with Anatole—a menial who regarded him with a curiosity not altogether without a dash of respect in it. Then gravely lifting his hat to me, he strode off to Bignon's, where perhaps they may entertain sound opinions on the burning questions of mulligatawny, eurry, and stimulating pickles. To-night I will encounter him at the English Club or at the tables of M. Lepus.

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## CRICKET.

THE unpopularity of the match between Gentlemen and Players played at Prince's for the last few years was manifest in the character of the eleven that represented the Gentlemen, and there were so many obstacles this season in the way of the fixture that it had to be abandoned by the management, a fact that no one in any great measure interested in the meeting will regret. The task of selecting the two elevens this year was apparently either not so difficult as usual, or there was a striking unanimity in the minds of the authorities at Lord's and the Oval, to judge by the fact that the

originally chosen teams were, we believe, with one exception, identical. The match at the Oval, according to the custom of late years, was the first set for decision, and except that Messrs. E. F. Tylecote, who had always done service in this one match in previous years, and A. H. Evans, the fast bowler, whose performance for Oxford in the University match fully justified his selection, took the places of A. W. Ridley and A. Appleby, the Gentlemen had the same eleven as represented them on the following Monday at Lord's. A strain prevented Emmett at the last moment from helping the Players, and Jupp, at the Oval, was replaced by Daft; but as the Nottingham crack had not shown any of his best form early in the season, the only real loss was that of Emmett, who had proved himself the best all-round professional of the year. With two such elevens on a splendid wicket, the most confident anticipations were expressed of high scoring, similar to that which marked the same match in 1877, but the result altogether belied such expectations. Heavy rain the night before the match caused the ground to play a little slow, and the Gentlemen, with such batsmen as the two Graces, the two Lytteltons, Lord Harris, Messrs. Lucas and Hornby in the team, were all dismissed for 76, of which the Graces contributed as many as 50—W. G. 40, and G. F. 10. The players had an excellent chance when they commenced their first innings, but Mr. A. G. Steel's bowling puzzled them altogether, and except that Shrewsbury (34) and Selby (25) played good cricket, there was no batting at all worthy of the name on the side. In the second innings the scoring of the Gentlemen was a little more even, although Messrs. W. G. (63) and G. F. Grace (35) were again the highest contributors. Curiously enough, the two brothers subscribed 148 out of 278 runs scored in the match by the Gentlemen, so that they got actually more than one-half of the aggregate number of runs made from the bat. Whether the Players have lost some of the old pluck that used to characterise their game, or whether the Gentlemen play up with more nerve than they used, must be a matter of opinion; but it is certain the Professionals have fallen to pieces utterly of late years, more than once when they have apparently had the match in their own hands. In this case they had only 157 runs to get to win, but this task, an easy one we should have fancied on an excellent wicket, was beyond their powers, and but for three fairly good scores by Shrewsbury (27), Jupp (26), and Midwinter (18), the collapse was surprising in every sense. That any representative team of the Players should have been disposed of for such moderate totals as 122 and 101 should furnish matter for grave reflection on the subject of the decadence of professional cricket. The Players at least are not likely to have such a chance as they then had, and it was by sheer bad play that they lost a match, at one time altogether in their favour, by 55 runs. At Lord's two very strong elevens had been collected, but the result was precisely the same as at the Oval, though the match lasted the three full days, and the scoring was much higher throughout. There seemed little prospect of any definite result,

even as late as the middle of the third day, but the Players again came to grief at the crisis, and the Gentlemen, after all, won with a fair margin of time to spare.

But for Emmett and Selby, indeed, the Players would have made the sorriest of exhibitions, and it is bare justice to the jovial player who has now the command of the Yorkshire eleven to say that better batting has rarely been shown in a match naturally productive of the finest all-round cricket of the season. Pooley, who occasionally comes out now with some of that resolute hitting that used to mark his play a few years ago, added two useful innings of 35 and 15 to the account of the Players; and Midwinter got 16 and 24; otherwise, except a second innings of 24 by Ulyett, all the batting rested on the shoulders of Emmett and Selby, and each time the pair of them contributed more than one-half of the aggregate—Emmett scoring 88 and 64, Selby 57, towards the totals of 231 and 199. On a splendid wicket the Gentlemen ought certainly to have been worth three hundred runs, and in each case they exceeded this total, making 310 in the first, and 326 in the second innings. Mr. W. G. Grace's first score of 90 was a good one, even for him, but the gem of the match in batting was Mr. Lucas's second innings of 91. With all his best style, and more than his usual freedom, it was a most admirable display of scientific cricket, free from the charge of anything like a fault. The Hon. E. Lyttelton, who had done little at the Oval, was more at home at Lord's, and two excellent scores of 44 and 66 fully justified his claims to be one of the very foremost batsmen of 1878. The Gentlemen won by 206 runs; and on the present form of amateur and professional cricket, few would be found to gainsay the assertion that this is a fair representation of the relative merits of the two divisions, assuming that each side mustered its strongest eleven.

September cricket may be a useful commodity for the deserving players to whom the game means daily bread, but, as a general rule, those to whom the pursuit of the sport is mere recreation have never taken kindly to it. In all probability the season would have closed, as it usually does to all intents and purposes, at the end of August had English cricketers been left to their own devices. Under such circumstances we should have taken our last leave of bat, ball, and stumps for some months with anything but regret after the almost interminable succession of showers which made August unpleasant, instead of, as it usually is, most genial for cricketers; but we should have none the less missed some of the best cricket of the year. But for the Australian eleven, indeed, we should now be in the position of Canning's knife-grinder, and it is solely owing to the Australians that we have a story of any kind to tell. The match between the Australians and the Players of England, arranged to be for September 2, 3, and 4 at the Oval, was duly played according to announcement, but instead of a legitimate contest, a trial of skill between a picked eleven of the Colonies and the cream of our own English professionals, the fixture degenerated into little more than a farce. Had the Committee of the Surrey County Club been less

magnanimous, and instead of granting the free use of their ground retained some nominal interest sufficient to justify them in undertaking the management of affairs, the preliminaries would have gone on smoothly, and the cricket world would have been spared the infliction of as petty a squabble between the Australian eleven and some of the chief English professionals as it has ever been our misfortune to witness. Whether the English Players, who refused to take part in the match in question unless they were each paid the unusually large sum of twenty pounds, were justified in making such a demand because some of them had an undoubted cause of grievance against James Lillywhite, junr., the manager of the last team in Australia, or against John Conway, their colonial agent, must be a matter that will for some time create a diversity of opinion among cricketers generally. Whether, instead of indulging in an acrimonious correspondence, which has done little but testify to the gross mismanagement that must have attended the visit of James Lillywhite's team to the Antipodes, the disputants might not have arranged matters so amicably that the match might have been played under something like favourable auspices, is a point on which we ourselves hold a very strong opinion. The oil that might have been thrown on the troubled waters, however, was not at hand, and the consequence was that the Australians had to meet an eleven of the Players solely selected from those who were not bound by the manifesto that issued from Southerton, Shaw, Selby, and Co., instead of a representative team of English professionals. That James Lillywhite, Wheeler, Charlwood, Rigley, or the brothers Phillips have any claim to be considered in the first eleven of Players, even if Barlow, Hearne, Watson, Barratt, and McIntyre are to be deemed worthy of that distinction, few will be bold enough to assert, and indeed we shall be exonerated from any charge of wishing to depreciate individuals when we say that to designate the eleven brought to the Oval to meet the Australians by any such imposing title as the Players of England was the veriest misnomer.

It was somewhat fortunate that the ground was not in the most favourable state for run getting, and hence the great weakness of the Players—to wit, their batting did not show out in such bold relief. Had the wicket been dry and fast the Australians would no doubt have had an easy victory, but as it became essentially a bowlers' match the two elevens were placed more on an equality. That four complete innings should be got through on such a batsman's soil as the Oval without one total to exceed 89 would hardly be credited, but such was the case, and such an imposing array of ciphers as figured on the score-sheet has rarely been seen. But for some really sterling play by Charles Bannerman, who went in first and was last out, for a contribution of 51 out of a total of only 77 in the first innings, the Australian batting would have been dull and uninteresting. The ball in Barratt's hands, and aided by the condition of the ground, certainly took the most eccentric curves, and his performance in getting all the ten wickets without bowling one of them will rank as the greatest bowling

curiosity of the season. The wicket had improved considerably when the Players went in with only 85 runs to win, but the last seven batsmen were unequal to the task of making 29, and after one of the most exciting finishes of the year the Australians won by only 8 runs. If close fielding, accurate bowling, and good generalship are qualities deserving of success in the cricket-field, assuredly the Colonials thoroughly earned the hard-won victory they gained in their second and last match on the Surrey ground.

Strangely enough, in their next contest, with Gloucestershire at Clifton, Midwinter—the unfortunate cause of a disagreement that had at one time threatened to result in the abandonment of the fixture—was, owing to an injury to his hand inflicted by a hard hit of Ulyett in the match between Gloucestershire and England, unable to play for his native county, so that Gloucestershire lost one of its most useful all-round players, and the Australians were spared the pain of seeing one of their own comrades in arms against them. There was every encouragement for both sides to do their best, but in this case the Gloucestershire fielding, which used to be one of the strongest points of the county, was anything but brilliant; and as there was more than one mistake in the field that had a sensible influence on the score, the English eleven may ascribe the result of the match rather to their own shortcomings than to any intervention of luck. On paper Gloucestershire no doubt had a strong batting eleven, but the bowling of Spofforth and Garrett proved altogether too much for them, and E. M. Grace, who has not been doing much with the bat this season (23, not out, and 13), was the only one who showed any great amount of confidence. The Colonists were evidently not awed by the bowling of Mr. W. G. Grace, but were unable to resist falling into the trap offered by the tempting off balls of Mr. R. F. Miles; and while Mr. Grace could only prove the downfall of one batsman from his bowling for 90 runs, Mr. Miles could show five wickets at a cost of only 49 runs. Spofforth (44), Garrett (43), C. Bannerman (33) contributed 110 to the Australian aggregate of 183, and it was as much due to their scores as to the once more deadly bowling of Spofforth that the Australians owed the greatest feat they performed in England—in being the first eleven that had ever defeated Gloucestershire on its own ground. Spofforth's bowling was instrumental in the fall of twelve Gloucestershire wickets for only 90 runs, and, as events proved, the Colonials were a little the best of the game at all points, though the county might, according to appearances, have been a little better managed in the field, and in this one respect at least might have taken a lesson from their opponents with advantage. On the following Monday the Colonials found themselves at Scarborough in opposition to a strong eleven of the Gentlemen of England, under the fostering care of Lord Londesborough. The Graces, the Hon. Edward Lyttelton, Messrs. Lucas and Frank Penn would of course have strengthened the Gentlemen, but considering that the eleven consisted of the Hon. A. Lyttelton, Messrs. Thornton, Ridley, A. J. Webbe, Hornby, A. G. Steel,

Pearson, Forbes, Appleby, Hadow, and Evans, it was certainly fairly strong at all points. Mr. Steel's bowling puzzled the Australians apparently almost as much as it had previously in their match with Cambridge University at Lord's, and it was mainly a very neatly played score of 44 not out by Murdoch that enabled them to reach even a moderate total of 157. Whether the princely hospitality of Lord Londesborough had any demoralising effect on the play of the English team is best known to themselves, but it is certain that on the second day of the match they went completely to pieces. It would have been voted as well-nigh incredible that seven such cricketers as Messrs. Hornby, A. G. Steel, Pearson, Forbes, Hadow, Appleby, and Evans could have been all disposed of for a joint contribution of 13 runs; but the bowling of Spofforth and Garrett did accomplish this feat, and a certainly strong batting side had to succumb for 109 runs, a sum infinitely beneath the value that would have been placed on them. An unlucky strain early in the second innings deprived the Gentlemen of the aid of the bowler on whom they had chiefly to rely, Mr. A. G. Steel, and in his absence the Australians managed to amass the goodly sum of 249 for eight wickets, so that when the match came to a close they occupied the enviable position of being 297 runs ahead of their opponents with still two wickets to fall. Whatever explanations may be offered, it must be admitted that the performance of the Australians was in all respects a most creditable one, and that as far as a line could be taken from a comparison of the play of the two sides, the Australians would in all likelihood have been in possession of another victory had time only permitted the completion of the match.

An energetic attempt was made to induce the Australians to consent to a match against the Players of England at the Oval, for the benefit of the sufferers by the terrible steamboat collision on the Thames, but the overtures did not meet with a favourable reception, and the best chance of healing the differences that had led to the estrangement of the colonial players and the chief professionals of England was lost. It may be that there was really no vacant date on the Australian programme, but we feel sure that had there been any great anxiety for the match one of the few remaining fixtures could easily have been withdrawn, and had the matter only been mooted, it was not at all unlikely even that the Messrs. Prince might have consented to have allowed the match standing in their name to have been diverted into the channels of charity. The donation of a hundred guineas handed by the Australian secretary to the Princess Alice Fund on behalf of the team was of course a handsome one, but it was after all only a quarter of the sum received by the Antipodean players for the two days' match at Prince's against the Players on September 11 and 12, and it did not exercise the beneficial effect on the public mind that a match between the Australians and the cream of the Players of England, both sides in honest rivalry for a good cause, would have done. Of the match itself in all truth little could be said that at all redounded to the credit of the English team. Ulyett, one of the keenest and most sterling cricketers we have ever



had, played, as he always does, with spirit, as if he enjoyed the game rather than made a labour of it, but he was certainly the exception, and generally the impression created by the behaviour of the Players throughout the game was that they were determined to earn their money as easily as possible. It may have been that there were still smouldering some of the ashes of the feud that had at one time threatened to produce the collapse of the match at the Oval, but it certainly did not look well to see the evident disinclination of some of the English team to exert themselves, and appearances would only have been studied if one of the eleven had deemed it advisable to be on the ground before a quarter past twelve o'clock, more especially when it was announced that the game would be resumed at eleven. Of the professional players who entered into the combination against the Australians at the Oval, Ulyett, Lockwood, Shaw, Shrewsbury, and Selby were not averse to meeting the Australians at Prince's, but still the eleven as a representation of the Players of England was a sorry farce. What were Blamire's credentials for such a team will be known only to the promoters of the match, but in the absence of four such bowlers as Morley, Emmett, Bates, and William Mycroft, with H. Phillips instead of Pooley or Pinder behind the wicket, and with Jupp, Oscroft, and Barlow at least entitled to play for their batting alone, it will be admitted that the Australians were a second time opposed by an inferior eleven of our English players. Alfred Shaw bowled any number of maiden overs; but the Australians during their stay in England laid in a good stock of patience, and those who saw Charles Bannerman during his earlier matches would have hardly recognised in the steady player who at last rarely let out at a good length ball, and never thought of punishing one unless well off the wicket, the batsman who at first could hardly resist a hit at every ball the least bit pitched up on the off side. We have rarely seen more legitimate cricket than was played by C. Bannerman on this occasion, for his score of 61, and if the same praise cannot be bestowed on the 57 of Gregory, it will be remembered at least that the Australian captain had not been blessed with the best of luck during the tour, and that his batting in his last match in London, though not absolutely faultless, was none the less of a meritorious character. With the exception of a very finely played score of 71 by Ulyett, there was little in the show of the Players, either at the wickets or in the field, to create any extraordinary amount of enthusiasm; and when finally the Australians were left with the best of a drawn game with a total of 236 against one of 160, not a few were glad that a most uninteresting match had come to an end. Ulyett on this occasion took most of the sting out of Spofforth's bowling; but Garrett's delivery, which has plenty of work on it, puzzled the English players altogether, and his seven wickets were got at the small cost of 41 runs. With the two remaining fixtures of the Australians at Glasgow and Sunderland we have no interest in common, and we merely record that the defeat of the Colonials in their closing match by the eighteen of Sunderland was only the seventh out of a long list of thirty-nine fixtures. As peculiar interest is attached to their visit, we

venture to give a table (see pp. 414, 415) showing their success in eleven a side matches, and their batting and bowling averages in the same class of contest.

Whatever may be said about the financial affairs of the eleven it will be universally admitted that they have opened a new era in the history of cricket. When it is considered that they have rarely, if ever, had a day's rest since they first appeared on the Trent Bridge ground at Nottingham on the 20th of May, it will be acknowledged that they have done their full share of work, and their success in a climate and under atmospherical influences not the most congenial to them has been fairly surprising. Much capital has been made out of the management of the eleven in the field, and Gregory's generalship has been described in the most glowing colours. We have no wish to detract from the praise bestowed on the judgment of the Australian captain, but it is absurd to laud him so immoderately, and at the expense of some of our own English managers. It is not such a difficult task to change the bowling when there are four bowlers all quite fit to open the attack, but by no means so easy when there is hardly a really first-class bowler in the eleven, as is the case with more than one of our county elevens. In Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire, where there is plenty of change in the bowling, a captain needs little discrimination in making his choice, but it is different with such a motley array as is to be met in Surrey, Middlesex, Sussex, or Kent, and no county in England can be found to possess four such bowlers as Spofforth, Allan, Garrett, and Boyle. It was fortunate to some extent for the Australians that the season was not particularly dry, as the wickets generally were all in favour of the bowlers, and it was essentially in their bowling that the colonial eleven were formidable. Oddly enough, Allan, 'the bowler of a century,' the player on whom the colonials themselves placed the most implicit confidence, failed to give anything but an occasional glimpse of his undoubted ability, although his delivery, which is slow left-hand round arm, with a very puzzling curl on it, when he was in anything like fettle was most effective. Spofforth, considering that he had to bear the brunt of the attack on behalf of the Australians, and the great amount of work that he has had to do, fairly proved himself to be one of the most extraordinary bowlers of the day. His wonderful performance against M.C.C. and Ground at Lord's, it was anticipated, might have been something of a 'fluke,' but since that time he has been consistently successful, and some of his best exploits have been against the most celebrated of our English batsmen. Once or twice, when the ground has been fast and true, he has been punished; but, as a rule, his wickets have been obtained at a very small cost. As he stands over six feet two inches, and bowls from a great height, with a strong twist, it will be seen that his delivery is none of the simplest; but perhaps the great secret of his effectiveness has been in his variation of pace, and as a head bowler he has been an eminent success. In Garrett

## MATCHES PLAYED, 17 : WON, 9 ;

—	Where Played.	When Played.	AUSTRALIANS.	
			1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
MATCHES WON.				
M.C.C. & Ground . . . .	Lord's . . . .	May 27 . . . .	43	12*
Yorkshire . . . . .	Huddersfield . . . .	May 30, 31 . . . .	118*	28
Surrey . . . . .	Oval . . . . .	June 3, 4 . . . .	110*	88
Middlesex . . . . .	Lord's . . . . .	June 21, 22, 23 . . . .	165	240
Leicestershire . . . . .	Leicester . . . . .	July 15, 16, 17 . . . .	130*	210
Hull . . . . .	Hull . . . . .	July 18, 19, 20 . . . .	305	15*
Sussex . . . . .	Brighton . . . . .	Aug. 29, 30. . . .	75*	53
Eleven Players . . . . .	Oval . . . . .	Sept. 2, 3 . . . .	77	89
Gloucestershire . . . . .	Clifton . . . . .	Sept. 5, 6 . . . .	183	17*
MATCHES DRAWN.				
Mr. Thornton's Eleven . . . .	Orleans Club . . . .	July 8, 9 . . . .	171	172
Lancashire . . . . .	Manchester . . . . .	Aug. 15, 16, 17 . . . .	140*	47
Gentlemen of England . . . .	Scarborough . . . .	Sept. 9, 10 . . . .	157*	249
Eleven Players . . . . .	Prince's . . . . .	Sept. 11, 12 . . . .	236	..
MATCHES LOST.				
Notts . . . . .	Nottingham . . . .	May 20, 21, 22 . . . .	63	76
Gentlemen of England . . . .	Prince's . . . . .	June 17, 18. . . .	75	63
Yorkshire . . . . .	Sheffield . . . . .	July 1, 2 . . . .	88	104
Cambridge University . . . .	Lord's . . . . .	July 22, 23 . . . .	111	102

Against odds the Australians played twenty matches,

## BATTING AVERAGES IN ELEVEN A SIDE MATCHES.

NAMES.	No. of Innings.	Times not out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
Allan, F. E. . . . .	26	6	212	78	78	10·12
Bailey, G. H. . . . .	24	5	280	40	71	14·14
Bannerman, A. . . . .	26	3	259	71	77	11·6
Bannerman, C. . . . .	31	1	717	133	148	23·27
Blackham, J. M. . . . .	22	9	256	53	53	19·9
Boyle, H. F. . . . .	23	6	119	18	18	7
Garrett, T. W. . . . .	26	0	275	43	53	10·15
Gregory, D. W. (capt.) . . . .	25	2	240	57	84	10·10
Horan, T. . . . .	30	2	375	64	67	13·11
Midwinter, W. . . . .	10	2	124	32	61	15·4
Murdoch, W. L. . . . .	26	3	259	71	77	11·6
Spofforth, F. E. . . . .	28	3	333	44	62	13·8

Conway made 46 runs in two innings, and H. N. Tennent 3 runs in two innings.

DRAWN, 4 ; LOST, 4.

OPPONENTS.		Won by	—
1st Innings.	2nd Innings.		
33	19	Nine wickets. *One wicket down	M.C.C. & Ground.
72	73	Six wickets. *Four wickets down	Yorkshire.
107	80	Five wickets. *Five wickets down	Surrey.
122	185	98 runs . . . . .	Middlesex.
193	145	Eight wickets. *Two wickets down	Leicestershire.
250	68	Ten wickets. *No wickets down	Hull.
80	47	Seven wickets. *Three wkts. down	Sussex.
82	76	8 runs . . . . .	Eleven Players.
112	85	Ten wickets. *No wickets down	Gloucestershire.
Remarks.			
132	137*	*For two wickets . . . . .	Mr. Thornton's Eleven.
97	162	*For no wicket . . . . .	Lancashire.
109	..	*For eight wickets . . . . .	Gentlemen of England.
160	..	Only one innings could be played	Eleven Players.
Lost by			
153	..	Innings and 14 runs . . . . .	Notts.
139	..	Innings and 1 run . . . . .	Gentlemen of England.
167*	26	Nine wickets. *One wicket down	Yorkshire.
285	..	Innings and 72 runs . . . . .	Cambridge University.

winning nine, drawing three, and losing eight.

## BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.
Allan, F. E. . . . .	397·3	180	605	21	28·17
Bailey, G. H. . . . .	45	15	70	2	35
Boyle, H. F. . . . .	445·2	187	630	62	10·10
Garrett, T. W. . . . .	300·2	147	396	38	10·16
Horan, T. . . . .	51·3	11	137	8	17·1
Midwinter, W. . . . .	60·2	33	58	8	7·2
Murdoch, W. L. . . . .	36	8	80	5	16
Spofforth, F. E. . . . .	754·1	275	1254	110	11·44

J. M. Blackham bowled three overs for 4 runs and a wicket.

and Boyle the Australians had two very efficient changes, both dead on the wicket ; the former with a considerable amount of work on the ball, and being very quick off the pitch. As a wicket keeper Blackham was fairly up to the standard of Pooley and Pinder, and in Murdoch there was always a reserve almost, if not quite, equal in efficiency behind the sticks. No one would dispute the excellence of the Australian fielding, and the accuracy with which the ball was always sent up to the top of the bails might well be imitated by some of our English elevens. In bowling they had four very good bowlers in Spofforth, Allan, Garrett, and Boyle, besides more than one useful change in Horan, Bailey, and Murdoch ; and in Gregory they had an able captain, one who knew what to do and did it without consultation or hesitation, and could place a field as well as any one we have ever seen. In Charles Bannerman they had an undoubtedly great batsman ; but after him there was really no one entitled to rank as first class, and batting was the one point of weakness shown by the Australian team. That on a good and fast wicket they could beat a representative team of England we do not for a moment believe ; but with the grounds to help the bowler, as they were generally during the past season, we are inclined to think that the Australians, in anything like trim, would have been able to make a good match with at least a picked team of our professionals. Their visit has certainly been in many ways beneficial to English cricket, and we may congratulate them on the prosperous termination of the most ambitious venture ever undertaken in connection with our national game.

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### YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE yachting season is now fairly over, even the most energetic racers being ere this compelled to seek winter quarters, having no more worlds to conquer and, with the exception of the cruisers who devote the off-season to visiting the Mediterranean and other sunny climes, most of the craft are laid up until next year. Meanwhile the rowing fraternity have been more than usually active, and amongst professionals there seems food for any number of big matches during the coming winter.

As we anticipated last month, the match between Hawdon, the North-countryman, and J. H. Sadler, formerly of Putney, ex-champion, resulted in an easy win for the former ; indeed, no other termination could be expected, as taking Anderson as a trial horse, Hawdon had beaten, and Sadler succumbed to him, so that, barring extraordinary turn-ups, such as the first meeting of the 'Sportsman' Challenge Cup has produced, the affair was a moral, and Hawdon's friends seemed to think so, 7 to 4 being offered at the start ; and though their man came away leisurely, and was astern for about the first half mile, 5 to 1 was already going begging. Sadler winning the toss, took the Surrey side as there was more stream there, and had nothing to complain of in the start, as he got well away and led a length very soon, but the Northerner at a slower stroke rowed him down, and when at Craven Cottage he for the first time showed in front the race was over. Sadler's last match with Kelley, ten months ago, showed relatively the well-established fact that youth must be served, as he then beat Kelley all the way. Sadler was thirty-

nine, and Kelley several years older, and no one could assert that it was aught but youth, or rather less age, which gave the victory; for assuredly at their best, Kelley was a better man than Sadler. The latter, however, a year ago retained something of the liveliness and dash necessary for successful sculling, while Kelley's age had deprived him of that especial grace and lightness which at one time distinguished it. Sadler's race with Hawdon proved the same thing, which none dispute in the abstract, but which is too apt to be forgotten when applied to their own case; and famous oarsmen, amateur and professional alike, frequently close a brilliant career with a series of magnificent but futile attempts to ignore the steps of Chronos. After all, if 'superfluous lags the 'veteran on the scene,' he is perhaps more to be admired than those one-season men who carry all before them for a short while, but show their lack of any real enthusiasm for the sport by withdrawing before the possibility of defeat. In Sadler's case his services will always be in demand as a coach; for, in addition to being especially successful in imparting a perfect style, he has the great pull over other teachers, of being able to run alongside a crew for a long distance, his powers as a *pad* being remarkable; indeed, had he taken to that branch of sport, his name would probably be as famous on the cinder-path as it is on the river. Hawdon has no doubt a great rowing career before him, as he pulls in excellent form, and being only twenty-three has plenty of time before him to improve with practice and before long attain the highest honours; for of the present quartette of cracks Higgins has probably seen his best day; Elliott is some half-dozen years older than Hawdon, and at present his style leaves everything to be desired; Boyd, though a most elegant sculler, has a very varying record; and Blackman, who is young enough to take a rest and 'start fresh, has by premature exertions it seems put himself out of court for the present.

The 'Sportsman' Challenge Cup, given by the proprietors of that paper to take the place of the 'Newcastle Chronicle' Cup, which Higgins by three victories has secured for his own, was inaugurated with a capital entry, the four crack scullers of the day, Higgins, Elliott, Blackman, and Boyd, taking part in the affair. Fate would seem to have determined to render the occasion specially memorable by upsetting all recent public form, and spectators at the winning-post must have been considerably surprised at each result. At the recent Thames Regatta Elliott certainly beat Higgins, but on that occasion the Londoner caught a crab soon after starting, which left him badly astern, whereas in the recent more important match for the championship Higgins secured the victory. Now, however, the Londoner, after getting the best of the start, was fairly collared and rowed down by Elliott in a mile, and though Higgins soon after drew up close he never got on level terms, the Tyne man having the race well in hand before Hammersmith, and during the remainder of the distance keeping a good lead with apparent ease. The next heat was perhaps more of a surprise, as Boyd beat Blackman right away, the Londoner never flattering even his supporters with the notion that he was dangerous. Owing to more than usual delay the tide had begun to turn, and this made Boyd's station on the Middlessex side a great advantage, but not sufficient to account for the decisive manner in which he shot away, and at once established a good lead, which he increased at pleasure. The water was fairly smooth, so that he had not in this respect the advantage which Tynesiders often get on a rough day. In the final, Boyd showed the same grand speed, and up to the top of Chiswick Eyot made a great race of it, with Elliott going away at a very fast stroke; he was soon well in front, and continued his exertions so vigorously that before half a mile he had three lengths' advantage. He was

rowing in beautiful form, but, as in many previous races, without judgment, taking too much out of himself thus early in the race. His friends were, however, in raptures, laying 4 to 1 freely, and for some distance further he justified their enthusiasm, increasing his lead to five lengths at the Crab-tree. Elliott, who started more leisurely and had lost somewhat by keeping too close inshore round the Craven Point, now began to pick up a trifle, and nearing the Soap Works, where Boyd in turn was too close in, drew on to the leader so rapidly that at Hammersmith Bridge Boyd led by barely three lengths. Above Biffen's, a pleasure-boat, *manned* by an incapable boy with a cargo of two women, crossed from Hammersmith to the tow-path right in the way of the racers, and one or both appeared likely to be rendered *hors d' combat*. Boyd just managed to clear its bow, but Elliott, trying to pass astern, fouled it and was stopped for a few seconds. Getting to work again, however, he rapidly overhauled Boyd, and after one attempt to go by him eased to avoid a foul. A little higher up Elliott came up again and fouled Boyd, who this time was decidedly out of his water. He was first away after the collision, and kept ahead for the remainder of the distance. Elliott, who at one time looked like catching him, not persevering towards the finish.

On appeal to the referee the race was at once given to Elliott, who at the time of the foul was certainly rowing far the stronger, and making better weather of it through the rough water, though, especially in the early part of the race, his ungainly style contrasted curiously with the finished sculling of Boyd, who rowed gamely enough, but should for the future abstain from attempting to foul his man as soon as he has shot his bolt. These tactics are not likely to give him the race, as long at least as a qualified referee is appointed, and it detracts from his character as a good sportsman.

Since the races, everybody concerned, excepting Blackman, has challenged everybody else, so something ought to come of it sooner or later, though Elliott insists on a rest before entering upon fresh engagements, a stipulation which, considering that he has been at work for some time, is nothing more than reasonable. A second race for the challenge cup, however, is certain to take place ere long, and whether it takes the form of a sweepstakes, or of the orthodox old-fashioned match between two men, cannot fail to be interesting to all lovers of good oarsmanship.

## 'OUR VAN.'

### THE INVOICE.—A September Summary.

A GREAT deal of rubbish is written about London in September, the dreariness of its streets, the emptiness of its clubs, the lassitude surrounding its amusements. In part it may be true; but still there is a great deal of exaggeration in the picture, and much of the drawing is the coinage of the artists' brains. There is quite sufficient society in town in September for any reasonable man: all the clubs are not closed, there are rubbers to be found in St. James's Street and its neighbourhood, and you can pick your stall at the Nudity. There is an immense amount of gratification too, if it is looked at in a proper light, in the mere fact of your being in town at all at this time. You become a person of importance. How do not the waiters at the club rush at you when you appear, and the deputy steward even consults you on the *menu*. The Row and the chairs therein are happy hunting grounds both for the young and the veteran sportsmen, who need not at this time fear poachers

in these demesnes, and if they are students of human nature as well as sportsmen, they will be amused at some of the extraordinary specimens of humanity that they find there. Then the solitude of Kensington Gardens is that of the forest primeval, and there is something very soothing in sitting by the gardener's cottage, listening to the distant hum of the Bayswater Road and contemplating the poultry. Such a flavour of country life comes upon us at these times—the vistas, as the shadows lengthen, assuming the proportions of a Badminton avenue or a Windsor glade—that the idea of dinner at the club seems absurd. As we stroll down by the Serpentine the illusion is hardly dispelled, and it is only the Achilles statue and Apsley House that awaken us to the reality of Piccadilly.

No, London in September is not to the man of observation the howling wilderness it is so often represented to be. From the Dan of Hyde Park Corner to the Beersheba of the Royal Aquarium all is not barren—at the latter place of public resort most decidedly not. Since the lamented collapse of Cremorne there is no livelier locality than that on which the genial and popular Mr. Henry Labouchere once shed the light of his countenance, and from which he retired to the regret of every one, leaving his mantle to his, by him, much-loved successor, Mr. Wybrow Robertson. There has been a great tearing at and rending of the mantle since then, as we are all aware, but it is satisfactory to know that the present manager of the Aquarium retains possession of the garment, and that Aquarium affairs prosper under his hands. The mind and the senses are both cared for there. The efforts of Zazel the bounding, the fervent religion of that dear Uncle Tom, the freaks of Topsy, the hymns of some pleasing-looking octoroons, varied with their breakdowns, form an entertainment perfectly unique. Uncle Tom's quotations from Scripture followed by a music-hall ditty from Topsy have excited much attention, we understand, in a portion of the religious world, and Mr. Spurgeon has under serious consideration the idea of having a similar entertainment at the Tabernacle. The reverend gentleman has already, it is well known, found much benefit from a serio-comic interpretation of 'The Whole Duty of Man,' and great expectations are formed of a further development of this idea. Prayer followed by breakdowns would, it is thought, greatly stir the flagging zeal of the Old Kent Road.

The other theatrical attractions of the dull season are, it must be owned, of the mildest. May Fairs and Rag Fairs, Pearls of Savoy, Helen's Babies, and Barricades, serve their ends perhaps, but they cannot be thought worthy of serious consideration. They suit the great bulk of the people who help to fill the theatres at this time, and that is all that can be said. With the return of the London playgoer proper to his home when the days get shorter and the light of fires gleams cheerfully in our habitations, then we know that food more suited to our palate will be set before us. The present diet does all very well for our country cousins and the race of 'orders' to whom we alluded in the last 'Van,' but it sadly disagrees with us. Madame Tussaud's and the Polytechnic are lively entertainments compared with some theatres we could name; and despairing friends condemned to London in September have spoken with a shudder of their sufferings in seeking where to pass their evenings. But we will not dwell longer on this melancholy theme. We at least can bid good-bye for a season to town delights and enjoy in a more bracing atmosphere such solace as the Great St. Leger will bring.

We have often spoken of Doncaster discomforts; let us now change our note, and own to its attractions. The pretty northern town is not entirely composed of robbers and thieves. It has honest and painstaking landladies and not too grasping landlords. There are cooks who can cook something



other than the tough fowl or the eternal chop, and in short we may rest at Doncaster and be thankful. As it has generally fallen to our lot to rest there and to feel anything but gratitude for what Doncaster did for us, we owe it whatever of reparation we can now make. That it makes us pay for our temporary sojourn goes without saying, but then it gives us something of a *quid* for our *quo*. Our racing friends, if haply this meets their eyes, may seek to correct the Driver and say that it is we who give the quid—but let that pass. Doncaster was not so crowded as we have known it, or at least not crowded with the class from whom the thrifty inhabitants expect the quid aforesaid. We missed many of the familiar faces in the Rooms at night and on the Subscription Stands in the day. In fact, the Rooms have had their day as a place where betting on future events is carried on, and what people go there for would be difficult to explain, except it is to stand in a stifling atmosphere, to see people drinking bad spirits, and smoking tobacco of various brands, and to listen to desultory remarks, interspersed with a few oaths. The Rooms are terribly dull now, and we could have felt it in our hearts on this last occasion to desire a return of the nights when the cry of 'seven's the 'main' was heard in the inner sanctum, and the estimable Joe Wood entreated outsiders to make their game in a more public room. There was really some fun and amusement at Doncaster in those days, but as far as our experience goes there is mighty little now.

Perhaps the most interesting of Doncaster incidents are the morning gallops, those especially which are taken on the Tuesday morning before the Leger. What a concourse there is on the Town Moor then, representative men and women of many classes, all come to spot, if haply they can do so, the winner. What rash opinions are not borne on the morning breeze, what bold assertions meet our ears on all sides. Do they ever rise up in the judgment with this racing generation and condemn it, we wonder? We think not. A certain class of racing men—the utterers of these bold assertions—are certainly the top weights in the Never-Say-Die Handicap. The utter collapse of their assertions, the scattering to the winds of their prophecies, affects them not one whit. You will find a gentleman who has devoted himself and every member of his family to the infernal regions if such-and-such a horse does not win perfectly calm and quiescent if the said horse is not in the first ten, and quite ready, moreover, to proclaim the winner of the next important event (the Cesarewitch for choice) under similar personal and family conditions. It often strikes us as most amusing the way in which men ignore their expressed opinions, even sometimes boldly turning round and maintaining with the most unblushing impudence that the result has been one that they always expected and foretold. They are the veterans, however, who do this. It requires age and experience, a long acquaintance with the deceitful ways of the Turf, to lie to perfection in this matter. But to return to the morning gallops. Never had there been such an assemblage as on that Tuesday morning followed eagerly the footsteps of the cracks as one by one they put in an appearance. There were Mr. and Mrs. Batt come to see how Castlereagh acquitted himself with 'Johnny' in the saddle. The Duchess of Montrose and Mr. Sterling Crawford (with them Mr. Savile, Sir George Chetwynd, and many other friends) were attention to the movements of Red Archer, while Harry Jennings was busy about the rather clumsy Clocher. Mr. Houldsworth was there to see the somewhat mild amount of work done by Attalus and Glengarry, and of course there was the Phantom Cottage trainer; equally of course all eyes were turned on him and 'the little black' when it was seen that Jim Goater was going to give him a gallop with Morris on Leopold to lead him. The four or five thousand people present all made a rush to see the start, and then

another rush to see the finish. Nothing on the course went or looked better than *Insulaire* as he pulled up fresh after a mile and three quarters' gallop, and his was undoubtedly the best work of the morning. How came it then that he went so badly in the market after breakfast when he went so well on the Moor before? But this is a digression. There is another stir and rush of people. *I'Anson* has just brought *Beauclerc* on to the ground, and of course every one wants to see him to ascertain if he is trained or not,—if he has done the good amount of work his friends assert he has, or the no work at all which his enemies (and they are legion), declare to be the real fact. *I'Anson* walks at the quondam favourite's head, calm and with that inscrutable face of his which we never remember seeing brightened by success, or darkened by failure. There is nothing to be got out of that physiognomy, but there are Messrs. Perkins, Northern, and their friends, and *their* faces, at all events, have not been given to them to conceal their thoughts, for hope and something more than hope is there depicted. They have shown what they think about *Beauclerc's* chance by putting down the money on him with no stinting hand, and like frank English gentlemen telling every one who had the slightest right to ask them that they thought the horse would win. It was puzzling to the majority of Yorkshiremen this confidence in an untrained horse—for untrained they declared *Beauclerc* to be—and certainly a seven furlongs' canter was hardly what one would expect to see a *Leger* crack do on the morning before the race. *Beauclerc* had not grown, and apart from the question of his being trained it is a moot point whether he is the same horse he was on the Middle Park day last year. He certainly fails to make a favourable impression this morning, and we all turn from him as we catch sight of '*Mat*' on his pony following the Heath House lot, *Jannette* being led, and the others mounted. Lord Falmouth is there of course, and it is evident the mare and the horse are going to have a spin. *Mat* gives his orders, my lord and his son take up their positions, and away they go, *Archer* on *Jannette* waiting on *Childeric*, who had *Custance* up. As they began they finish, and though both sweat a good deal, it is a close hot morning for them doing real work, and Lord Falmouth's pair certainly do that. Some minor celebrities, *Potentate*, &c., also take their gallops, but our attention is not much called to them. Thoughts of breakfast supervene, and soon a long procession defile under the trees towards the town.

We have not gleaned very much from our touting, except that we wish we had a few hundreds in the bank to lay against *Beauclerc*. As to the actual winner, though the market points to *Jannette*, we are still in a slight fog, which is rendered more hazy by the shaky condition of *Insulaire* in the market, as we have above mentioned. We had seen him take the best gallop of anything out that morning, and yet book-makers are decidedly hostile; and there is a rumour that *Tom Jennings* has hedged his money, and is going for *Clocher*. This is not consolatory to *Insulaire's* backers, we need scarcely say. What does it mean? It means, we believe, that despite the good gallop of the morning *Insulaire* had failed to do what his trainer expected of him before he left Newmarket, and that *Jennings* had therefore very wisely hedged his money. The people always on the look-out for something wrong plunged on the *Clocher* idea, but without any reason, except that the latter had beaten him at Goodwood. That *Tom Jennings* considered *Clocher* good enough to win we do not believe for a moment. *Red Archer* was, and had been, as we all know, a wonderful tip, chiefly, we cannot help believing, because he was a stable companion of *Seston*. It was astonishing the rush there was to get on this horse for a fortnight or more previous to the *Leger*, and how clever, or presumably clever, people

kept backing him. When Beauclerc met with his mishap on that gallop during the York meetings, and the news was flashed to Knavesmire, all that his party and the people who had backed the horse thought of doing then was to save themselves on Red Archer. Everybody you met had backed and intended to back the Manton horse. The greatest 'duffer' amongst what are called 'racing men' could talk about Red Archer and look mysterious about what he had done. A great deal was made of his race with Bonnie Scotland at Ascot, which all his friends declared he ought to have won, but on what grounds they were not so clear. Supposing he had beaten Bonnie Scotland, we could not see that he would in the smallest degree have improved his Leger chance by so doing. What chance Lord Rosebery's horse had of running was shown by his being struck out; but still the Red Archer *canard* was kept going, and we are almost afraid to repeat the words and sayings that were put into the mouth of Alec Taylor, as to what the horse could do with the Derby winner. Even after it was known that Red Archer had been beaten in his trial he still kept in the market, and there were believers in the weak-loined chesnut up to the fall of the flag. Derby and Leger records are full of such incidents as this one, and (for racing men are a credulous lot) will continue to furnish them. That there should be a favourite from Captain Machell's stable, and that he should run in Lord Lonsdale's colours, goes without saying. Indeed there were two runners, Master Kildare and Boniface, but the former was the horse the sharps were on, and great was the desire at the last to back him for a place. But we must speak of the first day's racing.

Sorry are we to have to record that the first day's racing was nearly as bad as bad could be. It was ominous of disaster when the Fitzwilliam Stakes, for which there has been many exciting contests, did not fill, and had to be re-opened. Even then it only received five subscribers, and Ecossais being among the entries, the others cried content, and allowed him to walk. Only two runners for the Filly Stakes, and two for the Doncaster Plate, made matters still worse. Of course Jessie Agnes had it all her own way in the former, and King Boris landed the odds on him in the latter, not without a close finish, however, with Dalgarno. Neither was the field for the Great Yorkshire Handicap good either numerically or in the matter of quality, for with the exception of Advance and Rylstone the lot was a moderate one. Lord Lonsdale's horse had too much on him in 9 st. 3 lb., so he was out of it, though he ran a very good animal, and Rylstone settled down the favourite at the start, Jagellon having occupied that position at the opening of the market. Fordham was on him again, though the horse had to put up 3 lb. for his services, and certainly his second in the Ebor made his chance here look flattering. Glorat was backed, though Mr. Holdsworth did not think him a boy's horse, and Flotsam was supported in a half-hearted way. It was a good race, for as they approached the distance a sheet might have covered the four leading horses, Rylstone, Flotsam, Advance, and Jagellon. The distance once passed, however, Flotsam drew clear of the others, and improving his lead won very easily by two lengths from Rylstone. The two others were close up, Advance as we have before said, running a good horse under his weight. A poor field, too, for the Champagne, at least in numbers, for we have a private belief that one if not two good horses ran in it, and the betting made it what it really was, a match between Rayon d'Or and Charibert. The former had not done very much work since Lewes, where he met with a slight accident, or else we should have fancied him more than Lord Falmouth's colt. As it was the latter beat him easily, waiting on him to the distance, where he passed him; and here we may as well mention that on the Thursday when the pair met

again in a sweepstake over three-quarters of a mile, and when Charibert made the running, Rayon d'Or closed with him at the distance, and after a good race beat him by three-quarters of a length. Matthew Dawson ascribed Charibert's defeat to his having to make his own running, and Jim Goater, who had said before the race that he should turn the tables on Archer this time, ascribed Rayon d'Or's victory to the gallop in the Champagne having made him a 5 lb. better horse. We shall look with interest to their next encounter, and if it is at Newmarket we should stand the Frenchman. There was really nothing else on the opening day. The Glasgow Stakes fell through, and the Stand Stakes and the Clumber Plate were productive of little interest.

The Leger morning dawned bright and cheerful, a day made for the occasion of that high holiday which all Yorkshire keeps, and very religiously was it kept on this occasion. It seems a rash thing to assert that never before were there so many people gathered together on the Town Moor as on the occasion of the 102nd Leger, and yet if we could believe our eyesight, such was the fact. We were not present at some of the great celebrations of the last quarter of a century, but we can safely say that within the last twenty years we never looked over such an expanse of humanity as we did from our coign of vantage on that Wednesday afternoon. That the weather helped to swell the crowd was just within the range of possibility, though weather, bad, good, or indifferent, makes but little impression on Yorkshiremen if they want to see a race. What the trains from Sheffield, Leeds, Hull, Bradford, and the other great hives of industry brought into Doncaster station, only Mr. Cockshot, on whose broad and able shoulders rests the management of this vast traffic, can tell. How it was all got away again, and how Doncaster was cleared of the invasion, that gentleman also must be left to explain. But it was done, and done, too, without accident, and with only that reasonable amount of delay to be expected. But we must not dwell longer on the attendance, it is the race, that very open Leger, at least so it appeared to most people, which we have to tell the story of, an old one now, but bound to be told; and yet the tone of the market seemed to point to the result, though some of us would not see it, for Jannette kept becoming a better favourite, and with the exception of Insulaire, who recovered before the flag fell from the hostile demonstration made against him, none of the others were in great demand. When '10 to 1 bar 'two,' was the cry of the ring, it was evident that nothing else was fancied, though there was a great amount of place betting, and nearly as many straight tips for a situation as there were runners. Master Kildare, Childeric, Castlereagh, Attalus, Clocher, were most in favour, the Irish horse particularly so, and next to him Castlereagh, who, though a moderate horse, was conjectured to be a sticker, and, so it was said, much fancied by 'Johnny.' We may as well say here that the only way Castlereagh distinguished himself was by lashing out as they were going to the post and breaking the leg of Sharp, who was riding Yager. The horse did not run, and poor Sharp was conveyed as soon as possible to the infirmary. The best-looking horses were, by general consent, Insulaire, Jannette, and Childeric; the best-trained was Red Archer, and that was the only point in his favour, for certainly he did not look a stayer. Clocher was a commoner if ever we saw one. Attalus looked fit, certainly; but we were not much impressed with Master Kildare. If we had been asked to place them, not only from their form but from looks and general appearance, we should have said Insulaire first and Lord Falmouth's two second and third. Beauclerc looked what he was, untrained, and as we have before said he had not grown. He showed fine speed, though, in the race, and only succumbed from want of condition.

The usual parade was lengthened out by the starting post now being some distance in advance of the old one, for the new course was used this year for the first time. About its excellence, or the lack of that quality, there were different opinions, the majority inclining to the old course, for the reason that it was the old one and none other. As far as we could see (and we walked over a good deal of it) there was no fault to be found with the new ground, and it had this advantage over the old, that the horses were never lost sight of. Mr. McGeorge—the parade performance got through—was not long in despatching them to a very level start, *Insulaire's* colours for a moment or two showing in front, but *Goater* pulled him back, and allowed *Glengarry* to go on with the running, attended by *Master Kildare*, who had *Potentate*, *Clocher*, *Boniface*, *Red Archer*, *Childeric*, and *Jannette* as his followers. But we must not inflict a twentieth-told tale on our readers. Suffice it to say that by the time they had reached the Red House the weak spots in many had been found out, and—

'Their ranks were broken like thin clouds before a Biscay gale.'

1 The retirements were numerous at half a mile from home, and though *Beauclerc* and *Red Archer* had for a brief space flattered their backers, there were only four in it, *Master Kildare* with the lead, *Childeric*, *Jannette*, and *Insulaire*. Of these the latter was the first to give way, and for a moment the race looked to be between *Childeric* and *Master Kildare*. *Jannette* was in a bad position at their quarters, and though in the opinion of many *Archer* might have pulled round on the outside, he preferred the boldest if the most dangerous path to the goal. There was not much space between *Childeric* and *Master Kildare*, but he boldly sent the mare at it, and answering to his call she shot out, came through fortunately without a jostle, and when clear of her horses went in the easiest of winners by four lengths. It was a gallant win and a bold piece of riding on *Archer's* part, for which he deserves all praise. There was a riskiness about it that might have made some other jockeys think twice before they did it. But great victories have never on other fields than the Turf been won by the doubtful or the hesitating, and *Archer* possesses a quality invaluable at a pinch to a jockey as well as a general, confidence in himself, and so it come to pass that he again won the *Leger* for his noble master, and for the second time was the magpie jacket first and second.

After the storm of the *Leger* came the calm of the off-day, when the sale paddock was the great attraction, a capital place to lounge in if you don't want to buy, and to talk over the great race, and what would, should, or might have been if—oh! that if; how much it enters into the racing chapter of accidents, and how terribly it leads some of us astray. There were but few 'ifs' about though on Thursday morning. The win of *Jannette* was very frankly received, and we did not come across any grumblers, or men who sought to batton-hole you to detail a grievance. Some of the *Beauclerc* people looked disappointed, but let them take courage. The horse unmissably showed us that he had not lost his fine speed, but he must be trained before he can win. The racing to-day was fair, and there were one or two good things for backers who do not mind bad prices. *Kaleidoscope*, in the *Wharnccliffe*, at 2 to 1, could not, however, be much complained of, and he won in such a canter that every one saw it was a case of dashing it down on him to the last shilling—only, unfortunately, we do not always see that until after they have passed the post. We have before alluded to *Rayon d'Or* and *Charibert's* second meeting, so will pass on to the *Alexandra Plate*, for which *Russley* was again to the fore with *Dalham*, who beat *Leopold* and *Piccalilli* as easily as need be, the Duke of Westminster having previously

sold the horse to Count Lehndorf for 1500 guineas. Then Robert Peck had a little go on his own account with Little Duck, a very useful little bird, who wins nearly every time she runs, and as she has done her owner as much good as she probably will do, he did not care to buy her in, and Mr. Bush got her for 600 guineas. The Portland Plate produced about the usual amount of speculation, and Hackthorpe, who won the De Warrenne at Lewes so easily, was in great demand, his old opponent Rowleston, who at Lewes was left at the post, being second favourite. A good many people went for Athol Lad, but we fear Prince Charlie's brother never will win a race again. Then Mr. Gretton rather fancied Red Hazard, and the top weight, Telescope, was backed by some knowing people, and the easy way in which he won rather discounts the form of those behind him. Hackthorpe was never in it, but Rowleston, Merrythought, Athol Lad, and Red Hazard all got fairly away, but could not hold their own. Then for the fourth time that day Russley took the prize—this time it being Ramsbury in the Selling Handicap; and the day wound up with a reverse for those who chose to lay odds on Eau de Vie (a bad mare, though she did beat Clementine at Goodwood) in the Scarborough Stakes—a race in which she was the first in trouble, and Necklace defeated King Boris very easily.

Friday was rendered interesting by the meeting of Hampton and Pageant in the Cup, and by the large field brought together in the Prince of Wales's Nursery Plate, a 400*l.* affair worth winning. The Park Hill was spoiled by the presence of Jannette, who, with her Leger penalty, made mincemeat of Sonsie Queen, Equinox, Bonnie Dundee (how could you, Mr. Joseph Dawson, give such a name to a filly?), and such small deer. The annual Post Match, in which Lords Fitzwilliam and Falmouth indulge, resulted in a surprise, for though Ringleader is no flyer, The Dean was thought to be as bad as anything in training, and it was, therefore, startling to see the latter, after a fine race, outstay the favourite, and win by a head. Miasma was a great favourite in a field of twenty-one for the Prince of Wales's Nursery, greater than perhaps his public performances warranted, and seeing there were winners among the field, such as Witchery, Assegai, Sunburn, New Laund, &c. But, however, Constable managed to bring him to the front from the distance, and staying the longest, he defeated Sunburn, after a fine set-to, by a head. The Cup was robbed a little of its interest by the absence of Silvio, who was found to be amiss, and immediately struck out. It was thus reduced to a match between Pageant and Hampton, and the betting was even. Hampton hardly looked as fit as he might have been, while Mr. Gretton's old hero of so many fights probably never looked better or was fitter than then; and, moreover, was receiving 10 lbs. from his opponent. He had Kingsclere to make the running for him, not that he was much benefited by his stable companion's assistance, for the pace was bad, and more than once Kingsclere stuck his toes in the ground and would not gallop. However, Pageant, when it came to racing, at the six furlongs post, always had the best of it from the first, and Hampton, never able to quite get on terms with him, was beaten rather cleverly by three parts of a length. With the hollow defeat of Caerau by Childeric, in the Doncaster Stakes, the meeting came to a close, and we wish we could congratulate the Corporation on a more successful one. Financially speaking, no doubt it was a success; but Doncaster is not a money speculation, and we give the authorities credit for wishing to show something more than a good balance sheet. The sport was, bar the Leger, poor in the extreme. The good field for the Nursery would seem to point to the advisability of one or two more of these events being added to the programme, and perhaps the addition of a little fresh blood in the administration would not be a bad thing either.

We must hark back to our theatrical parcel (a small one this month) to notice, we are sorry to add, a failure of Mr. H. J. Byron's, in the shape of his new comedy 'Conscience Money,' at the Haymarket. What shall we say of it? Mr. Byron has tried that British Public which believes in him, and is moreover anxious to believe in him, rather highly on more than one occasion. But it is a forgiving public, and is more especially forgiving when Mr. Byron is the hero of his own plays. They like to see the well-known figure, and the equally well-known eye-glass, and the solemn humour in the face; they like him, too, in the kindly rôle he always plays, when, while appearing a cynic, he lets them see he has a heart in his bosom. So far so good, but when on to that popular Dick, Tom, or Harry, the apparently careless, but at the same time watchful friend, always ready to help one out of a mess, and to turn the tables on the scoundrel of the piece—Mr. Byron tacks such a lot of imbeciles as he has grouped together in 'Conscience Money'—we must perforce feel annoyed. Never since heroes of comedies and novels were invented has there been such an utter idiot as Mr. Frederick Damer, the hero of the play, is represented to be; never such a namby-pamby artificial young woman as the heroine who becomes his wife. Then there is a very Iago-like villain, and such a transparent one too, that the gallery actually laugh when he is persuading the heroine to leave her husband's roof, and it is only the rather forcible acting of Mr. Terriss that saves the character from ridicule. The dialogue is smart, and Mr. Byron takes nearly all the plums. There is a conventional mother-in-law, and a baronet, one Sir Archibald Crane, a character which, as represented by Mr. Pateman, must be seen to be appreciated. But we trust our readers will not see it, for there is no earthly reason why they should. 'Conscience Money' was doomed from the first night, and will not, we imagine, trouble the Haymarket long.

Recent cases at Middlesex Sessions and Police Courts make us pause to wonderingly inquire of what are our Assistant Judges and Magistrates made. Mr. Edlin, judging from his acts and utterances, would be as much at home in sympathy with Sir Garnet Wolseley's 'dissolute island,' as he clearly is with Brompton and the Wood; and Mr. Paget has gone out of the way to endorse his sentiments. A young fool, he was only twenty-one or twenty-two, was robbed in the most barefaced way the other day by what used to be called 'a dashing Cyprian,' and when he prosecuted the lady Mr. Edlin came down upon him with the greatest severity, refused him his expenses, was sympathetic towards the defendant, and altogether made a most wonderful exhibition of himself. Clearly the Harlot's Progress is being made much more easy than the Rake's.

In a country house, the other day, we came across Mr. Sidney's letter to Lord Rosebery, entitled 'The Deterioration of the British Horse, with a 'Remedy'; and we hope that the letter is not intended merely for private circulation, as it is calculated to do service in giving information upon a subject but little understood, even by those most interested in the matter. Every one knows that he has to give a higher price for a horse than he used to do, and that he has frequently to put up with a very moderate animal; but every one does not trouble himself to inquire into the cause. The British farmer having, to a great extent, given up the breeding of horses, for the very sufficient reason that it pays him better to breed sheep and bullocks, this country every year becomes more and more dependent upon foreign countries for its horse supply. 'Between 1861 and 1869 the average number of foreign horses imported did not exceed fifteen hundred. In '1870 the importation was three thousand four hundred; in 1871 three thousand five hundred, and in 1872 it had mounted to twelve thousand

'six hundred; in 1873 to seventeen thousand eight hundred; 1874, twelve thousand six hundred; in 1875 twenty-five thousand six hundred; and '1876, forty thousand seven hundred.' These imported horses are, for the most part, of a very inferior description, heavy, bad-actioned, Percherons, weak, ill-shaped mustangs and small Russian animals; so that the quality of our stock deteriorates year by year. Mr. Sidney tells us that only the remunerative prices created by a steady demand can increase the number of horses in this country; but he is of opinion that something practical may be done to improve the quality. The remedy that he suggests is in bringing to the doors of breeders sound, well-shaped, and well-bred stallions, with good action, to cover at a low fee. This he would effect by the establishment throughout the country of Stallion Hiring Associations; in fact, doing generally by subscription that which is done by individuals (Mr. H. Chaplin, Mr. F. Bisset, Mr. C. O. Eaton, and some others) in a few localities. This no doubt would be a step in the right direction, and well worthy of support; but where are *the mares* to come from? The farmers have not got them; they have long since sold all their best mares to the foreigners. A stallion leader, when he gets to a homestead, will find some coarse cart mares, and, perhaps, a thoroughbred weed, or a pony, that the tenant rides to market. If from such unpromising materials the produce should chance to be a likely-looking filly, she will not remain in this country; the foreigners will have her at four years old. Other nations may prohibit the export of horses altogether, but Mr. Sidney scouts the idea of our trying to check the export of mares by imposing a duty. We have so constantly urged the necessity of that step that we do not care to repeat ourselves, but we hope we may be excused for quoting some lines from our old friend 'Bell's Life':

'See to it, ye "Faithful Commons," for the fact cannot be blinked,  
If we keep no mares to breed from, horses soon will be extinct;  
And to lose our finest horses with the nation plays the bear,  
Then impose, and pretty quickly, export duty on the mare.'

*Tedworth entry.*—The entry this year is unquestionably an exceptionally fine one, numbering 10½ couples, the pick of the lot probably being

	Sire.	Dam.
Bashful.....	Radical .....	Blossom.
Messmate .....	Marksman .....	Belmaid.
Merryllass }	.....Racer .....	Myrtle.
Madcap }		
Royal Reveller..	Radical.....	Blameless.

Jack Fricker has already handled several brace of cubs, which seem plentiful nearly all over the country, more especially at Everleigh and Redenham, where of late years they have been decidedly scarce.

*Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*

George Payne, the best known and most popular man of the world of his time, died at his house in Mayfair on Monday, the 2nd of September, after an illness of twenty-one days.

What he did and suffered, *per varios casus, per tot discrimina belli*, has been so graphically narrated, and his character so accurately delineated by other pens, notably in the 'Daily Telegraph' and the 'Field,' that the 'Van' Driver, if he were not forced to it by the importance of the subject, and the universal *desiderium tam cari capitis*, would hesitate long before contributing his mite to the general fund of discriminating eulogy.

Mr. Payne was born in 1804, lost his father, a young man under twenty-eight, in 1810, went to Eton, and thence to Christ Church, which he left at the request of the Dons without taking his degree. When at 'the House'



his performances in the hunting-field foreshadowed his career as Master of the Pytchley, an office which he twice held, and in which as an M.F.H., as a hard rider, and as a man, he 'won golden opinions from all sorts of people' in his native county.

In 1824 he ran his first horse, Cadiz, in the Leger won by Mr. Gascoigne's Jerry, whom, by Gully's advice, he 'slated,' and so lost 30,000*l.* Gully, we should add, gave him, the same week, advice, by taking which and backing Memnon for the next Leger he might have recovered all his losses. On the Turf, however, where he was a prominent figure for fifty years, he was almost invariably unsuccessful, owning but few good horses and profiting but little by their victories, or by those of his more fortunate confederates. He began life as the partner of Mr. Bouverie of Delapré Abbey, was afterwards joined with Mr. Charles Greville, and of late years trained at Manton. With whatever stable he had to do, he seldom seemed to be 'on' at the right time, and his favourites were proverbially unlucky, even before he went to Fyfield. Curiously enough by far the best horse he ever possessed was a legacy of Lord Glasgow's (*via prima salutis, quod minime reris Graia pandetur ab urbe*). Musket, as a stayer, was decidedly in the first class, as his defeats of Cardinal York, to whom he gave away the year at Shrewsbury, and of Albert Victor and Favonius in the Alexandra Plate at Ascot two years afterwards, go far to prove. We never heard such cheering after a race as greeted Musket's short-head overthrow of the Cardinal; but it was not due exclusively to Mr. Payne's great popularity, which had a splendid foil in the indignation and contempt aroused by the scratching of Mr. Pryor's horse for the Liverpool Cup the week before.

It is on the racecourse, after all, that the public will miss him most, for as a genial and observant Nottingham bookmaker, now we believe a town councillor, Mr. W. Gregory, in an interesting little pamphlet narrating his experiences on the Continent said, 'A racecourse would not look like a race-course without Mr. Payne.'

At whist he had, in his best day, few equals, and hardly any superior in London or even in Paris, where, on more than one occasion, he succeeded in 'spoiling the Egyptians,' in whose doings he to the last took a keen interest, minutely examining any of his English friends who were in the habit of playing abroad, as to the style and game of the foreigners. As a rule he received the same answer, that they played a bolder and better game than our people. He told one of these friends, not very long ago, that he held his own at whist in London, where he considered Captain Batchellor the best player. In one respect no doubt the Captain was infinitely his superior, viz., in playing with a bad partner. Mr. Payne could not play within pounds of his form if his partner were a 'duffer,' whereas the Captain has often expressed his readiness to play any man in England, both their partners being equally bad. It is strange that such a fine-tempered sportsman, good whist-player and good loser, as Mr. Payne should have suffered from this anti-social complaint, which is generally confined to third-rate players for silver points at third-rate clubs.

With this exception he was *too* good a loser both at racing and play, at which he lost large sums of money at Crockford's. We have always understood, too, that early in life he sacrificed a good deal to preserve the credit of a bank in the Midland Counties, and we know that for many years he was mixed up in heavy speculations on the Stock Exchange and elsewhere. We recollect hearing that when Cotton's Wharf was burnt down in the conflagration of June 1861, which lasted several weeks, and which, according to the Annual Register, might have been said to represent the Bi-centenary Anniversary of the Great Fire of 1666, he lost 100,000*l.* in hides, tallow,

&c., which were not insured for a penny, and that he bore his loss with his usual calm courage. On the 11th of February, 1837, the second day of the trial of the case of De Ros against Cumming he still possessed Sulby, and being asked by Sir John Campbell, Attorney-General, Lord De Ros's counsel, 'You lost the whole of your patrimony, or the greatest part of it 'at least?' he replied, after appealing to the Court, but without waiting for its ruling whether he should answer the question or not, 'Yes, I lost a considerable part of it.' Campbell in his speech to evidence said of him, 'It would appear that he is now in the second stage of the gamester's progress; 'he was formerly duped and now he makes money,' and later on called him 'Payne, the professional gamester.' Lord Denman in summing up, said: 'Mr. Payne was severely cross-examined; you have heard the manner in which he answered, and it is for you to judge whether or not you can safely rely on his evidence. If that evidence shall be believed by you, it appears to me to prove the defendant's case pointedly and directly, and I do not see how it is to be got over, except by the supposition that he and Mr. Brooke Greville were in a conspiracy along with Graham [proprietor of Graham's Club] to ruin Lord De Ros that they might play with more certainty of advantage, and that they induced other witnesses to join with them in their plot, and to forward their designs.' Lord Denman expressed his astonishment that 'any person, who suspected something unfair on the part of another individual, should still continue to play with that individual,' and went on to use these words, which bore fruit two or three years ago: 'It does not appear to me that there was any difficulty in stationing three or four parties in different quarters of the room, who by concurrent observations or by observations at such a small interval of time as to leave no room for doubt to any reasonable person, might have placed the matter beyond dispute.'

Campbell's client was really on his trial, and Campbell, as in duty bound, did his best for him, *per fas et nefas*, though he probably believed he was guilty. His case was, that various individuals, to whom it was a subsistence, being anxious that Graham's Club should recover its reputation, and that they should continue members of it, and have the opportunity of carrying on their profession as they had done before, formed a deliberate plot for the purpose of effecting the ruin of Lord de Ros, in furtherance of which nefarious, and to the jury the extravagantly improbable, design, they had recourse to the corruption of waiters, the marking of cards, and the wildest perjury; that Lord de Ros played only for amusement, but 'that the distinguished name he bore, the high character he sustained, the great skill he had, rendered him 'in some degree an object of envy and jealousy,' and made them think it desirable he should leave the Club, and that on him all those charges [of foul play] should be visited. Mr. Payne gave his evidence like a gentleman and a man of honour, and declared that he had sometimes played with Lord de Ros between the discovery of the cheating on the 20th of June and its exposure on the 1st of July, 'because he was determined to satisfy himself more fully, 'and because he was engaged in business and was holding consultations with 'several friends with a view of determining what steps, if any, should be 'taken with regard to his Lordship.' It would certainly have been better if those who *knew* Lord de Ros cheated, had not played or bet on any rubber in which the noble sharper was engaged, and if they had adopted the measures to ensure his detection which Lord Denman thought easy. It was for months a 'secret de Polichinelle' that 'De Ros knew how to deal;' indeed, he had shown his knowledge at Newmarket years before in a rubber with the Duke of York and Mr. Thornhill of Riddlesworth. Mr. Payne grew wiser in this respect as he grew older, and for a long

time previous to the detection of the *modern* De Ros had refused to play in a rubber with him, as he jocularly put it to Colonel Ousely Higgins, who asked him his reason: 'Because he's a d——d bad player and always 'wins.'

His constitutional energy and powers of enduring physical and mental fatigue were marvellous, and though he wasted them like his other gifts in a life of idleness, the idleness was very *strenuous*. To give one instance, Mr. Thornhill of Riddlesworth used to have a party down to look at his yearlings on the Monday after the Cesarewitch, and to shoot during the rest of the week. Mr. Payne was a welcome guest there—where was he not?—and his presence was always looked forward to with pleasure. He was generally very punctual, but on one of these occasions astonished Mr. Thornhill and his guests, among whom were Lord Chesterfield, Lord Scarborough, and several racing notabilities, by appearing just as dinner was over. He had posted as far as Romford, when it struck him that he had better return to town and do some business relating to a stock exchange speculation, in which he was heavily engaged. He accordingly did so, and having no time to lose on the conclusion of his business, made the postilion go as hard as he could, the consequences of which undue haste were a broken splinter bar and its attendant delays.

The *misfortune* of his life 'of wasted opportunities and broken hopes' was the early loss of his father, the *mistake*, his refusal to accept the handsome and unanimous offer made by Northamptonshire to return him to Parliament, where he would indubitably have taken the high place which ability, eloquence, powers of application, knowledge of business, and of men, invariably secure 'in the first assembly of gentlemen in the 'world' when united, as in his case, with the nicest tact and the widest sympathy.

The 'Spectator,' in a serious and by no means unfriendly article, makes what it considers the extravagant praise bestowed on Mr. Payne, who was neither a public man nor an author, but merely a great personage in the world of sport, a peg whereon to hang an attack on sport, which it regrets to know is becoming daily more popular amongst all classes, and which it considers utterly bad and demoralising in its effects. It is not for Baily's 'Van' Driver to argue in favour of sport or *prêcher les convertis*, but while acknowledging that the tone and manner of the 'Spectator' are very different from those of most of its opponents, he must say that a love of sport has always been widely diffused in England amongst all classes, and that the reputation of being fond of it has in many notable instances increased the popularity of public men in this country, *e.g.* Walpole, Rockingham, Windham, Charles Fox—'a man made to be loved,' but as inveterate and unsuccessful a gambler as Mr. Payne—Burdett, Althorp, George Bentinck, Derby, Palmerston, and that this is as it should be, for sport and a spirit of fair play and honour go together. When prize-fighting went out, kicking and the use of the knife came in, and the bitterest and most blatant enemy of sport at the present time is Mr. E. A. Freeman, who in his writings characteristically holds up to scorn the Law of Honour. Peace to all such! We will conclude our little notice of Mr. Payne by borrowing from a weekly contemporary: 'No man was more often called in to settle differences, or asked for his advice or opinions on all kinds of subjects by all kinds of people, for like a true gentleman he did not confine his sympathies or his friendship to his own set or his own class; hence his universal popularity. He was *admired* as the sportsman, the bold rider, the *beau joueur*, the arbitrator and the conversationalist; he was *beloved* because he was something more and better.'

